Liberty
MAY 6, 1944 10c

Book:
THE GREAT ANSWER
How Faith Brings Men Through

SOUTH AMERICA—
Land of Opportunity

Rationing Calendar *for* MAY 1944

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1 BLUE STAMPS L8 M8 N8 P8 Q8 Become Valid NEW STAMP in Book 3 Valid for Shoes	2	3	4	5	6
7 RED STAMPS R8 S8 T8 Become Valid	8 Gasoline Coupons A-9 EXPIRE In Eastern Area	9 Gasoline Coupons A-10 Become Valid In Eastern Area	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21 RED STAMPS U8 V8 W8 Become Valid	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30 FRED COOPER	31 DEADLINE Quarterly Tire Inspection For C-Bookholders			

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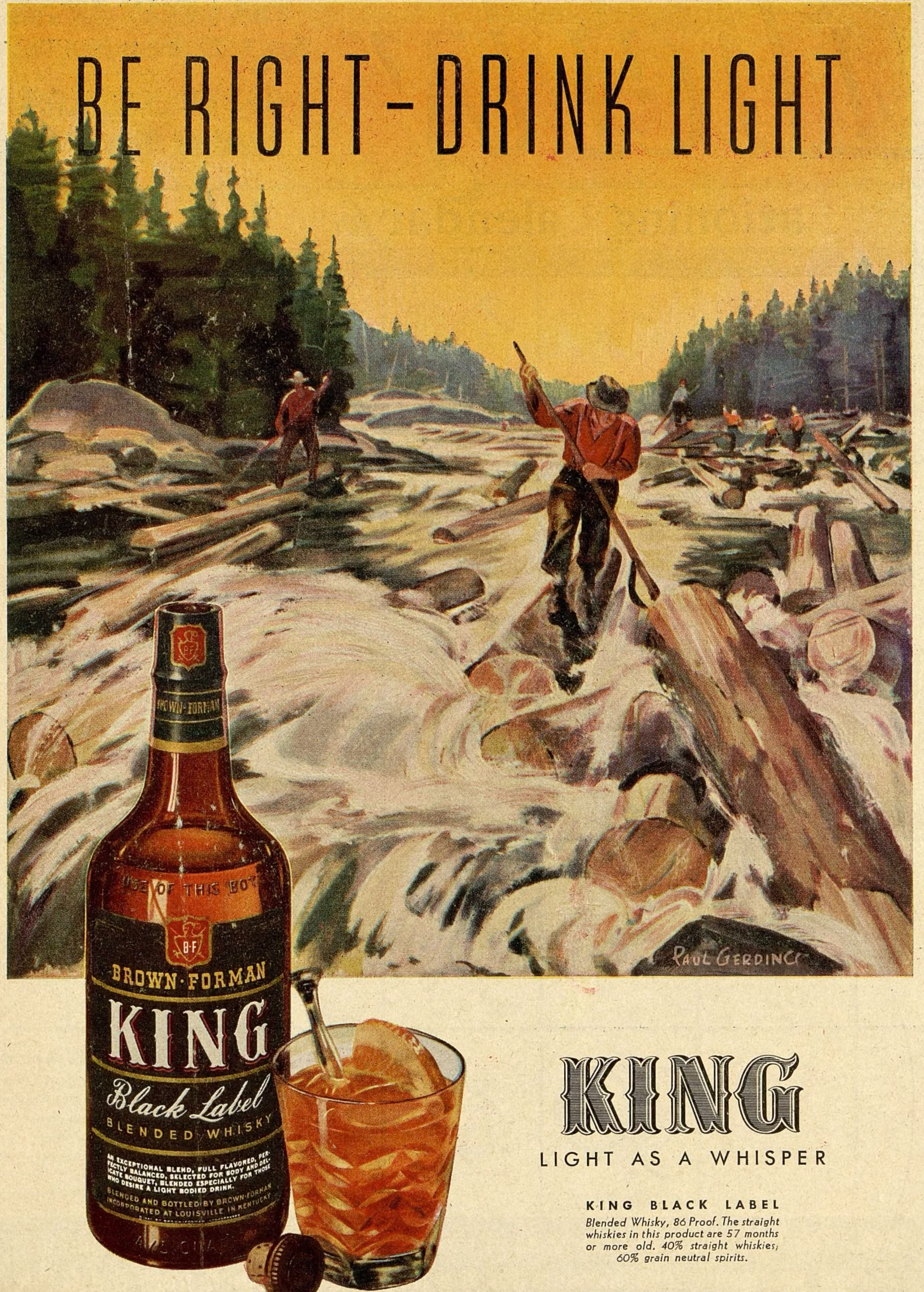
BLUE STAMPS: A8 B8 C8 D8 E8 F8 G8 H8 J8 K8 • **RE** **STAMPS:** A8 B8 C8 D8 E8 F8 G8 H8 J8 K8 L8 M8 N8 P8 Q8 **SUGAR:** Stamps 30 and 31 in Book 4 each good for 5 pound Stamp 40 in Book 4 good for 5 pounds for home canning or • **SHOES:** Airplane Stamp No. 1 in Book 3 good for one pa • **FUEL OIL:** Period 4 and 5 coupons each good for ten ga lons • **GASOLINE:** Coupons A-11 outside Eastern area.

Note: The first issue of Liberty each month hereafter will contain a rationing calendar giving all developments for the month as obtained from the O.P.A. Keep it for reference.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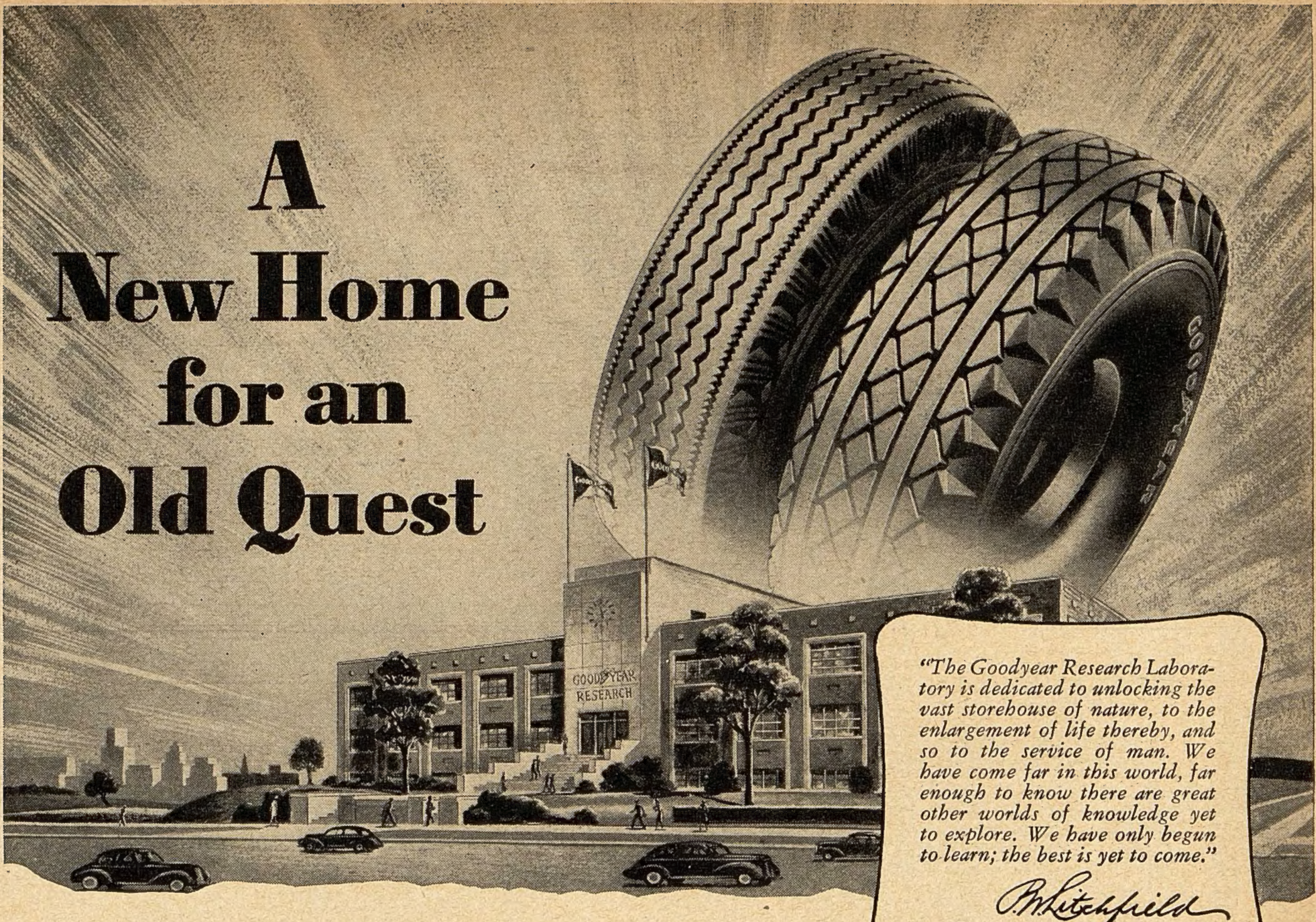

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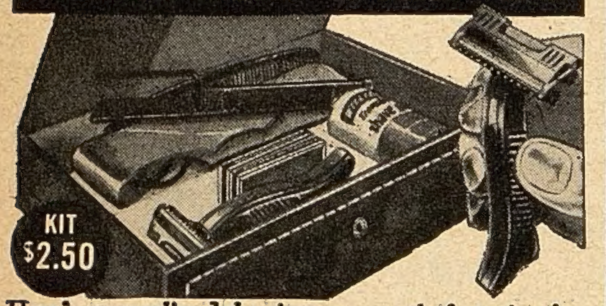

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Ration Calendar for May

DESIGNED BY F. G. COOPER

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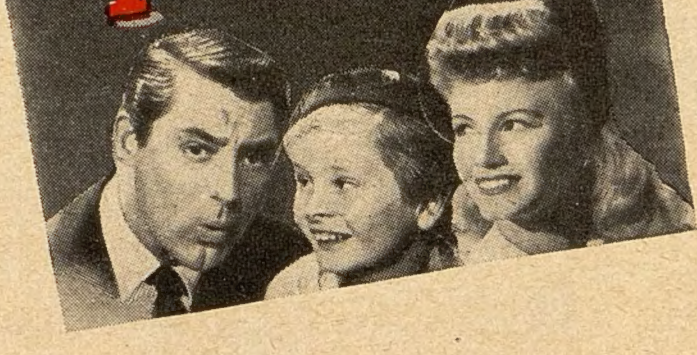

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VOX POP

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McCORMICK AND ISOLATIONISM—PRO AND CON

LA CROSSE, WIS.—I salute you for the revealing article on Colonel McCormick. (March 25 Liberty.) The article confirmed certain opinions I had formed from personal observation of his paper's editorial columns.—*J. K. C.*

TEXAS—Webster's Dictionary does not enable me to express my gratitude for your wonderful article on Mr. McCormick. I am happy to say that I have had the opportunity but twice to read the Chicago Daily Tribune, which times I now regret.

Liberty
CHICAGO TRIBUNE
FC

I realize that my opinion does not mean much, but I wish to add that the same opinion has been expressed openly by many other members of the armed forces.—*Cpl. Warren E. Lane.*

SAGINAW, MICH.—Hadn't read Liberty for three years until this week. What kind of rubbish is your Mr. Dos Passos publishing? It will be another three years for me to buy the next Liberty. Can't you find anything to smear besides McCormick?—*Dan McPhee.*

COLUMBUS, IND.—Have you ever heard Colonel Robert McCormick speak? I have. He talks easily, fluently, and most pleasingly. I make this point to call to your attention a remark in The Invisible Colonel, as follows: "He [Colonel McCormick] talks as if he had mashed potato in his mouth with a trace of English accent."

This statement is not true. And seeing that this statement is not true, the reader naturally questions the other statements made by this Dos Passos, whoever he is. Incidentally, I haven't the remotest idea whether or not the rest may be true, since I know nothing whatever on the subject discussed in the article.—*Myrtle Conger.*

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—Liberty is a word which can be construed to cover up the sins of troublemakers or tyrants.

Isolationism has been misrepresented in newspapers, radio, and magazines for a long time.

An isolationist is a patriot of any country. An internationalist is a foreign troublemaker.

Who is John Dos Passos? He writes, as a smear artist, of the character of The Invisible Colonel—a man who believes, the same as millions of our countrymen believe, in "our country first and always."

A so-called isolationist has faith in his countrymen and stands for his country first. Then he will always help his neighbor to help himself with all necessary aid. But the isolationist abhors all international troublemakers, who mostly are seeking more power.—*LeRoy Williams.*

ON HERSHEY AND HIROHITO

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—The attitude of a *supposedly Christian* nation expressed in Burnet Hershey's article We Handle Hirohito Gently—Why? (March 18 Liberty) really makes my Irish temper flare up! I am a Catholic. I respect the Pope. I regard him as the earthly representative of Christ, the Son of God. But if some one shot the Pope I would not be as savage as Brother Hershey says the Nips would become if some one shot the emperor. I say—bring the Mickey-Doo to trial, hang him, shoot his followers, men, women, and children—so we won't have another brood of Jap rats to kill twenty-five years from now.—*John Laurie.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I have always considered myself a happy, normal, and civilized person. Since Pearl Harbor I find I am basically primitive and I grit my teeth when there is any mention of being easy on the Japs.

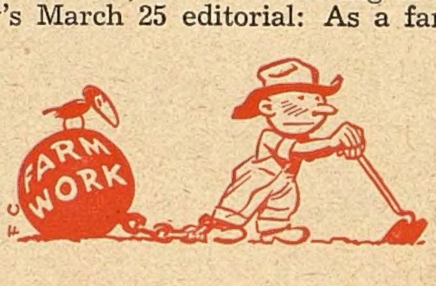
Your article described eloquently the viciousness of the Japs, and yet you expect a person to accept Burnet Hershey's statement that we can't slaughter ninety million Japs. I say we can! The Japanese as a race have not one point in their favor.

I think we have turned our other cheek just once too often.

You probably won't print this, because it is against all rules and regulations to be violent when not at the battle front. However, I for one will fight any soft-soaping of the atrocities of the Japs.—*Mrs. H. Shayer.*

A FARMER'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

KINGSLEY, MICH.—Referring to Liberty's March 25 editorial: As a farmer I have raised nine children, put them all through high school and helped them in college. We all worked together, but we never had a farm-labor income comparable to that of "Bill." I have invested a lot of money in equipment,



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1413 My Prison Days
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1419 Curious Deaths
1430 Shorthand Self Taught
1434 How to Think Clearly
1436 Strange Marriage Customs
1475 Book of Best Jokes
1476 What to Know About Your Sensations
1508 Facts About Poisons
1524 Famous Eccentric Americans
1548 Chinese Cook Book
1562 How to Live Long
1567 Making Men Happy with Jams and Jellies
1633 Exploits of a Fiddler
1677 How Army and Navy Fight Venereal Diseases
1710 The Magic of Numbers
1712 Great Dates in History
1714 Determinism vs. Free Will
1715 Funeral Services Without Theology
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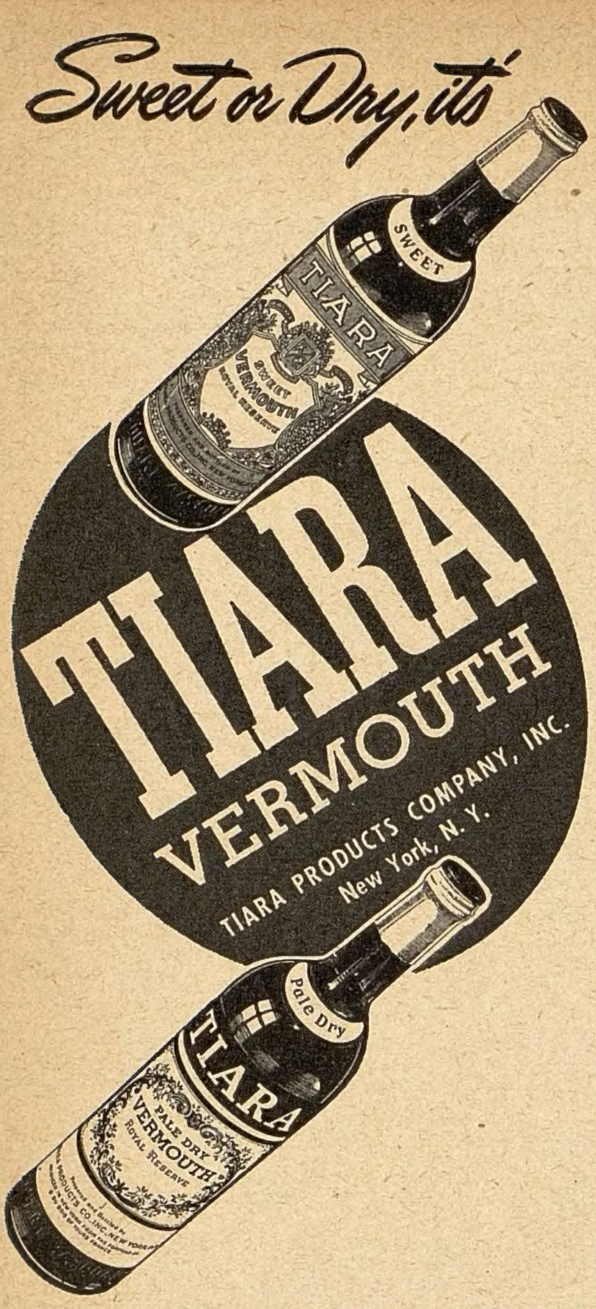

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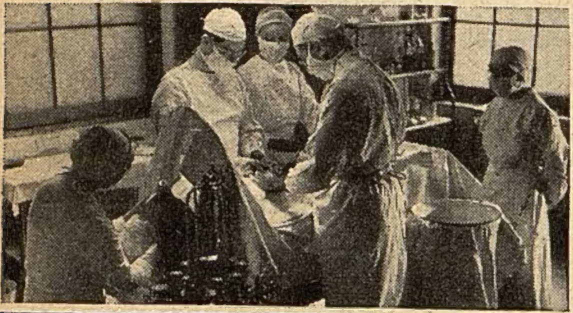

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with no way of telling from planting time to selling time whether the year would bring in a profit or loss. At sixty-five I am still working. I have never known an eight-hour day in my life, and besides that I have no social security.

Bill's income looks very good indeed to me.—*R. A. Wilson.*

UNITED WE STAND—

San Diego, Calif.—Just read Vox Pop in the March 18th issue. As usual, I got a laugh from the letters, and sort of a humble feeling, too.

Where else in this world could one or, yes, thousands of small voices shout to the public with such individual grievances? Tell me, where else have we the freedom to do that?

Only in this great country that our boys are fighting for. So let's all keep our big mouths shut and work just a little harder, so that the war will end sooner. What do you say, Republicans and Democrats?—*Lucille Johnson.*

LEAVE US TAKE ANOTHER LOOK—

Louisville, Ky. — B. Gulick's story, Juan Becomes a Bandido, in March 25 Liberty, states that Juan was rewarded $500 for the capture of the White Horse Bandit. However, Al Schmidt's illustration shows plainly a poster offering $1,000 reward for the W. H. B.'s capture. —*Donald Dumeyer.*

If Donald D. will take another gander at the story, he will see that the illustration shows Juan trying to hold up the bank—a couple of hours before the bona fide White Horse Bandit really robs the bank. The illustration shows a notice on the wall for a reward of $1,000 for the capture of the White Horse Bandit. Obviously, this is a reward offered by some other person who has been robbed in the past. Hence the illustration is perfectly O. K.—Vox Pop Editor.

FISHBACK TAKES HER ABACK!

Fall River, Mass. — Referring to Woman-Talk, by Margaret Fishback, March 25 Liberty: In my day, when a woman had a child and she was not wed, it was hushed up. But when I read about the unmarried mother who had a child and who took her choice of two men to be the father of her child—well, I was shocked. I think Miss Fishback must be out of her mind to write such dirt. I shall never again read her terrible column. — *Mrs. Ronald Dovile.*

BOOTS AND SADDLE DEPARTMENT

Gouverneur, N. Y.—Just want to thank you for the article about the Lone Ranger. It was wonderful. Another favorite star of mine is Sergeant Gene Autry. Hope you will have an article and picture of Gene sometime. He is great.—(*Miss*) *Beverly Ann Scozzafava.*

Liberty
NEXT WEEK

THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR

By Stanley F. Donath

Liberty's Book Condensation

Jan Dvorin hated the Nazis when they came to Vienna—enough to escape to America and to save money to bring his father over here. But he didn't hate them enough to want to kill until he got a letter telling the SS had shot his father.

Then Dvorin set off on a solitary man hunt, thus beginning one of the strangest war stories yet told—a story combining a love affair with intrigue and breathless excitement.

NATIONAL SERVICE IN BRITAIN

By John Dugdale, M. P.

If you've wondered how a National Service Act works, take a look across the Atlantic at England. The British may not like it, but "there's a war on."

DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER—PART TWO

By Lieut. Max Miller, U. S. N. R.

Tension increases on our carrier as D-Day approaches. Eavesdrop on the hard-bitten antiaircraft gunners and the flyers, and watch that supreme artist, the landing signal officer, in action.

PIN-UP MAMA

By Ted Shane

Meet the girl who is A-One in the hearts of our servicemen—and our movie box offices to boot. She's Betty Grable, the girl who is as truly American as a banana split.

THE SKIMMING DISH FROM HELL

By A. D. Rathbone IV

The PT boats have seen a lot of action in this war. Here's the behind-the-scenes story of the little wooden ships which are the newest, swiftest, and smallest engines of destruction in our Navy.

THE COURTSHIP OF MIKE BLANDISH

By Ted Tinsley

A wonderful story of two gullible sailors on shore leave in Brooklyn—and a fickle female who liked "primitive-type men."

MIRACLE AT MEXITALUCA

By Jean Francis Webb

Jemima was a refugee from reality—until an encounter with adventure south of the border revived old memories and showed her the way back home.

PROFESSOR PYRO—PART II

By Edwin Lanham

A chance discovery at the Watson farm sends Eb back to town to stake his future on a hunch—but jealous gossip stirs up a hornets' nest for him

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By all normal, human standards—what a rotten psychological background this fiend-incarnate reveals, to his own private physician, who lived Hitler's own life through the whole 15 years of Hitler's rise to power. And these confidential confessions, which explain Hitler's inhuman aberrations, his madness for power, his hatred of the Jews, his vitriolic temper, his blood lust, his reputation for abnormalities, were made to give him a greater grip on himself, and on the enslaved, miserable "beneficiaries" under the "new order."

Dr. Krueger LIVED History—You READ It

These terrible confessions, these ghastly self-revelations, were written into this astounding scientific, first-hand psychoanalysis of Hitler by Dr. Krueger, his own physician, after he fled Germany to save himself from the Hitler purge. And the book was written only in the hope that widespread detailed knowledge of Hitler's abysmal cruelties of body, mind and soul would incense the world enough to help PURGE Hitler.

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If you hate Hitler now, no word in our language will describe your feelings AFTER you have read "I Was Hitler's Doctor." It holds you breathless. It carries you from astonishment to freezing shock and back again—repeatedly. For you see

WHAT HITLER TOLD DR. KRUEGER

Yes, through fifteen years Hitler—the diabolical, intuitive Fuehrer—was seeking mental relief through psychoanalysis, and to Dr. Krueger, in man to man discussions, he confessed his abnormal love for his mother, his venereal taint, his degradation and murder of his glamorous young niece, his relations with Captain Roehm and other men—indeed most of these authenticated revelations are so affecting that they may not even be mentioned in an advertisement. Now you, too, for only $1.98, can know as much of Hitler as Dr. Krueger does; and understand your new-found knowledge fully because of the brilliant doctor's lucid, scientific explanations.

KURT KRUEGER, M. D.—AN EX-NAZI

Dr. Krueger writes without passion or prejudice, with medical college frankness. He is both a Christian and an "Aryan" and *was* a Nazi, till he realized the debasing purposes of the "Cult"—for *cult* it really is.

UPTON SINCLAIR

This famous American author says in a special introduction to this book: "I take the liberty of telling the critics and the book readers of my country that this volume is of great importance to our times."

OTTO STRASSER

Ex-aide of Hitler, the man who came to power with Hitler and was one of his most intimate friends until he escaped Hitler's blood purge, writes a special introduction to this book revealing his intimate knowledge of Hitler.

K. ARVID ENLIND, M. D., LT. COL. MED. RES., U. S. ARMY

in a special preface to this book says: "As a doctor, I recognize the phenomena described as human, and as such understandable."

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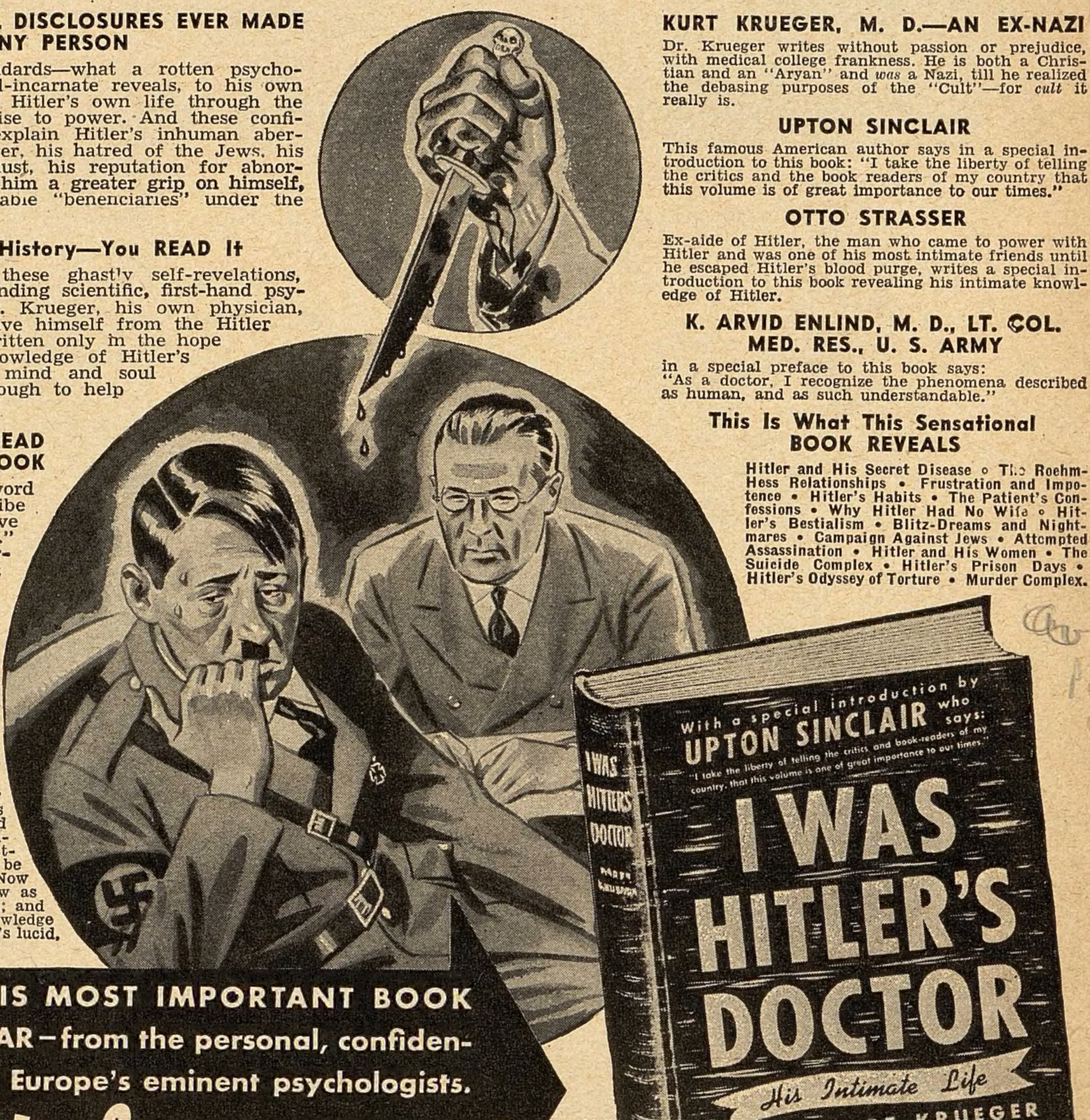
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AMERICAN WATCHES for RUSSIA'S FIGHTERS

Thousands of old watches donated by Americans are saving Russian lives and timing Nazi destruction. Here's what to do if you can spare the timepiece

BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

NEXT to nurses, doctors, and medical equipment, one of Russia's greatest needs at the moment is watches—for her hospital units, her signal and flying corps men. And watches in the Soviet are as scarce as new cars in America. What few watch factories there were when Germany struck in 1941 were quickly converted to precision instrument making.

Today a watch can mean the difference between life and death for an individual Russian or a lot of Russians. It is a strategic piece of equipment for the nurse giving a blood transfusion on the battlefield; for a doctor performing a major operation in a field tent; for a bombardier dropping his load; for an artillery commander signaling his crew to blast into the retreating Nazis.

Other United Nations need watches, too, and most of our watch factories have been converted. Consequently, although we face no shortage for military needs, we have been able to do little sharing with the Soviet. Lend-Lease has sent some 3,000 specially designed types for use of Russian flyers. Aside from this one shipment, there weren't many watches in sight for the Soviet until Russian War Relief, an American organization sending voluntary aid to the Russian people, had the idea of asking our civilians to pony up some of their thousands of old watches. That was about a year ago. Since then they have gathered in, repaired, and shipped more than 22,000 watches. More are going out at the rate of 600 to 800 a month.

Scene of this large-scale salvaging job is a small back room in Russian War Relief's central office at 11 E. 35th St. in New York. Here nine watch experts work in the silence of deep concentration broken only by the sound of dozens of watches ticking and the occasional splash of a watchwork getting a bath.

The men say their biggest thrill is when a real old-timer turns up. They all knock off work to have a look at it through their jewelers' glasses.

Chief of the watch-repair crew is Ben Schwartz, whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were watchmakers. He would rather take apart an interesting watch than eat. Portable timepieces, he reports, originated in Germany in the fifteenth century. The fancy variety, globular in form, were called "Nuremberg eggs," and were so heavy they had to be suspended from a man's girdle. So far, no Nuremberg egg has come in.

Most inspired of the staff is Elusha Zaret, a Russian straight out of the Crimea, who years ago made watches for Czarist aristocracy. Zaret will go rapturous at the drop of a hat. A masterfully made watch, he says, is like a poem. "When I work on such a watch," he assures you, "I feel like the poet. It has the soul. It is the classic." His particular hero is the eighteenth-century French watchmaker Bréguet. No man has ever topped Bréguet, in his opinion. The Russian poet Pushkin carried a Bréguet, he says. No Bréguets have turned up so far, but if one should it probably would lead to Zaret's almost complete emotional undoing.

LESS than 10 per cent of these gift watches are in working order when they come into headquarters from every state in the country. A rare few are almost like new. Most are middle-aged and show it. And some are as much as 150 to 200 years old, masterpieces of hand construction. They range all the way from dollar models to others worth several hundred dollars; from no-jewel movements to the finest twenty-six-jewel.

Women's models have less salvage value because many of them have no second hand, an essential for any military or medical service; but the parts can be used and the cases sold to pay for other new parts and accessories. All that go out are in perfect condition to serve on the fighting fronts. Shipments overseas are received by the Russian Red Cross and distributed to military personnel only, and on each one the Russians paste a label stating that it is a gift from the United States.

The thousands of contributions that have come in tell in themselves a rather extensive history of watchmaking. A number of them are the old-fashioned key-wind type, mostly with the keys missing. Some have the antique chain mechanism, with a mainspring made to turn a barrel on which is wound a length of catgut or a hair-thin chain. The other end of the chain is wound on a spiral drum.

A grandpa like this can still run well after it is properly repaired. Antique locomotive timepieces are as large as good-sized turnips and as heavy. But their works are magnificently made. Several have had extra attractions built into them such as alarm bells, compasses, or the face of a past century gentleman's heartthrob engraved inside the back cover. One of the most interesting arrivals was a 150-year-old chronometer which when put in order proved to be as accurate as any brand-new one could possibly be.

There are romance and adventure in these salvaged timepieces. An extremely fine chronometer recently donated had been across the Atlantic thirteen times in the sixty-four-year-old schooner Wander Bird, smallest vessel in this century to round the Horn from east to west. Its owner, in contributing it, wrote:

"This instrument has helped me to find my way over thousands of leagues of deep water. I know it is accurate and reliable and I want the glorious Red Army to have it as a very slight indication of my appreciation of its valor and gallantry."

A Seattle, Washington, donor sent a handsome timepiece with the message: "This watch was given to my father, Aaron Levy, by the Russian governor of Alaska when the United States purchased it. It is fitting now to return it." And another note read: "The Maharajah of Indore gave this watch to the owner, who wore it for forty years."

A HOLLYWOOD film director donated a chronograph, requesting that it be sent to General Rokassovsky. A surgeon, in turning over his favorite watch, asked that it be given to a Russian surgeon in his field of practice, spinal surgery. Many parents of men killed in action have sent in their boys' favorite timepieces. A Bridgeport, Connecticut, firm sent a shipment of new watch bands for Russian aviators.

"We are sending these for your watches," they wrote, "so that you will be on time to bomb the hell out of the Germans."

Glamour blew in one day in the form of a combination cigarette case and watch, engraved: "Happy smoking—Your Ziegfeld Boy, Tony Martin." And one donor, willing but with reservations, wrote: "I will send you my best watch for the Russians if you can find me an alarm clock to take its place." They found the alarm clock—one with "God Bless America" emblazoned on its base.

THE END

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Before this Bell P-39 goes on a mission on Guadalcanal, a final check is made by 2d Lt. L. Blackman of England and S/Sgt. P. Tudish of Bobtown, Pa.

Stranger than Fiction

Lieutenant Thomas W. (Dub) Smith of Madera, California, has a story he can pass on to his grandchildren. He rammed a Messerschmitt 109 head-on and flew his plane back to his base airport 300 miles away!

The plucky lieutenant was flying a twin-engined double-tailed P-38 Lockheed Lightning on a bomber escort mission over Italy when he was jumped on by four ME-109s. Suddenly he found himself head-on with one of the 109s, all guns blazing. Neither plane wavered. The collision was a glancing blow.

The right wing and perhaps the engine of the Nazi ship struck underneath the Lightning's right engine and crunched along the boom to the tail. It knocked the flaps halfway down, sheared off the cooling scoops, and ripped a two-foot piece from the horizontal stabilizer and elevator between the booms, tearing the double tail into two pieces.

The Messerschmitt crashed in flames. Lieutenant Smith started to bail out, but found his P-38 was still flying. So for three hours he prodded his damaged ship over enemy territory, surviving a flak barrage at one point, and landed in a soft wheat field adjoining his base. "I kissed that airplane right on the nose," he said.

Improved Aerial Photography

If you read the press announcements of the new F-5 reconnaissance version of the Lockheed P-38 Lightning, you may be interested in how this twin-engined fighter has been adapted to aerial photograph mapping.

To begin with, the P-38 was selected by the Army because it has tremendous speed, getaway, and range, all extremely necessary factors in a plane which must work deep in enemy territory without fighter protection. The F-5 is entirely unarmed and must do most of its photographing at altitudes from 20,000 to 36,000 feet.

About 900 pounds of guns and flying mechanism were removed from the fighter, and cameras and equipment weighing 500 pounds were installed, giving a net saving in weight and thereby increasing the ship's speed and range.

Cameras shoot through special glass windows set flush with the fuselage and are located at angles which depend on the cameras used. Three basic types of cameras are used for most aerial mapping. In the trimetrogon method, consisting of three cameras which shoot three different surface views from horizon to horizon, the K-17s are usual. All cameras are electrically operated.

For some time the cold encountered at high altitudes presented a problem because the cameras worked sluggishly when temperatures dropped to 40 below zero. But a tube from the engines carrying collant fluid to a small "radiator" in the camera compartment solved the problem.

A Little Consolation

Are bombing attack losses excessively high? Sometimes when one reads that several score heavy bombers have failed to return to their bases in England after an attack on Germany, the losses—from seven to eleven men to a plane—seem very high. But Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air of Great Britain, revealed some interesting figures recently to the House of Commons which show that for tonnage of bombs dropped and results obtained, aerial attacks are the least costly means of destroying enemy targets.

During all of last year, 2,500 British aircraft did not return to their bases. Taking an average of seven men to an aircraft, this means that nearly 18,000 men were killed or were taken prisoners.

"But compare this with the bloody fighting on the eastern front, or with the carnage of the last war," he said. "On one day, July 1, 1916, we lost on the Somme 21,997 men killed and missing, to secure an advance three and a half miles wide and one mile in depth.

"Our air crews who have fallen in destroying the weapons of the Nazis at their sources are in the position of the man who dies putting out of action the enfilading machine gun which is decimating his comrades and so lets the advance go through."

Too Close

When in Great Britain one begins to sense the proximity of the tightly packed isles to Nazi-occupied Europe, and to appreciate more than ever the effective British defenses and the difficult task of producing war materials so close to enemy bases. Here is what we are talking about:

At an R. A. F. fighter station near London, a fighter pilot was returning from a routine reconnaissance flight over Paris; he had been gone only thirty-five minutes and hadn't hurried.

At an aircraft engine plant some distance from the Channel, the plant manager was discussing raid precautions and said quite casually, "Of course here we are only nine minutes from the nearest Nazi base."

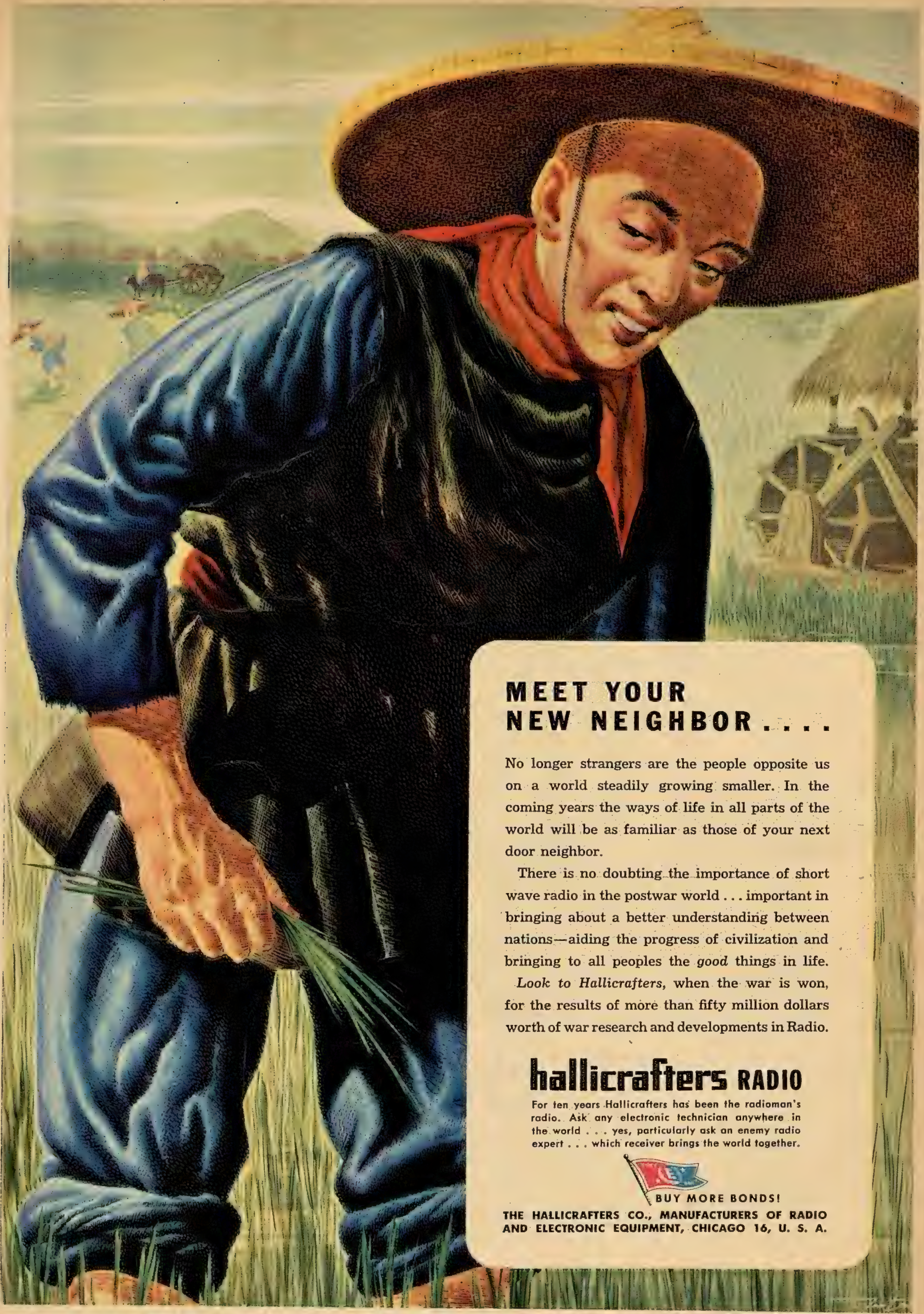
The whole time spent by a German bomber over England while bombing London is estimated at but a slight twenty minutes. The bombers fly over the coast at great height, twisting, turning, scattering their bombs over London, then diving steeply at maximum speed until they recross the coast at 2,000 feet or less.

The advantage is with the Nazis until French bases are obtained by the Allies. So far, British and U. S. bombers have had to fly miles into well defended enemy territory to reach their targets.

Those Russians Again!

Incendiary attacks on cities may not be so new as you think. The London Sunday Times recently recounted that in the year 946 the Russian city of Korosten, recently retaken by the Russians, was burned into a heap of ruins by the first "incendiary birds."

It seems that Olga, widow of the famous Igor, Prince of Kiev, took a terrible revenge on the tribes of forest dwellers for the killing of her husband. Tired of a long, futile siege, Olga offered the forest dwellers peace if they would send her one pigeon and one sparrow alive from every house in Korosten. The terms were accepted, but at dusk Olga, who had learned the incendiary trick from Byzantium, released the birds, each laden with an incendiary preparation of phosphorus, whereupon the homing suicide detachment set the whole of Korosten ablaze. Thus Korosten is believed to have been the first town in history to be raided from the air and leveled by incendiary phosphorus bombs.



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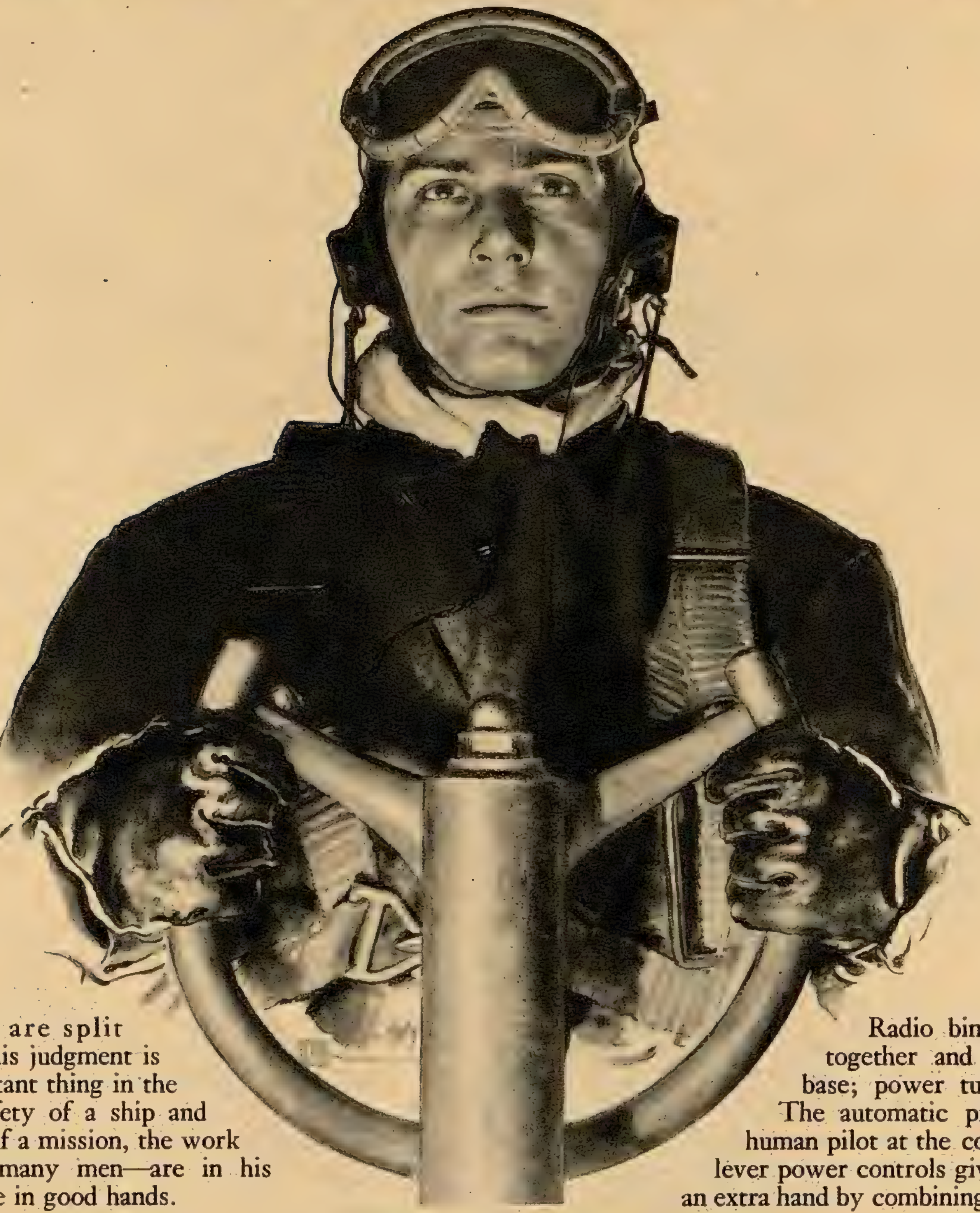

THERE are split seconds when his judgment is the most important thing in the world. The safety of a ship and crew, the fate of a mission, the work and hopes of many men—are in his hands. They are in good hands.

* * *

There is no more important task for G-E research and engineering today than in developing equipment to make this—one of the toughest jobs of our time—a little easier and a little safer.

Every day, in every flight, electricity is at work in our bombers and fighters.

Electrically driven gyroscope instruments show the pilot the way to go—in fog, or cloud, or night.

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Radio binds the squadron together and links it to its base; power turrets protect it. The automatic pilot relieves the human pilot at the controls, and unilever power controls give him, in effect, an extra hand by combining the controls for turbosuperchargers and engines.

Electric motors start the engines, retract the landing gear, change the pitch of the propellers.

Electricity heats boots, and gloves, and flying suits of pilot and crew.

Although the American homes of our fliers are half a world away, home base—because of electric instruments in their cockpits, and electric equipment on their planes—is a little nearer, a little surer and more certain. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

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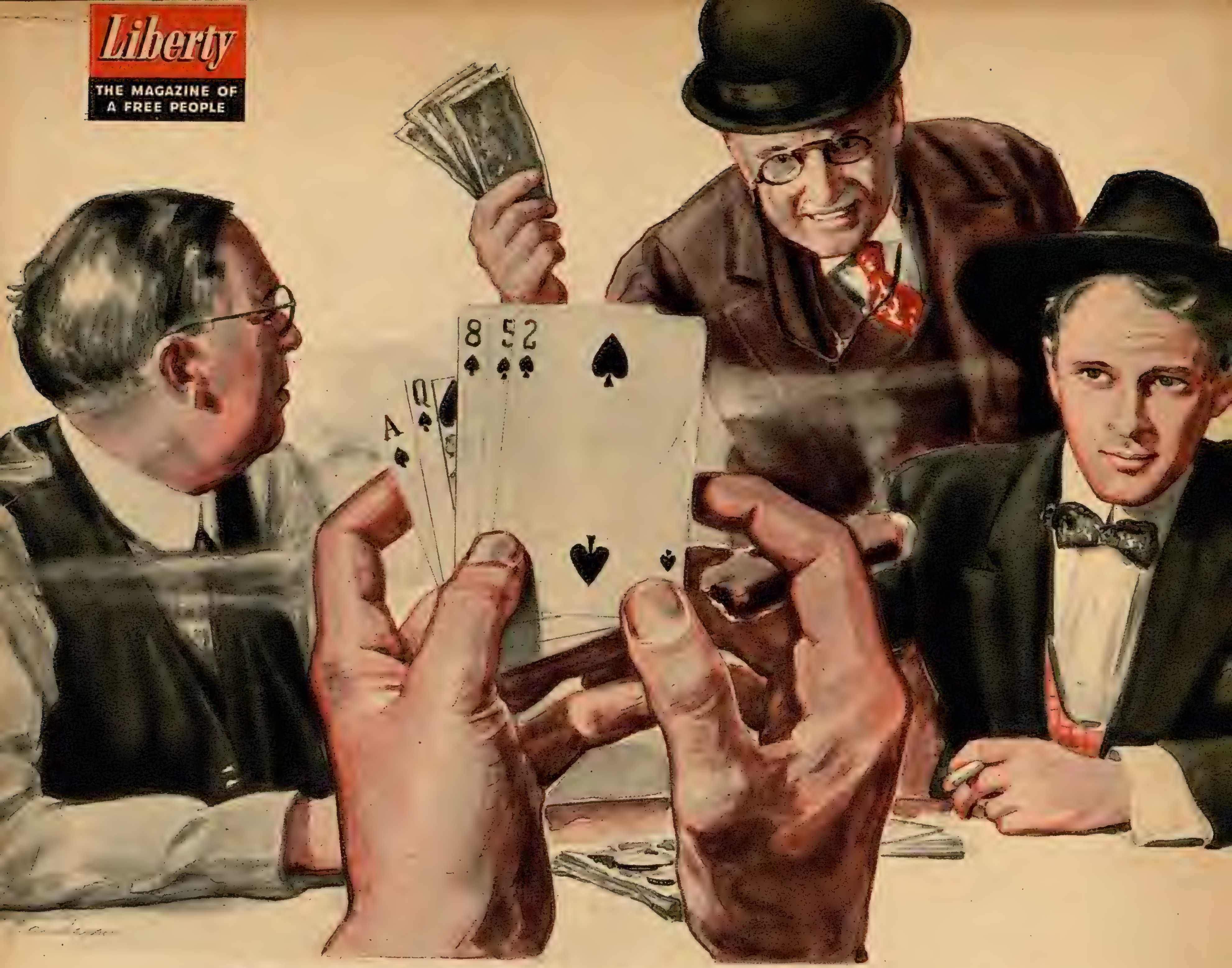


J. G. Watson tossed the three hundred dollars on the table. "He calls your bet, Joe. Let's see what you got."

PROFESSOR PYRO

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

A rousing new novel of the oil boom days in Oklahoma; the tense and exciting story of a man who lived by his wits, of a girl who could outsmart him, and of their gamble for black gold

"TWO cards to the gentleman," Eb Peters said.

Holding the deck, his fingers were sharply bent, like tongs. His palms had lost the calluses that had lumped them when he dressed tools at the Glen Pool, and now were as soft as a gambler's.

It was good to sit in a poker game in the back room of a small-town barbershop, Eb thought, with corn-fed country money in the game and three sevens and a kicker to draw to. He raised one black eyebrow in question, looking at the pink face of Joe Carter, the livery-stable proprietor. It was good to be alive. The price of oil was going up, and Eb Peters had followed oil since 1901, when he first smelled it down at Spindletop.

"I'll stand pat," Joe Carter said.

Eb retrieved his cards. Against a pat hand, he would have to make a draw. He stripped a nine-spot and discarded it, keeping an ace and the three sevens.

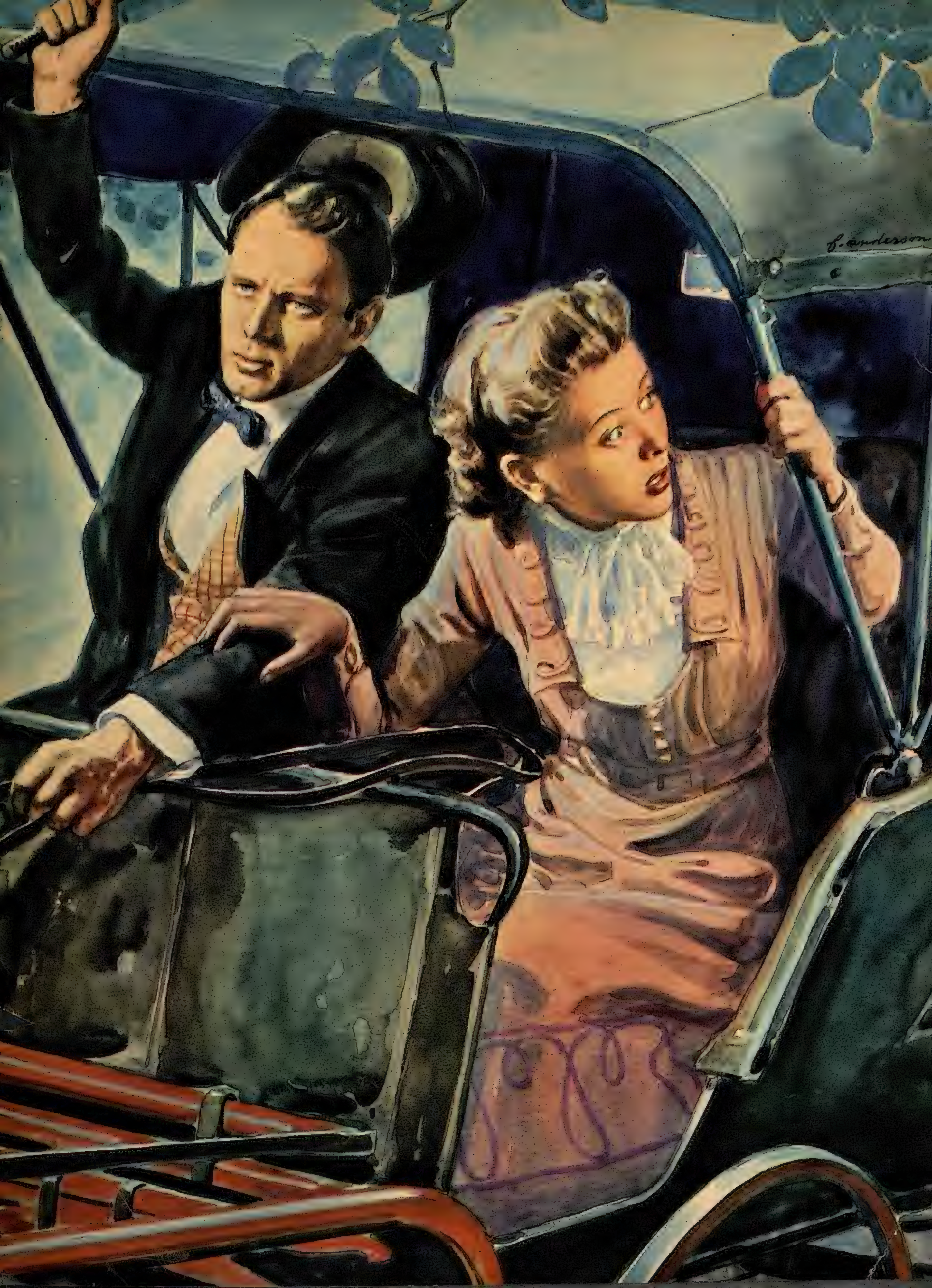
"One to the dealer," he said, dropped his cards face down in front of him, and dealt a fifth card on top of the four. He idly shuffled the five cards, not looking at them yet.

"Boys, it's going to cost you," Joe Carter said.

Eb glanced out at the back lot, where the barber's Jersey cow was pulling at her stake. He knew that the livery man would never dare to bluff and that his pat hand had three sevens beat, for sure.

"Let's see what I got here," Joe Carter was saying as his fingers caressed a stack of bills in front of him. "I got here three hundred dollars, and that's my bet."

Eb leaned back in his chair, pushed his black hat higher on his forehead, raised his cards slowly and with his thumb flicked back the corners in turn—seven, ace, seven, seven, ace. He looked at Joe and said, "I wish I knew more about your game, mister. Wish I knew if you were a man to try a bluff."


f. anderson

Joe Carter's fat cheeks folded into confident creases. His eyes smiled also.

"It's a lot of money," Eb said. "But, you know, I feel like making a call."

Carter's eyes dropped to the thin stack of bills, ballasted by silver money, in front of Eb, but Eb did not look down. He knew he had fifty dollars.

"I could go table stakes for what I got," Eb said. "But I'd kind of like to call the whole bet. Afraid I won't have the cash till this evenin', though. How's my credit until then?"

THE smile faded from Joe Carter's face, and he looked uneasily at the man next him for a lead. Eb had caught the man's name as Bill Simmons when the game began, and understood he dealt in hardware.

"Cash game," Simmons said. "It's this way, professor. You rode into town this morning, tacked up a couple of signs, and come in the barbershop to sell tickets. That's all that we know about you."

"He's got a good rig and a mighty nice sorrel mare," Joe Carter said. "He stabled 'em down to my place. But I sure wouldn't lay out two hundred and fifty for 'em."

"One thing I'd never do is pledge my mare," Eb broke in. "Money, sure, but not my mare."

"Mister, you'd better call for your fifty," Joe Carter said. Eb's eagerness to call the bet had made him uneasy.

Eb turned his head toward the faint warm odor of hair tonic coming from the barbershop. He called out, "Hey, Curly, how many tickets you sold?"

Curly Thomas, the barber, opened the door. "Maybe twenty," he said.

"Fifty cents a ticket?" Joe Carter asked.

"Yep."

"That's ten bucks more. Well, you can call for sixty. Come on, let's get on with it."

"I want the whole hog, bristles and snout," Eb said. "How long you give me to raise the money?"

Joe Carter's eyes questioned Bill Simmons and the hardware dealer spoke for him. "Never had nothin' like this come up before."

Suddenly Eb stood up. He took a small gold-plated penknife from a pocket of his waistcoat. The other men watched him snap the blade out, and the barber came farther into the room to see.

Eb dropped his cards face-down on the table, and stabbed the blade of the knife through them into the wood.

"I'll be back in five minutes with the money," he said. "I'm going to call that bet."

He did not look back at the four men grouped around the table, but as he passed the barber in the doorway he winked, and Curly grinned. Eb walked on through the barbershop to the street.

His dark eyes were bright, his lean brown face contemplative as he glanced along the lumpy dirt street, where occasional oak trees shaded the boardwalk. In the corner of his vision was a blur of red letters on a sign in the window of the barbershop. Eb did not need to read the fat Doric lettering to know that it said: *Professor Pyro's Great Demonstration. See Mount Etna in Eruption. Phenomenal Pyrotechnical Display at the* [in pencil] *Ball Park Tonight.*

Missy looked back over her shoulder. "Albert is in the ditch," she said.

Eb had tacked up the sign when he drove into town early that morning, and there were other signs—in the hardware store, the livery stable, at the depot. He had sold only twenty tickets at the barbershop, where he expected the best receipts, but he had until eight o'clock that night, and there might be a good sale at the gate. Still, it would take a long time to make a stake by shooting off fireworks, he thought, and he had to have a stake. He'd dressed tools long enough.

Eb had seen many towns like Othello, Oklahoma. It was typical of that part of the state, laid out in the Run into the Cherokee Outlet in 1893 and knocked together overnight. Here and there on its main street were a few of the original houses that had stood for the seventeen years since the Run, but even the newer structures were of wood, except for a brisk building diagonally across the street, the Othello State Bank.

Eb crossed the street to the bank. Pushing back the door he came into a corridor a few yards wide. He walked over to the second teller's cage, where a young man stood, jotting down figures on a slip of paper.

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

Eb met the teller's pale blue eyes. "I'm looking for the cashier," Eb said.

"I'm Albert Neville, cashier. What can I do for you?"

"I want to negotiate a loan."

The cashier hesitated. "I don't believe I know you. Are you a stranger in town?"

Eb grinned and took a card from the pocket of his showy vest. He slipped it under the grille and Albert Neville picked it up with limp fingers. His eyebrows went up and he said in a voice as limp as his hands, "Professor *Pyro?*"

Eb chuckled. "That's my professional name. My folks named me Eb Peters."

HE was aware that a short, portly man in a private office next to the teller's cage had swung his swivel chair around and was listening.

"How much did you wish to borrow, Mr. Peters?" Albert Neville asked.

"Three hundred dollars."

Albert Neville turned the card over in his fingers. "What are you offering for collateral, Mr. Peters?"

Eb grinned. "A full house."

"A full—a what?" Albert Neville looked shocked. His smile was thin. "If this is a joke, Mr. Peters . . ."

"It ain't a joke," Eb said. "I can show it to you."

"What's all this, what's all this?" The banker came with quick steps to the door of his office. "What's this I hear? You mean to say you're offering a poker hand as security for a loan?"

"Not just a poker hand," Eb said. "It's a full house."

The banker smiled. "I'm J. G. Watson, president of this bank. I believe you said your name was Peters."

"Professor *Pyro,*" Albert Neville amended, with a significant glance at the bank president. He slid Eb's card under the grille.

J. G. Watson picked up the card, glanced at its red lettering, chuckled, and asked, "Now, what's all this about a full house?"

Beyond the banker a movement of color caught Eb's eye. A slender girl in a yellow linen dress stood in the doorway.

"I'm sitting in a game over at the barbershop," Eb explained, still looking at the girl. "I'm the dealer, and one man opens for twenty, and everybody folds but me and Joe Carter and a man named Simmons."

"Yes, yes," the banker said. The girl lowered her eyes and moved back a step.

"Carter stood pat and Simmons drew two. I drew another ace to three sevens and a kicker and filled."

"Good hand," J. G. Watson said. "But knowing Joe Carter, he wouldn't try to bluff."

"I guess give him a straight or a flush," Eb said, and took his gaze from the girl's face. The banker was smiling at him. "Anyhow, he bet three hundred dollars and Simmons folded. I didn't have the cash to call, and they gave me five minutes to raise the money."

"How long ago was that?"

"Maybe four minutes."

"Not much time to lose, then," J. G. Watson said. "Not much time to lose. I'd like to see that hand. Albert, give me three hundred dollars."

"J. G., you mean you're going to let him have the money?" Albert Neville asked, staring through the grille.

"Not before I see the hand," the banker said crisply.

The girl brought a derby with a high roll brim and J. G. Watson put it on. He said to Eb, "My daughter, Mistletoe Watson. Generally call her Missy."

"Hello," the girl said.

"Don't know why we ever named her Mistletoe," the banker said, "except she was born on Christmas. Missy, pick me up in five minutes."

He caught Eb's arm and propelled him toward the door. Eb grinned, taking one long step to the banker's two as they walked to the barbershop. The banker did not let go of Eb's arm until they reached the back room.

Eb's cards remained untouched on the table, with the gold knife pinning them. He worried the blade free, picked up the cards, and handed them to J. G. Watson. The banker grunted and said, "Fifteen per cent interest."

"Suits me," Eb said.

J. G. Watson tossed the three hundred dollars on the table. "He calls your bet, Joe."

"What have you got to do with this, J. G.?" Joe Carter said with an air of reproach.

"Business transaction," J. G. said. "Strictly business. Let's see what you got."

Joe Carter looked uneasily at the money, then turned up his cards one by one. They were all spades.

"You're beat," Eb said. He faced his cards. "Take a look, Mr. Carter."

Joe Carter gave J. G. an angry stare.

"Nice little haul," J. G. Watson said, watching Eb gather up the bills. "That will be three hundred and forty-five dollars, with the bank's interest."

AS Eb counted out the money, the banker said, "Something some people will never understand. Something Albert will never get through his head. A bank is a bank, and collateral is collateral. I don't see why a full house ain't as good collateral as gilt-edge stock. Glad to have your business, Mr. Peters."

They strolled together back through the barbershop to the plank sidewalk. The girl was waiting in a surrey at the curb, holding the reins of a fine span of bays.

J. G. Watson pointed to the sign in the window. "What is this thing you're putting on?"

"You heard of Mount Etna?" Eb said. "You heard of Vesuvius? What I got

(*Continued on page 48*)

SOUTH AMERICA—Land of Opportunity

Latin America is the land of golden postwar opportunity. Already gigantic developments are under way. But read this before you pack your bag

BY SYLVIA F. PORTER

SOUTH of the Rio Grande lie twenty nations with a total population less than that of the United States and yet covering an area more than twice that of our own country. The governments of most of those twenty republics and our own are working together, exchanging materials, money, and men in an effort to destroy the Axis. Out of that co-operation is being born an industrial giant whose size and power easily might dwarf all others in the world in the years to come.

The industrialization of Latin America is a development so big that just the hazy outline of what is happening is exciting. Already projects are under way which will mean the creation of whole new industries and whole new cities in Mexico, Brazil, and Venezuela. Already a policy of 50-50 co-operation between United States and Latin American business men has been established which will give our men the status of partners, not exploiters of wealth.

American Rolling Mill, for instance, has properties in Mexico, is thinking of expanding to Argentina. Bethlehem Steel Corporation is negotiating for a plant in Venezuela. Texas Freeport Sulphur is examining possibilities in Brazil and Chile. Goodyear Tire & Rubber is experimenting with the rubber industry in Panama and Costa Rica.

Douglas Aircraft is surveying air equipment needs in a dozen countries. Ford Motor is entering Brazil. General Electric, General Motors, United States Plywood, and other giants are in Mexico, getting set for the biggest expansion in history as soon as they can obtain the essential materials.

Just the names of these companies give us a hint of what is coming. Goodyear means rubber in Costa Rica. Ford means automobiles in Brazil. And each new industry brings with it others; for the building of a factory attracts the man who manufactures cement, the firm which produces elevators, the fellow who can set up a near-by restaurant. And each step implies more jobs for the natives of the region and also for us.

Within the last few months the great names of finance have become identified with Latin America too, and especially with Mexico. Lehman Brothers recently tied up with a group of Mexican bankers. Kuhn, Loeb & Company organized its international banking house there late in 1943 to assist in the financing of new enterprises. Paul Shields, one of New York's shrewdest brokers, has been operating in Mexico City for months. As the story goes, Joseph P. Kennedy, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, has arranged some large-scale deals. And Ben Smith, who went from cowboy in Argentina to stock plunger in Wall Street, has shifted to Mexico's capital for the duration. The list of men "getting in at the bottom" blankets the United States from coast to coast.

CO-ORDINATOR OF INTER-AMERICAN AFFAIRS

If the American is to do business with his customers south of the border he must learn their background. Street scene in Mexico City.

Surely there are definite reasons for all this. To mention one, tax laws in Latin America generally are extremely favorable to new enterprises. Mexico, for instance, stimulates new industries by freeing them of some or all taxes for as long as five years. More than 180 firms received these amazing concessions in 1943 alone.

For another, the natural resources of these 7,767,767 square miles, the fabulous possibilities of Latin America's markets, have fired the imaginations of our industrialists. As Dr. Allan A. Bates of the Westinghouse Electric Company's laboratories remarked recently, "Brazil is the most fantastically rich country in the world in iron ore—the basic ingredient of industrialization." And as Joseph C. Rovensky, vice-president of the Chase National Bank and an authority on the Latin American republics, told me, "The countries to the south of us constitute the only part of the world which, on balance, will emerge better off at the end of this war than before."

AND, final crucial point, for the first time the governments of those nations and of the United States are encouraging our business men to expand to the south on a partnership basis. "With absolute good faith, we open our doors to all men who are willing to associate their honest effort in our endeavor," said General Isaias Medina Angarita, Venezuela's President, when he was in New York early this year. "The scope for development of hemisphere resources, on the basis of inter-American co-operation, is great," agreed Nelson A. Rockefeller, Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs in Washington. And, to prove they mean what they're saying, the North and South American governments have set up a half dozen agencies since the war broke out to act as channels of information on industry, trade, and laws.

I've been checking expert after expert, and they all stressed the point that we are on the threshold of a new world. "American capital will go first, American boys will follow," predicted Elisha Walker, partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. "We need machines and we need skilled men," added Ricardo G. Hill, Consul General of Mexico, "and then we will reach undreamed-of heights." Yet, as each spoke of a dazzling future, he emphasized the key words "partnership" and "permanence." One thing they made clear to me: any of us who go south from 1944 on must go with the determination to stay, raise our families there, and become part of our new communities.

There are and will be terrific obstacles—obstacles of language, of differences in customs, of temperament, jealousies, suspicion, national restrictions. And overoptimism is as ridiculous and dangerous as blindness to the immense opportunities. So few of us know Spanish, which is spoken in eighteen of the republics, or Portuguese, which is spoken in Brazil, or French, which is the language of Haiti. So few North Americans realize that, as Rockefeller puts it, "in many Latin-American communities the roots of cultural and political institutions go deeper into the past than in the United States." Not many Californians are aware that Brazil alone is 264,000 square miles larger than all of the United States, that it is the fourth largest country in the world. Not many New Yorkers recognize that virtually all of Latin America lies east of Manhattan and that Christmas in Brazil, Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay is one of the hottest days of the year.

And our misconceptions! To us, Latin America is the land of rebellion, romance, and rumba. We visualize the men as great lovers, guitar players, and eaters of "hot" food. We think of their señoritas in many-spangled dresses, doing sexy dances and hiding their dark eyes behind gorgeous fans. And they imagine our men as always in a hurry, as good business men but poor lovers, our women as always blonde, good-looking, and domineering. We're both absurdly wrong. Not until we really understand each other will we be able to work together in true harmony.

WHAT'S more, we made some ghastly mistakes during the early 1900s and these still are held against us. Our industrialists went down to Latin America as imperialists, profiteers, and not as permanent investors and friends. We made our fortunes and rushed right back to the States to spend the money. We never bothered to learn Spanish, never troubled to take part in the life of the country. "Home" wasn't there; it was here. And the result was, we made some bad enemies.

The Germans, Japanese, and Italians moved in and firmly entrenched themselves as permanent settlers. Today there are only 55,000 North Americans and 110,000 British in all twenty countries, as compared with 20,000,000 first- and second-generation Germans, Italians, and Japanese!

We can't blame Latin Americans for distrusting and hating us. We asked for it. It was because of our record that Mexico in 1936 passed and still has on its books a "General Law of Population," ruling that any foreigner staying longer than six months must invest at least $20,000 in Mexico City or at least $10,000 outside of the capital. It was because of our actions that the Costa Rican Congress recently stated that persons operating in that country must have Costa Rican citizenship. Those laws were passed because of fear that we would overrun the countries, take what we could, and get out.

But one good result of this war is that we've changed our attitude, too. This time we're making an intense effort to show our good faith. This time our industrialists and financiers are eager to go into 50-50 partnerships, build up permanent markets, lay the groundwork for mutual prosperity and large-scale employment in both countries.

For the first time, the idea is hitting us that the more those twenty countries prosper, the more we do. To put it in the words of John C. McClintock, Assistant Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, "We can't become rich off

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Men with skills and ideas—like these two technicians at our rubber project in Manaos, Brazil—will work a renaissance in South America.

EUROPEAN PHOTO

Resources of the Americas are largely untapped. It will help us if we aid our neighbors in their development. Lumber at a mill in Honduras.

SIX AIRMEN LOOK AT THEIR FUTURE

BY CARL B. WALL

"What the hell happens to us after the war?" Listen in as these American flyers in England talk about the world as they'd like to see it

A group of our airmen in England gather around the stove, favorite spot for "bull sessions."

ON the train down from London to this United States Army Air base, I had jotted down the notes: "Ask McNulty about time he brought Marauder home with 750 flak and bullet holes. . . . Get Chambers tell how he landed shot-up B-26 with full bomb load, saving all crew and lives of English town. . . . How about Tyson's thirty-odd missions across Channel?"

But it wasn't working out that way. For a full half hour, here in the Nissen hut, the six airmen had been leaning back in their chairs like so many bashful five-year-olds who have been asked by a strange maiden aunt to recite The Night Before Christmas.

I would ask a question. A long silence would follow. Then one of the boys would say something like this:

"It wasn't so bad. There was a hell of a lot of flak around the target. But it wasn't so bad."

Then the silence would set in again. That was the way it was going until Captain Jack Tyson leaned forward a little and said:

"You know, there's one thing we'd like to get straight. Contrary to what the folks at home seem to think, the boys flying this milk run over the Channel aren't a lot of flak-happy heroes. We're not screwballs. We honestly figure we're solid citizens with a postwar future, and what we worry about more than anything else is this: What the hell is going to happen to us when this man's war is over?"

The others shifted slightly in their chairs and looked at me. They wanted to know if I understood what Tyson was driving at. I thought I did. It startled me a little. Here at this bomber base—less than fifteen minutes, as the bombers fly, from the German lines—they wanted to talk about the future and what it meant to them. Even the dark saturnine face of Captain Joseph Wright, of Spokane, Washington, pilot of the famed Marauder Jezzabelle, and veteran of scores of missions over the Continent, showed a flicker of interest.

"That's right," he said, turning toward Tyson. "If we had the answer to that one we wouldn't have a thing to worry about."

Lieutenant Robert E. Felt, who up to this point had been remarkably reticent concerning his twenty brushes with the Luftwaffe, found his tongue.

"It might sound a little corny," he said earnestly, "but we honestly worry more about the future than we do about the flak. If we get mixed up with the flak we figure our worries are over, but we'd sure hate like all hell to come through this all right and then find ourselves peddling apples."

Captain Charles Enderton of Aberdeen, Washington, who a few minutes before had dismissed his twenty-three missions with the offhand understatement, "Sort of interesting," chimed in:

"What Jack means is that the people back home aren't getting the right pitch. The trouble is that a few of our boys have gone back and hit the banquet trail at war-bond rallies. Tie that up with most of the movies, magazine and newspaper stuff, and, naturally, it gets the people thinking we're flak-happy heroes. That's what worries us. We know damn well there are mighty few business men who are going to give good jobs to a lot of screwballs. They don't pay off on medals."

"What we're afraid of mostly," said Captain Mark McNulty, of Huntington, Indiana, "is being treated like glamour boys or football heroes when we do get back. Good for a lunch and a drink at the Rotary Club—but the old brush-off when it comes right down to getting a responsible job. What we'd like to put across is the fact that flying bombers isn't all romance. It's a business."

"You see," said Captain Tyson, "every time one of these boys—I'm a navigator myself—takes one of these B-26s upstairs, we figure he's heading a corporation that's worth pretty close to a million dollars. That's figuring $250,000 for the plane alone. After you figure in the training costs of the six-man crew, bombs, gas, and special equipment, a million isn't too far away. That's one hell of a responsibility and we know it is. Furthermore, every mission we make across the Channel calls for careful planning, split-second precision, and good judgment. It's not a case of 'Damn the flak, full speed ahead.' It's mathematics."

I was beginning to feel rather sheepish about the questions I had been asking—questions mostly about heroics, blood and thunder.

"What do you mean by a 'responsible' job?" I asked. "What kind of a job would you be satisfied with?"

McNulty poked at the stove with his foot. "By a job," he said, "we don't mean just any kind of a job. Take me, for example. I don't want to spend my life in a factory. Flying happens to be the thing I learned in the years when you're supposed to be preparing yourself for a career. If I were going to be a member of a profession, I'd have been in college studying engineering—or dentistry—or whatever the pitch happened to be.

"Well, I'm twenty-two now. By the time this war's over and I get home I figure I'll be around twenty-four or twenty-five—maybe twenty-six if they ship us to the Pacific from here. That's a hell of a ripe old age to start learning a new trade. And, besides, why should I? After all, when I get through with this I'll have a certain number of credit hours in my logbook for defense of my country. I honestly don't see why I should be penalized for the years I put in at this job.

"I DON'T want any of this hero stuff, speeches or parades. But I do want a fair crack at a job. I don't mean a big-money job necessarily, but something that's interesting—something I can really get my teeth into and make use of some of the things I've learned. Suppose I had to go back to the factory. I'd go crazy."

"I worked in a chair factory once, myself," said Felt. "I'd go nuts, too, if I had to go back."

(Continued on page 53)

Few have a good word for the war worker—they emphasize his faults, forget his good points. But he has turned out the goods.

ARE WAR WORKERS AS BAD AS THAT?

BY PETER REDFIELD

Editor's Note. This article is the original work of an actual war worker, and all the incidents are true. Real names are not used because they might affect the job of the author and his friends, but they are on file in the office of Liberty.

I SEE by the papers that a young society girl recently quit a war job in high disgust. She told the reporters it wasn't machine work that got her goat, it was the machine workers.

What she said was nothing new. Apparently nobody loves the war worker. He is accused of smothering vital production, of being a lazy, greedy lout who gives not a damn for his job or his country. Servicemen come in particularly strong in this chorus of condemnation.

I am a war worker, and I know that in such accusations many of us are being done wrong by. I'd be done wrong by, for example, if I were accused of "absenteeism" during the period in which I write this. Sure, I'm absent from work—because my overtaut nerves had snapped, because I shook so at my lathe that I couldn't handle the controls, because the plant physician said I was a rundown clock and ordered me home for a rest.

On my way to the plant's exit gate my eyes took in the dirty, sweating men with whom I had worked for a year and a half. There wasn't an indifferent face in the lot. Here were men hopping to keep up with the whiplash demands of automatic high-speed machines. Here were other men humping their shoulders as they rolled up heavy lathe carriages. All were hurrying to meet relentless daily quotas, cursing at machine stoppages which slow production.

Fed up with critics who don't know what they are talking about, a war worker gets sore and sounds off with the other side of the story

I knew what it was like. I had been on the night shift. Night-shifters sleep little and badly. Shop temperatures run around 90 to 100 degrees. But it had been no tougher for me than for these others. "No," I thought; "a lot of writers and editors have got us wrong. There's another side to that war-worker story."

So here I sit, taking that rest cure and trying to defend a lot of hard-working people, all of whom I know and one of whom I am.

Our company, numbering several plants, is on a 100-per-cent war production schedule. We have from six to seven thousand employees. Our plant can be taken as a good cross section of American production in action.

Westbrook Pegler once sent his mythical character, George Spelvin, Average American, to look for a job in a war plant. George made the distressing report that he had to join a union, paying something like eighty dollars before he could work for his country.

Now, I do not want to be put down as a war worker who defends the shirker. When Captain Eddie Rickenbacker writes that there would be a marked change in war workers' attitudes if they were carried to battle areas, I know that to be true. And when Pegler shoves a dirty mess under your nose and says "Smell that," I know you can safely bet that he is handing you the strictly genuine.

Even so, here is a more cheering report from me, just another Spelvin who looked for a job in a war plant.

Before taking a war job I had been an advertising writer, not well fitted for rough tussles with the Two-Ton Tonys of Pegler fame. I expected the worst.

I was hired in the same way as all other workers—an interview in the personnel office, later passed on by a foreman. My training at a trade school rated me a job of lathe operation. I was told to report in the morning.

As I hurried out of the gate, my back stiffened. "Now," I said, "comes it—comes the three big gorillas with the black scowls and the dirty growl, 'Hello, sucker.'"

But nothing happened. And nothing continued to happen for two months. I worked at my lathe among a shift of some fifty men, most of them wearing union buttons. I didn't have one, but nobody gave me a dirty look.

One hot swing-shift night the union steward told me that a union meeting had been called and to turn up at the hall after work. "No ducking it now," I said to myself, "except find out what some of your new operator friends think of the situation." I had grown chummy with a big bruiser who dismissed my problem with, "So what! Y'ain't a member, are y'? O. K. T'hell with it. Gwan home and forget it."

Next day I wondered what the union

(*Continued on page 69*)

DOUBLE SAWBUCK

The course of true love is rough enough without an irate father chasing a pair of lovers in a taxi. But the cab driver "seen his duty and he done it"

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. CROTHERS

I ONLY relate this little occurrence in the hope that my conscience gets so bored hearing the same old story, it goes away on a vacation.

I am parked near the Waldorf, thinking about my Danny boy in the Navy whilst listening to my favorite soap opera and casting admiring glances at the noontime scenery that is waltzing daintily in the sunshine along Park Avenue, when this codger in the Homburg hat and pince-nez eye windows comes slamming through the revolving doors, yanks open the door of my cab, and sputters a famous and oft-heard command. "That cab pulling away!" he roars. "Follow that cab! Hurry!"

A big independent job shoots out of the side street and cuts down Park. It is Joe Vanzatti, his nervous foot and his Cadillac. By the time I get the radio off, the motor on, and the meter down, he is three blocks away and a red light is scowling at me. Vanzatti is suffering from an occupational disease known as "hackie eye," which makes him think every street-corner signpost reads Indianapolis Speedway, and I am personally wishing the Homburg hat would of stayed in the revolving door until he is dumped back into the lobby. My overworked chariot, Alexander, feels the same way about it and shows no signs of enthusiasm.

"Damn it all, did you hear me?" yells Purple Face. "Get a move on!"

HE is a big well-preserved geezer of about fifty-five birthday candles, and from the quality of his tailoring I figure he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth. From the look on his puss, I figure the spoon was filled with castor oil.

"Take it easy, pal," I advise. "Nice and calm and gentle-like. Do not antagonize your blood pressure."

"I demand that you catch that cab, do you understand? You've got to! . . . Here!"

He waves something at me just as the lights change. "This is for you if you make it."

Alexander shoots forward like somebody gives it a hypo of high octane. I take a sudden interest in my work. The Homburg hat waves a beautiful picture at me. It is an engraving of a fellow by the name of Andrew Jackson, done on green paper. It is signed in the lower right-hand corner by Henry Morgenthau, Jr., my favorite artist. For a double sawbuck I will overtake Joe Vanzatti any day in the year. For a double sawbuck I will overtake Superman.

I grind into high and roar down Park just in time to see the Cadillac being swallowed up by the ramp. So I do some fancy broken-field work through the traffic, whisk-broom some bumper fodder that strays foolishly off the steps, turn slightly color blind at the Forty-sixth Street light, and then we also are up on the ramp.

"Why the rat race, Mac?" I inquire. "You been robbed?"

"Robbed? Yes, damn it! That's it—I'm being robbed!" he sputters.

"Don't worry, Mac," I reassure him. "I will catch the slob for you."

"If it's all the same to you, my name isn't Mac. And keep your eyes on the road."

When we come out on the other side of the ramp, my stomach sinks and I kiss the twenty bucks good-by—but then I spot Vanzatti's powerhouse again. Between me and it there is a matter of several blocks, a beer truck, and a flock of gas coupons on the loose. I cross my fingers and shove the shoe leather almost through the floorboard, and slowly we creep up on the Cadillac until I am close enough to see something shining through the window in the back. It is a head of blonde hair, long and golden and delightful to the eye. Next to it I see a G. I. haircut under an overseas cap.

"So it's a dame," I sing out. "And a commando is committing the larceny on you."

"That's right!" cries my fidgeting fare. "He's running away with her!"

"Howdya like that?" I cluck-cluck. "A gaffer like you gets himself a young dish like that and then he gets robbed. A helluva world."

"You insolent blockhead!" shouts Big Mouth, spitting out a fingernail. "She's my daughter! And that young idiot thinks he's going to marry her! That's where they're headed for right now! Will . . . you . . . *step* on it!"

"If you sit that way on the edge of your seat," I reply, "you are liable not to collect your old-age social security."

I keep the jaloppy tiptoeing through the traffic at a steady forty per, and then the heads turn around and spot us. Their faces turn pale and take on such an unhappy look that I find it necessary to concentrate hard on what I am going to do with the dough. Right away the landlord's puss comes into the mental picture, but I shove it right out. A day at the track, maybe. Or a war bond. Or a little surprise for my Danny boy. Or . . .

The faces turn around again. The dame is a cutie and the guy has a strong firm-jawed kisser.

"By the way," I inquire, "what is the trouble with this lad that you do not approve of him? Is he a deserter perhaps?"

"He's a soldier," snorts Big Mouth. "That's the trouble. A mere private, a nothing, a penniless nobody the little fool met at the Canteen. It's none of your damned business, anyway."

Alexander unaccountably slows down a little. Alexander is a very sensitive jaloppy.

"You know something, pal?" I offer. "I got a boy in the Navy just about the same age as those kids. Somewhere in the Pacific right now."

"That's swell—that's great," he growls irritably. "I'm surprised my feather-brained daughter never met him and decided to marry him. That would be all I needed—a sailor."

Alexander gives a tremendous lurch.

"Oops," I apologize. "So sorry."

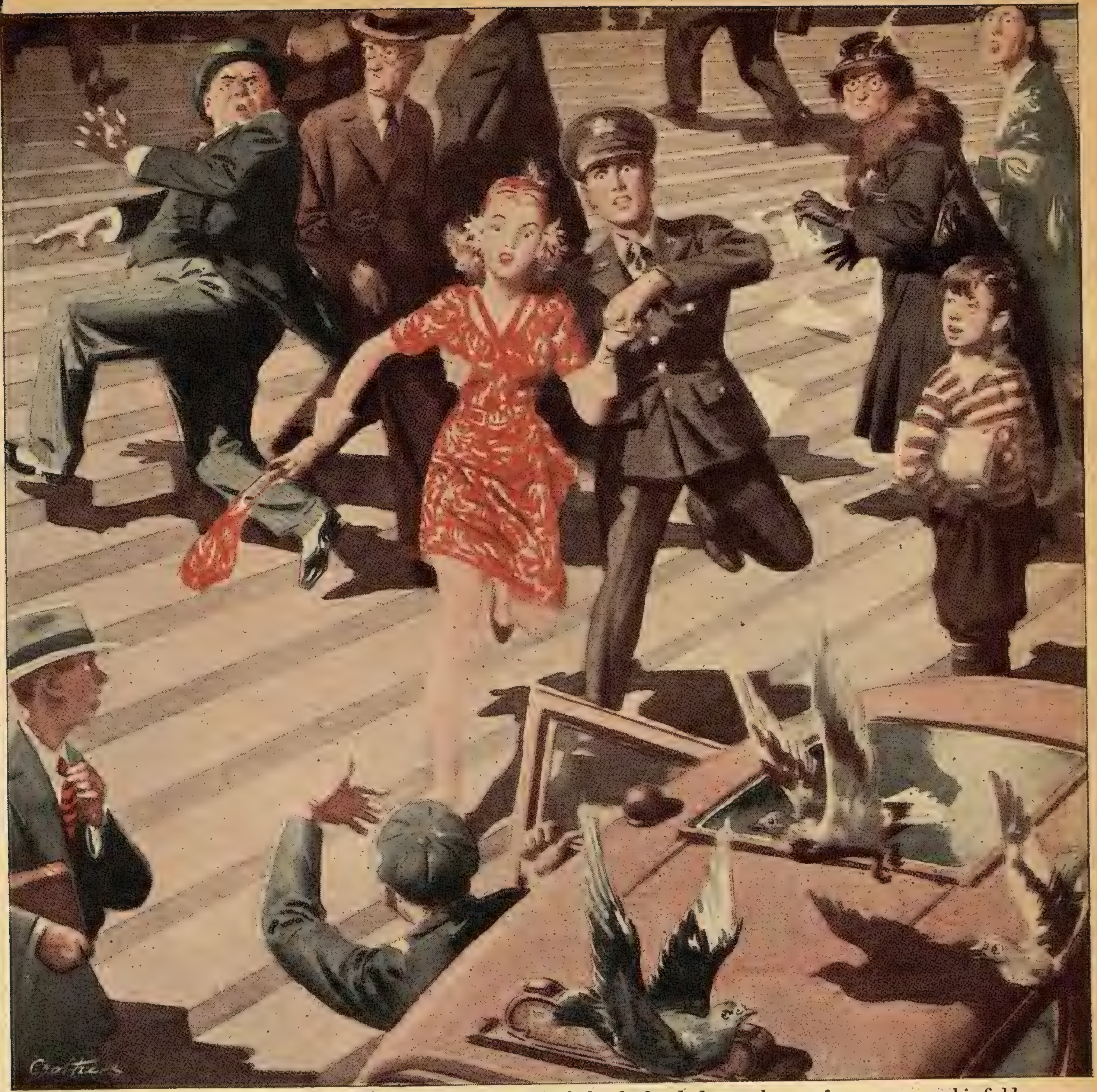
Big Mouth slowly picks himself up off the floor and puts himself together again—Homburg on head, pince-nez on beak, and body on seat. He is muttering unrefined phrases, and when he sees how we are dropping back, he starts yapping frantically. "They're getting away!" he yells, pointing. "There they go—they're turning off! Make that light!"

He is pointing with the double sawbuck. Some guys commit murder for twenty smackers. Some guys sell their souls for twenty smackers. I am seeing red, and I am seeing scared young faces. But Big Mouth is pointing with the engraving of Andrew Jackson—so I kick Alexander across the accelerator and we make the light.

THEN Joe Vanzatti and I are fighting it out on the East River Drive, which is built for neck-breaking speed. I keep my eyes on the road, because I like my neck whole, and I keep my ears on the yapping of Big Mouth, because I am fundamentally polite. But I keep my mind strictly on the twenty clams. I have a hunch that if I do not concentrate hard enough on those I am liable to do something foolish. I find myself suddenly growing partial to young love and holy matrimony. Besides, I once hear of a man driving over the edge of a cliff because he dislikes the guy in the back seat.

By the time the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan are looming up ahead, I spend the dough several times over. I buy a pair of nylons for the wife—and revive her with smelling salts. I get a couple for Oklahoma! for a Saturday night. I sit in on a game at the garage and run the twenty into a bankroll. I send my Danny boy a wrist watch. I get a piston job for the cab, a couple of shirts and ties, new shoes. I put the dough on a long shot. Momma, it wins! I come home with that pressure cooker the wife dreams about. . . .

"This is more like it," interrupts Big Mouth.



The soldier catches the idea immediately. He grabs the chick by the hand, does a change of pace, reverses his field.

Alexander is closing in now. He's got money in his blood. That double sawbuck is in the gas, improving the mixture. It's in the spark plugs and the cylinders and the carburetor. Mr. Morgenthau is at the wheel and doing a fine job. The Cadillac screeches off the Drive with the pale faces getting paler and cuts west across town, and we screech along right behind it. Then suddenly we are at City Hall and the Cadillac is grinding to a stop and Big Mouth is yanking open his door almost before I pull up in back.

"Great work!" he cries, tossing me the big bill and a couple of little ones to cover the meter, and then he springs out and the confusion begins.

The dame and her commando jump out of the Cadillac and sprint up the steps of City Hall. She is a lovely young chick and he is a long-legged colt, and even on the run they make a fine-looking couple. They got halfway up the steps with Big Mouth chasing noisily after them, when it becomes plain to all concerned that the old gaffer is making alarming speed. In fact, he is an odds-on favorite to head them off.

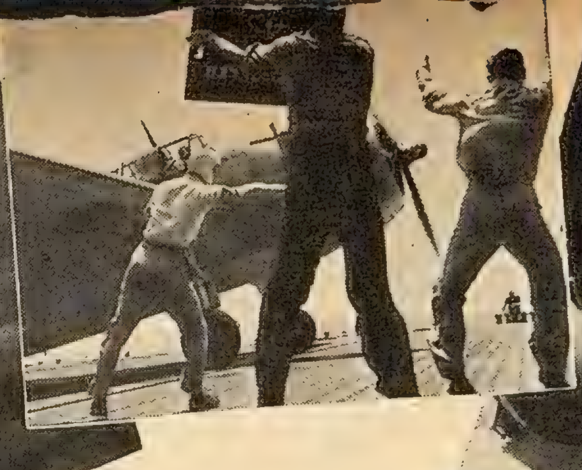
It is then that a strange and unaccountable thing happens. Alexander goes *rrrr-rrrr-rrrr* and starts up. The back door throws open, and my head pokes itself out of the front window, and my mouth hollers directions hoarsely. The pigeons in City Hall park look up from their bread crumbs in alarm at the racket I make, but the soldier catches the idea immediately. He grabs the chick by the hand, does a beautiful change of pace, reverses his field, and the two of them are dashing back down the steps while Big Mouth is still leaping onward and upward. They fall into the cab in a panting heap and we lurch away even before Big Mouth jumps into the Cadillac and bellows a famous and oft-heard command to the bewildered Mr. Joe Vanzatti.

This time I outdo myself. I burn up the asphalt and I smoke up my tires. I turn Alexander into a two-wheeler to negotiate certain corners. I transform lower Broadway into the straightaway at Daytona Beach. I cut in and out of side streets and double back in my tracks like a dog chasing its tail. In no time at all the Cadillac is probably six miles uptown while I am depositing the lovebirds right back where they belong —in front of City Hall. The last I see of them, they are walking up the steps arm in arm, with that wonderful look on their faces that is embarrassing to behold.

And that night, as I wend my way Bronxward to the wife and dinner, my conscience has an orgy over what I do to Big Mouth. I myself do not personally take part in this orgy. I am too busy thinking about more pleasant things, such as my Danny boy and how I shellac Joe Vanzatti twice in one day. And of course I give a lot of pleasant thought to the double sawbuck, and what a swell time the lovebirds must be having spending it.

THE END

The rear gunners rate their own ode in this carrier war.



Flight-deck language is sign language.

The boys who man the antiaircraft guns thirst for action.

flight deck is almost size of a meadow.

DAYBREAK FOR

The author of I Cover the Waterfront, now a Navy lieutenant, tells a simple, utterly revealing story of life aboard an aircraft carrier. Live with her! Fight with her! Get to know the gallant men aboard her!

BY LT. MAX MILLER, U.S.N.R.

FIRST OF FOUR PARTS

ON good days, on days when everything is going just right aboard, a carrier sings. She is a symphony of engine thunder and colored signals. She is a ballet, almost. There are the bad days too, days when the planes for no apparent reason start getting fouled on the flight deck, or the elevators from the hangar deck get blocked, or this or that.

So to describe an aircraft carrier accurately one should not be too grim about her. A carrier can be so many things at once, all at once, that she is outside the realm of all other vessels we have come to know through the ages.

She is a vessel so immense that her arms reach hundreds of miles from her body. The air is as much her realm as the sea. Clouds are as important to her as depth or current. She is, in brief, a sort of fourth-dimensional creation. She is both bird and barque. She is a new *thing.*

THIS vessel we are aboard is a piece of the United States, speeded out here to help offset the shortage of landing fields in this mid-Pacific. She is a movable base zigzagging between our own coasts and the coasts of the cunning enemy.

She is an American-made island, and her speed can be pushed if need be to well above thirty knots. Copper from Montana, steel from Pennsylvania, lumber from Washington and Michigan and Minnesota—a state cannot be named which is not represented in her somehow. The men aboard are from all these states likewise.

We are not lonely on this carrier, for we have brought our homeland with us. We speed along ever westward for a coming engagement.

Exactly what turn the engagement may take we do not know, but we have our opinions and our scuttlebutt. And we know we are going deep into the enemy's own front yard, for it was told to us on the second day out.

Our flight deck is almost the size of a meadow. Men on the stern appear tiny indeed from the bow. There is no recognizing them from such a distance. Nor will voices carry that far except through the ship's loud-speakers.

In the staterooms are the pictures of American women, of American girls, of American children, and of American babies. It is obvious that some of the young husbands aboard have not seen their own new babies except through these pictures. And some, especially the pilots and their gunners, may never see their babies at all.

But it is best not to think of that.

It is best for us instead to make this ship the fightingest ship there is, and to keep her that way. Nothing must happen to her. The flyers and their gunners are loaned to the air, so to speak, but they are still attached to us, regardless of how far they go. This piece of America comprises the flyers' life line, their home, their sanctuary—and their ammunition depot.

And each time the flyers land aboard, when they climb down from their cockpits, when they remove their paraphernalia, it's like overhearing a splendid prayer to hear them say: "Hot damn!"

ABOARD our carrier are some officers and men who were aboard those first carriers which went down in fight. It is well to have such carrier veterans around. It helps with ideas, and it helps prevent overconfidence or underconfidence. Anybody who has been bombed overside into a burning sea wants his next antiaircraft battery to be the best there is afloat. Ours has been trained into being just that, we think.

We are aware of how important we feel aboard this carrier. We hold no false modesty in this respect. We know this whole task force has been built around its carriers, and that this whole engagement will depend on us. Ours is the heavy role as well as the responsibility. We realize that the enemy, if given a chance, will try to get the carriers first.

"Get the carriers first."

The phrase has become a bromide with each side in this Pacific war. And the phrase is the sincerest compliment of all. No wonder, then, that we feel our importance. Not speaking as individuals, of course, but speaking of our ship of which each of us is a part.

A carrier's flight deck in operation cannot be photographed truly except in colors so as to do justice to the costumes which are worn by her crews on the topside.

The nickname Airedales, as applied to these crews, came into being with carriers. Even now its precise scope as a nickname has not been definitely bounded. There are those of us aboard who insist the term Airedales comprises all mem-

A carrier is outside the realm of all other vessels.

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

The "Airedales" win us completely in their crazily colored cloth helmets.

OUR CARRIER

bers of our carrier's air force. There are others who insist the word is limited to those amazing youngsters who, working in teams on the flight deck, bring order out of what appears to be windy bedlam.

These crews are the ones who push the planes around. They are the ones who release the chocks from in front of the wheels. They are the ones who bound across the flight deck at each landing to release the landing contraptions while another plane is "in the groove" speeding in. They are the ones who jockey the towing jeeps from this end to that end of the flight deck, and who on hands and knees slide behind and around the whizzing propellers.

ANOTHER name for these Airedales, and a more limited one, is Sheepdogs. And a flight deck would not be worth taking to sea without them. They are youngsters. Aside from their colored armless sweaters, they wear just about anything that suits them best. For it is their own scalps which are being risked around the whirling propellers and it is the seats of their own pants which go skidding along the deck behind the wind-streams.

The trick, when about to be blown away into another whirling propeller right astern, is for the Airedales to swing over upon their bellies as soon as possible, or sooner, and to claw their fingers into the deck's gratings. These narrow gratings, not far apart, are primarily for use in lashing down the planes. It is doubtful if the designers had the Airedales in mind when these gratings were installed. But they have become as important to an Airedale as a parachute to a flyer.

On a crowded flight deck, with scores of planes within a limited space all warming up at the same time for the take-off, there isn't much room for the Airedales between the wheels and wings and tails and propellers and extra gas tanks and bomb racks. But whatever room there is, the Airedales on hands and knees and bellies have to find it. Besides, the planes are not staying in the same place. They are being signaled to their take-off positions at intervals measured by seconds.

It seems as if all the old clothesbags of all the attics had been plundered to supply rags and shirts and caps and shoes to the flight-deck crews.

But the colors of those sleeveless sweaters are something else. Whenever new batches are issued, the flight deck becomes a dazzling thing of reds, greens, blues, pinks, yellows—and sunburn. Each crew is given its own individual color. The purpose is not the joy of the thing, but merely that during the dizzy turmoil of handling the incoming planes, or in re-spotting them afterward for another take-off, the Airedale crews may stick together.

There are ten such teams, perhaps, with each member bearing the number of his team on the back of his sweater. A dozen or more of these youngsters comprise each team.

Despite all the frantic work these Airedales have just finished doing or are about to do, they are continually pummeling each other. This pummeling soon leads to wrestling, and this in turn leads to a sort of free-for-all specifically aimed at the guy who started it.

The readyroom can be bull pen or classroom.

We elders, out of jealousy, may try at times to be cynical about such physical energy. We may breathe such phrases as "Ah, youth," and things like that. But there's really no use. The Sheepdogs have won. They've won us completely—they in their crazily colored cloth helmets, or in their caps resembling baseball caps, or in what resemble paint cloths tied around their heads.

Even the customary sailor white hats, when they are worn at all during work, are not the customary white hats any longer. They have been deliberately dyed by their owners into a mottled and questionable blue.

THE outside of a big carrier, when viewed from a pier, may seem big enough for anybody's world. Unless vessels of a more familiar type happen to be near by for comparison, one may even give up trying to figure her length. But by taking most of that whole length, and by putting a lofty over-all cover and sides to it, you will have a fairly accurate idea of a hangar deck's space.

The vastness, when seen for the first time from the inside, is the more pronounced because of the absence of uprights to break it. The hangar deck simply

(*Continued on page 58*)

The SEED OF GREATNESS

EVERY commanding officer of the tin-can fleet has his own particular cross to bear. One ship is cranky in a seaway; she will roll her funnels down. Another must be coaxed from moorings tenderly, else she will sling her fantail hard against the wind. Such things are not uncommon. They are norms of the profession. But in the old four-stacker David Flaurence they had Absalom, a steward's mate third class. And Absalom was unregenerate: he never would catch on to Navy style.

"The trouble with Absalom," the skipper often sighed, "is he has an artist's soul." And Lieutenant Commander Huggin would add with a sad despair, "Why the hell don't I get rid of him?"

It was a natural enough question to ask. After a dozen naval years of enduring the bitter North Atlantic sleet and the blistering South Pacific heat to attain what rank he held, it seemed to Thomas Huggin not unreasonable to indulge a taste for hot cakes. He liked hot cakes. So whenever they were on the fare, the skipper, who hadn't an ensign's appetite, wanted *one* egg. Only one and a bacon strip, so he could later do justice to the griddlecakes. He always made that plain to Absalom, even holding his forefinger up for emphasis.

Small, white-coated, and attentive at the captain's elbow, Absalom nodded solemnly. But when he came back, setting down the plate with care so the Navy shield was pointed properly, sure enough there was bound to be two eggs upon it, not one. It always made the wardroom howl with glee while Absalom peered down at what he'd served with a hurt and puzzled look. He strongly disapproved the unbridled mirth of these strange young men he served so faithfully and he went quickly away from them, frowning with displeasure. That, of course, is when Lieutenant Commander Huggin would wonder savagely why in blazes he hadn't long ago got rid of that devil Absalom.

"You can't, sir," the doctor told him once. "We might as well admit it. Absalom will be with us till the end. No matter how much we cuss, the truth of it is we love him. And besides, Absalom makes the finest sandwiches in the whole Pacific Fleet."

Which was true enough, and the skipper knew it. It left him a little defenseless. Coffee and a tasty sandwich at the most ungodly hours of day or night is a matter of vital importance in the uncomfortable wardroom life of an old four-pipe destroyer—and you could depend on Absalom for that. To him a sandwich was a challenge, an arresting problem to be solved with imagination and some skill. There was the weather to consider, the prospect of enemy action, the state of a man's exhaustion after hours of vigil on that place of unsteady and extreme discomfort they called the bridge.

So whenever Absalom stood before the captain, patiently taking another dressing-down, things like that were bound to pass across the skipper's mind. How Absalom stood at his elbow after a night of cruel action in the Coral Sea, his eyes fixed with wide anxiety on his captain's haggard face until his homely countenance lit up at last in a grin of broken pleasure when he saw the skipper take a mouthful of his sandwich, and absently and faintly sigh contentment. And how more than once through an anxious night of escort duty when the best the skipper could afford was forty winks full-clothed on the wardroom transom, he would suddenly become aware of a blanket draped gently over him and Absalom standing there.

As for Absalom himself, his heart was simple and his understanding small. But he certainly wasn't stupid. He realized clearly enough that the captain wanted only one egg. God knows he tried. He dropped one egg in the frying pan and watched its edges bubble and brown in the grease, frowning at it. Automatically his right hand reached for the second egg because that was the normal thing to do. But he checked it, stern and resolute. He watched the one egg frying by itself. It looked so lonely. And at the last possible moment, no matter how hard he tried to prevent it, his right hand swiftly made a surreptitious movement of which he was really quite unaware. Then when he served the captain, and those fierce young men all howled with glee, Absalom, looking down, discovered to his amazement that there were two eggs on the plate instead of one.

MAYBE the trouble was he had an artist's soul. Certainly he never had any intention to do great or valiant deeds. He was simply trying to puzzle out a thing that deeply troubled him. He needed an answer to a question in his mind and he kept wondering whom to ask, because Absalom understood he would never be able to solve it himself. Ensign Kane he ruled out at once. He was friendly enough but much too young. The doctor would probably know, but the doctor spoke in riddles. If he asked the executive, Lieutenant Johnson would only ask the captain, because that's what the executive officer always did. And Captain Huggin was a very stern and angry man. It wouldn't do at all. Absalom wanted to live with kindness in a world full of savagery, and his dilemma was complete.

He came from a place called Balayang

On the old destroyer the steward played a minor role, but there came a day when by his deeds he gave proof that in him there was the seed of greatness

BY JACLAND MARMUR

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

on the Island of Luzon. His people raised hemp and rice and indigo, and twice each year the Padre Leral used to come in his buffalo cart to accept the tithe, blessing the children and the crop. But there were too many young ones entirely. So Absalom, being the oldest, came to California to make his own way in the world.

He worked in the cook sheds of the valley of Santa Clara and helped with the prune dipping. Very soon he was going to send for little Marie, who was the central part of Absalom's simple dream. A cabin with a split-shake roof and a chicken run was part of it too. Meantime, being patient, he wasn't too lonely. A man with a dream very seldom is. And he could talk to his friend Natividad about it. Natividad was Marie's brother.

This was before the war, long before the letter came. Absalom didn't see the letter. Natividad told him about it. He was standing on the grassy slope where the orchard parted to let the creek go past when Natividad came and stood in silence beside him.

"Let us sit down, Absalom," Natividad said at last. "There is something I must tell you."

So Absalom sat down in the lush spring grass, asking anxiously, "Is there trouble about the cabin, Natividad?"

"No, Absalom. I have a letter from the Padre Leral. The Japanese have come to Balayang. It isn't there any more."

Absalom's head came slowly round. His face got all wrinkled up. Peering that way at Natividad, his mouth opened on the shape of words he found he could not utter.

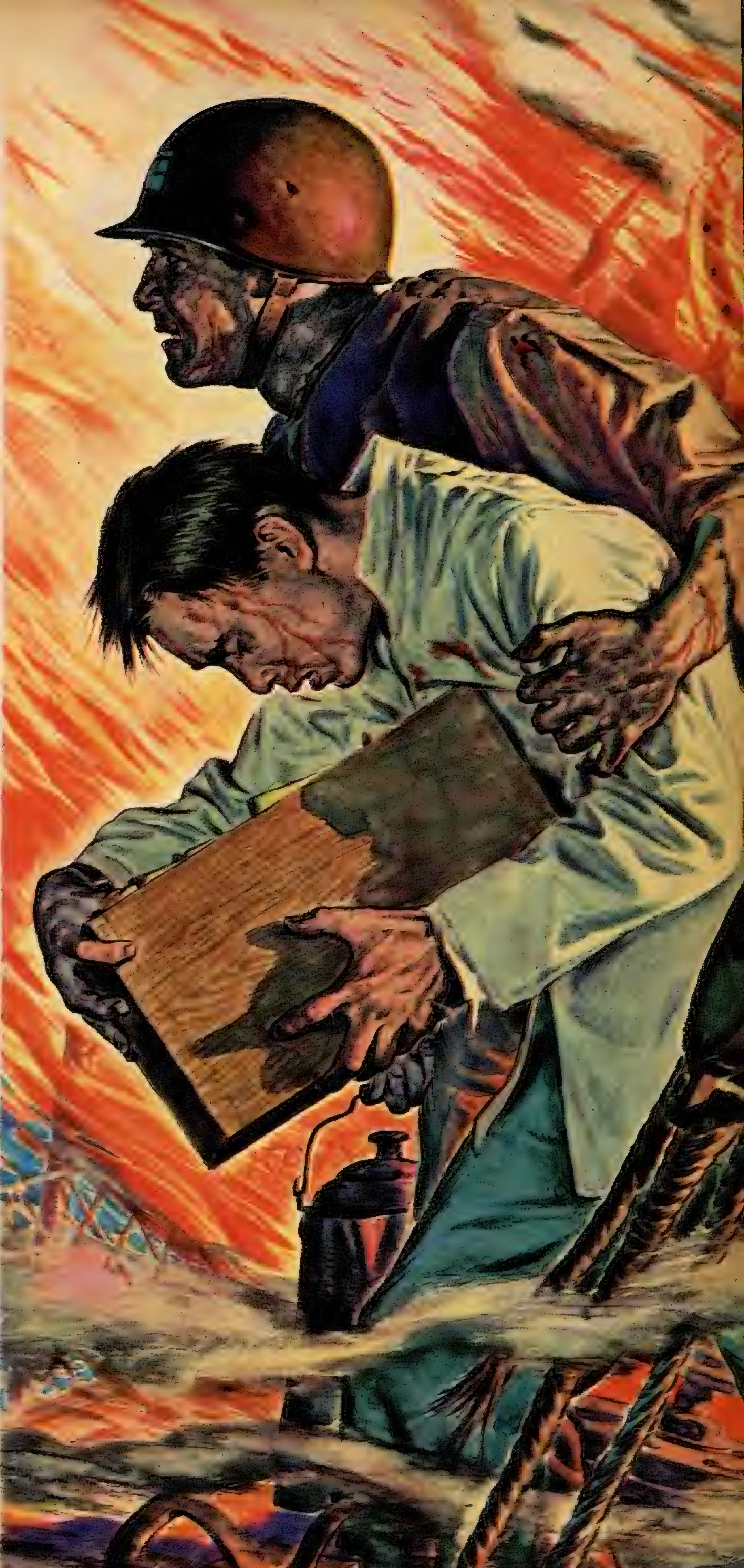
"There is nothing there any more," Natividad repeated. "Nothing but the earth and the charred poles of the houses with all the thatch burned off. There is nothing left but the earth, the water—and the Japanese. . . . Absalom!" Natividad cried with a sudden, fierce violence. "Are you listening?"

"I am listening," said Absalom.

"Then listen. Our people are dead. Only the Padre Leral and four warriors escaped in a boat at night. He writes from a great ship of war in a place called Darwin. This is what he says about little Marie.

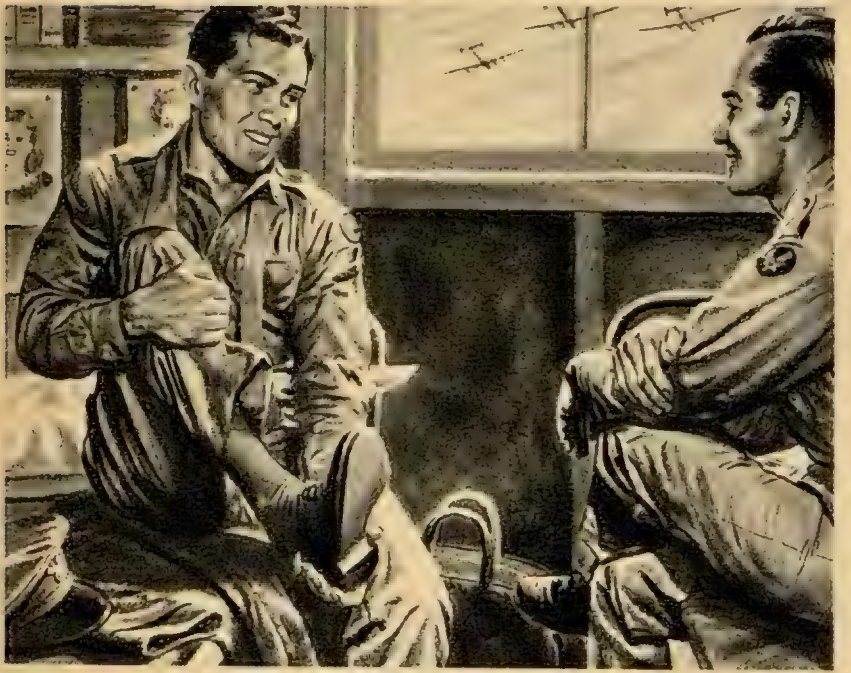
"The Japanese took the fairest and youngest girls for the pleasure of their troops. A fat captain of the staff took little Marie. He told her she pleased him and he would feed her well. She said nothing, but there was a terrible fire in her eyes. So the Japanese hissed through his teeth, like an animal, and

(Continued on page 56)

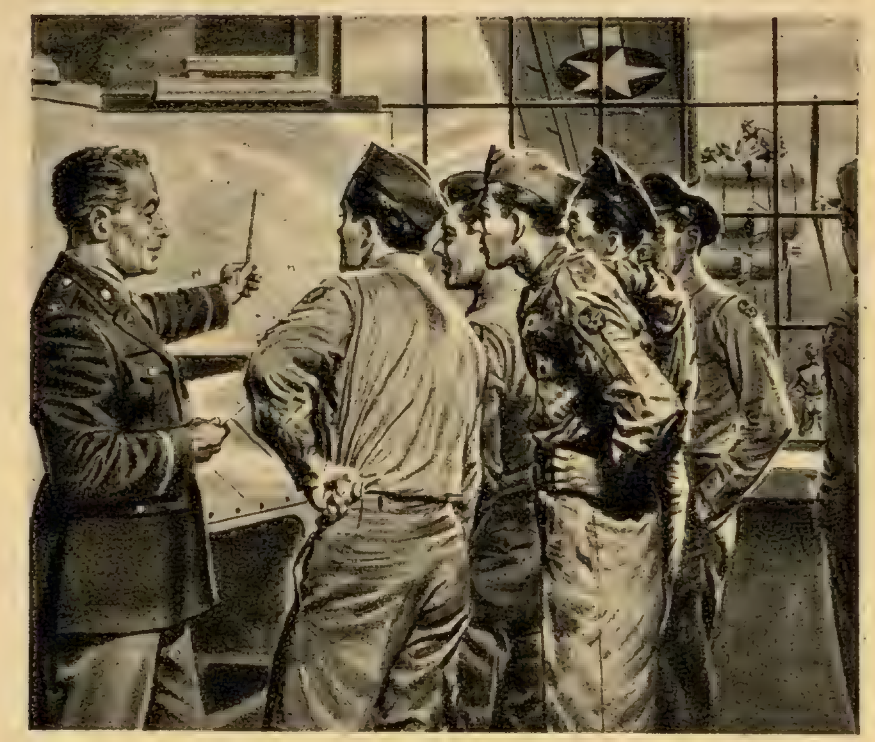


Absalom had the fantastic notion the captain's arm was around him.

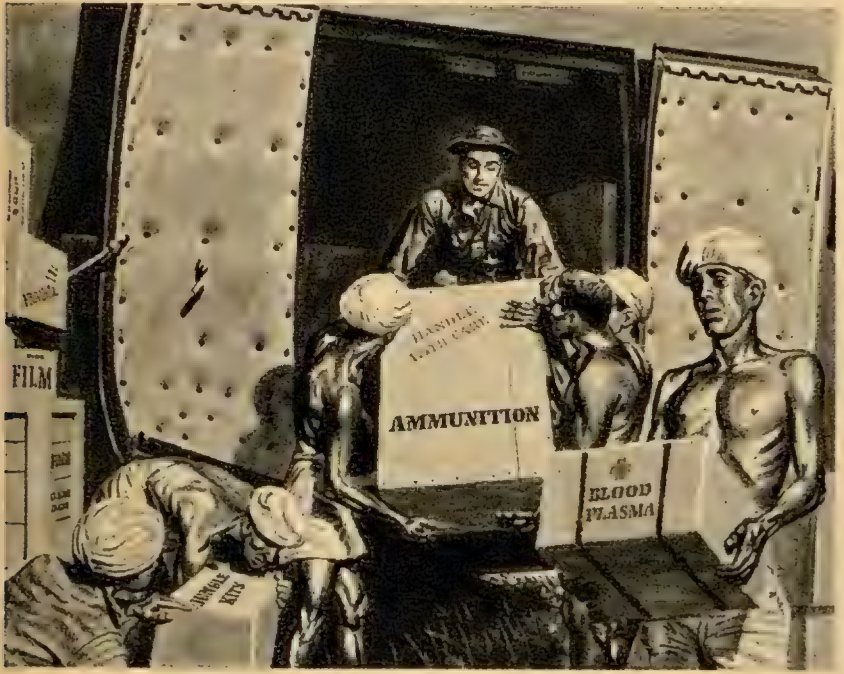
4 days out—4 days back—and the weather be damned!



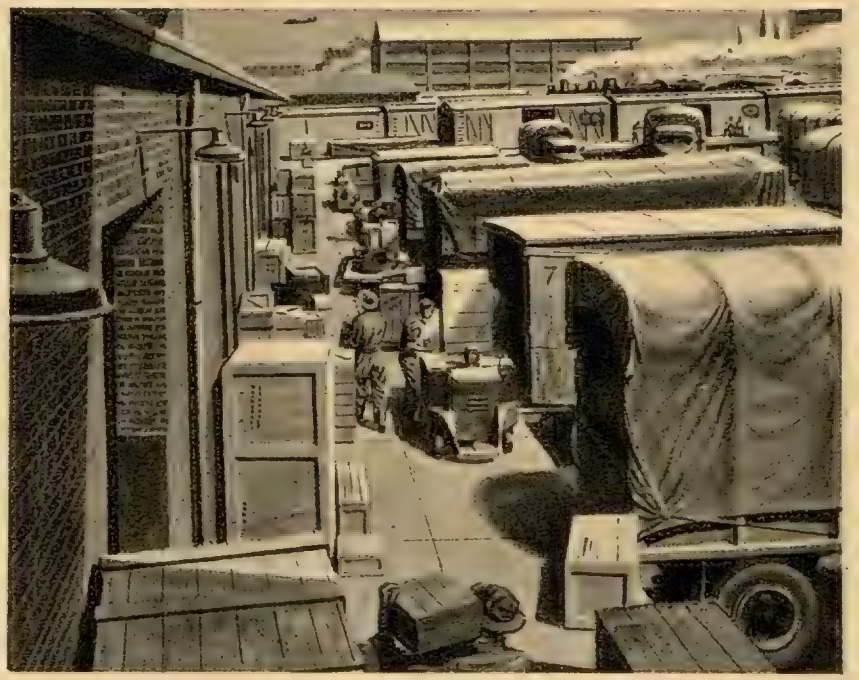
1. **"Tired? I'll say I am!** You'd know, if you'd ever flown a 200-mile-per-hour cargo plane in from the Orient for the Air Service Command." He was only 22 years old, this Liberator Express pilot. He'd just brought his ship in — the end of a round-trip run on the longest air-freight haul in the world. From India, 14,000 miles away, to Patterson Field, outside Dayton, Ohio!



2. **Day in, day out,** the huge, long-range Liberator Express transports roar down this Ohio runway and streak southward to Brazil's hump, then across to Africa, and on to the very fringe of Jap-held Burma. The boys who fly this shuttle run — in all kinds of weather — call it the 8-day "Pony Express," — 4 days out, 4 days back.

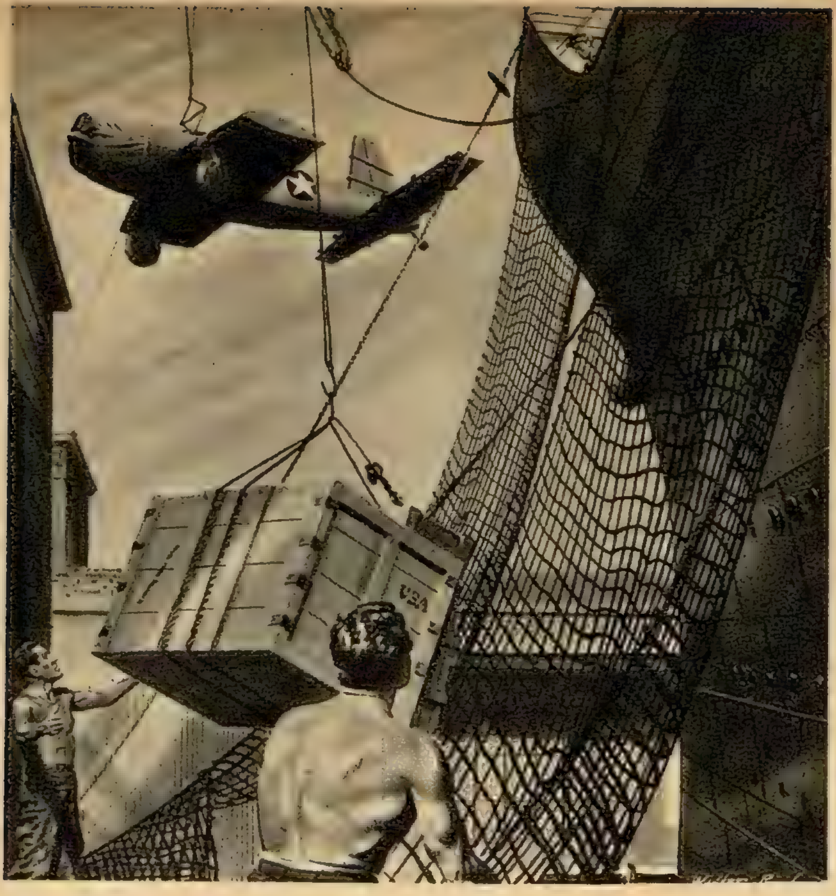


3. **Each Liberator Express** carries many tons of high-priority cargo — aircraft parts and supplies urgently needed by American airmen based halfway around the world. Magnetos, fuel pumps, jungle kits, propellers, starters, aircraft engines, radios, and other vital accessories. "It's a rugged run," the pilots say. "But our combat flyers are doing a terrific job out there — and how they need the stuff we take 'em!"

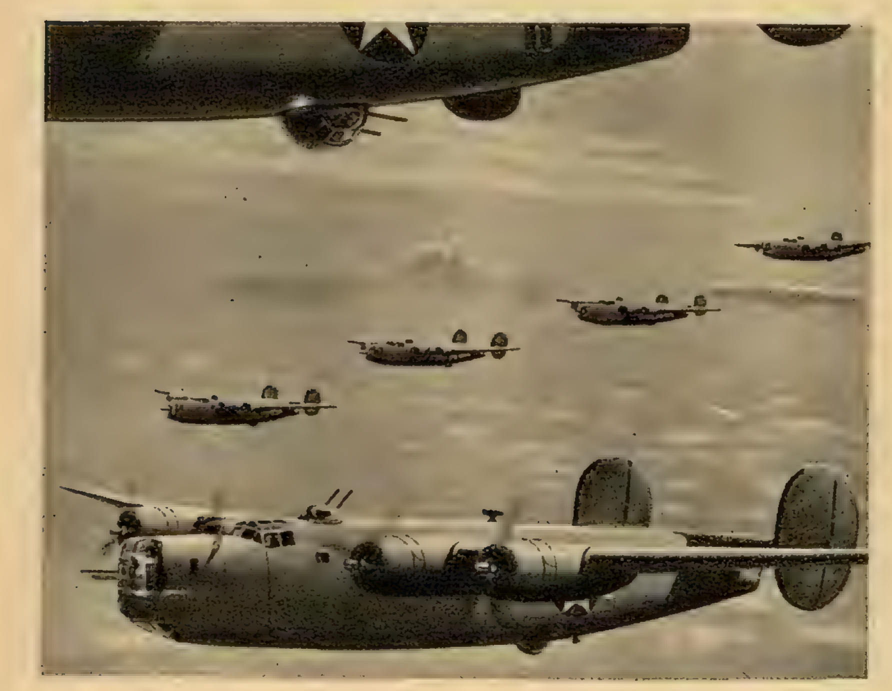


4. **Dramatic as the India run is,** it's only *one* of the ways in which we're solving the stupendous problem of supply for United States air bases the world over. Every day, thousands of tons of supplies are loaded into freight cars and trucks at huge Air Service Command warehouses scattered over the U.S.A. The furious tempo of Allied aerial warfare calls for miracles of transportation, not only by air, but over highway, by rail, and on the sea.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE



5. **Boxes and crates,** brought by truck and train, are lowered into the holds of waiting ships. Often, part of the cargo consists of fighter planes which have been flown from factory to dock. Partly dismantled, they are lashed down on girder-like false decks for delivery overseas. Our constant and gigantic torrent of transoceanic shipping is truly a bridge of supply which is taking us closer and closer to Victory.



6. **The plane,** the train, the truck, and the ship must team up together to help rebuild the peacetime world, just as they are working together to win the war. In fact, transportation will be a vital key to postwar peace and prosperity.

But the plane will also have a *second* role to fulfill. For the long reach and overwhelming might of American air power can well become this freedom-loving nation's most effective force for ensuring a lasting peace.

Quick Facts for Air-Minded Readers

New role for the "Cat" — Although designed as a Navy patrol bomber, the Consolidated Vultee long-range Catalina flying boat is also being used as a transport, flying natural rubber out of South America.

• • •

Now your War Bonds buy more Bombers — In the 1943 fiscal year Consolidated Vultee has made savings of $251,000,000, which have been passed on to the government in voluntary cash refunds and price reductions and reserves for further refunds. This saving came about through new operating economies and efficient use of manpower, which enabled the company to turn out *more* planes for *less* money.

• • •

North Atlantic Shuttle — It is reported that flights across the North Atlantic, in both directions, are now running more than 1000 a week.

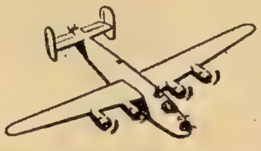
• • •

For Distinguished Service — Though operating with only about half their prewar equipment in '43, the airlines of America flew 37,639,000 ton-miles of mail (*a gain of 78%*) . . . 15,774,000 ton-miles of express (*a gain of 34%*) . . . 1,540,000,000 passenger miles (*a gain of 10%*).

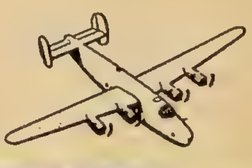
Consolidated Vultee is the largest builder of airplanes in the world.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

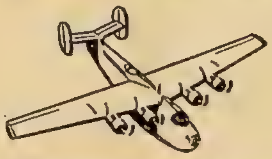
From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air — *The planes shown below were all designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, transoceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*



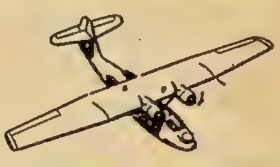
LIBERATOR*...4-engine bomber*



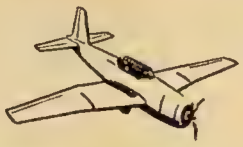
LIBERATOR EXPRESS*...transport*



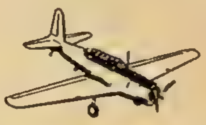
CORONADO*...patrol bomber*



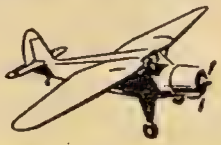
CATALINA*...patrol bomber*



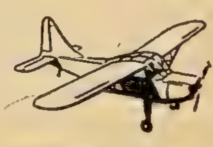
VENGEANCE*...dive bomber*



VALIANT*...basic trainer*



RELIANT*...navigational trainer*

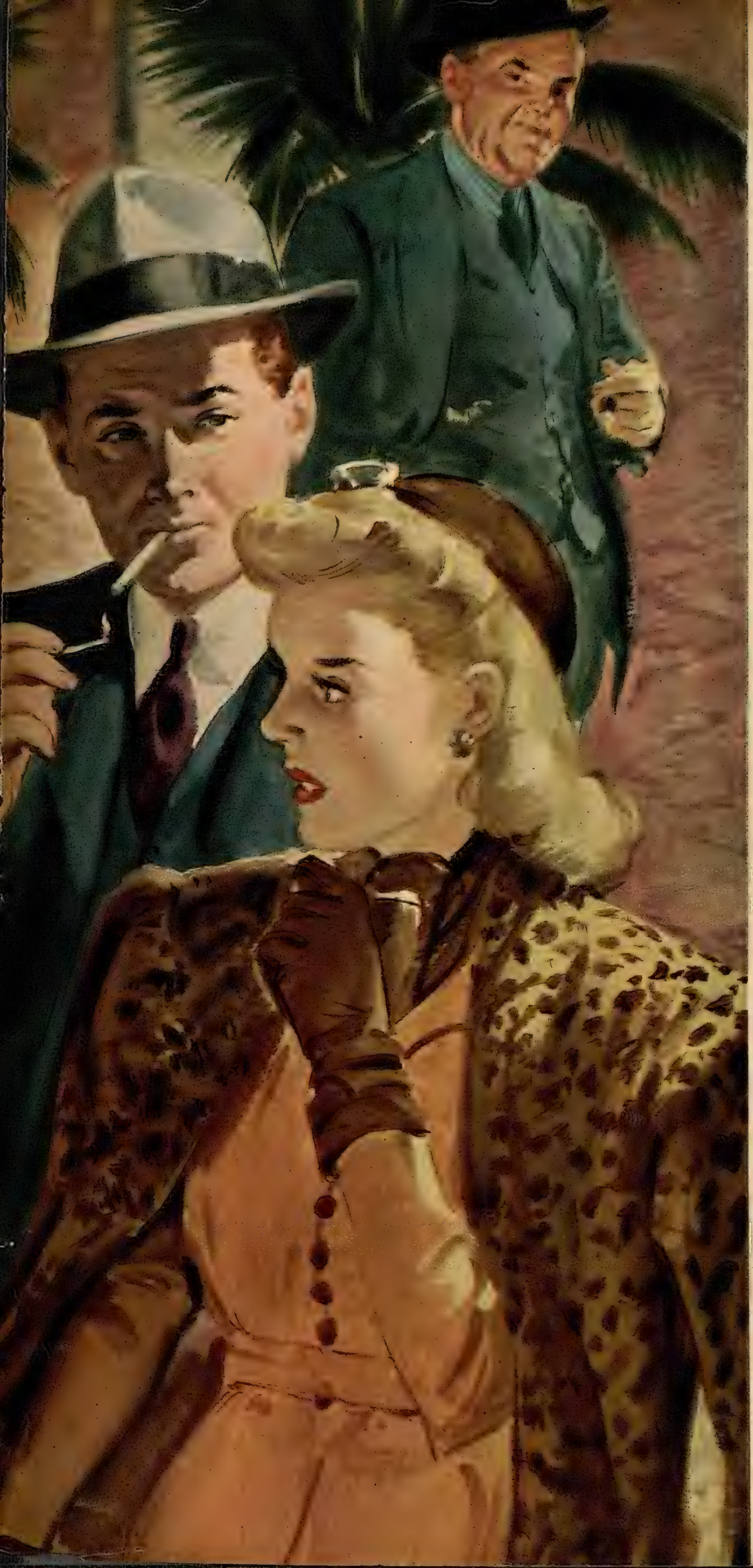


SENTINEL*..."Flying Jeep"*

AIRCRAFT

San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council



I'LL GO MY WAY

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN EWING

Frightened by her own indiscretion, Elaine walks out on Jerry while Casey, convinced that their marriage is over, takes steps to set him free. A dramatic conclusion to this novel of wartime marriage

THE revolving door of the hotel spun idly around for a minute with the force of Casey's exit through it and then was still. Jerry rejoined Elaine, who was standing precisely where he had left her.

"Well," Jerry announced, "I guess that's pretty much that."

"Jerry, she won't—*do* anything, will she?"

"You mean nasty scandal? Front pages of the tabloids? I don't know why she wouldn't. It's certainly the perfect set-up for it, thanks to you."

"Jerry, I'm sorry! I—I just didn't think of anything like this happening. I never dreamed— Jerry, we've got to get out of here!"

Elaine looked frightened. All her veneer of worldliness and boredom and sophistication had vanished, leaving in its place a wide-eyed, white-faced child who wanted rather desperately to get out of that place and to go home.

"Sure," Jerry said pleasantly, amiably. "We'll get out of here. We'll go back upstairs and have a drink on it."

Elaine's eyes looked shocked. She opened her lips and then closed them again, pressing them together nervously. Jerry watched her, his eyes and his expression betraying nothing. Finally he said, "Well?"

"Jerry, I can't. I'm sorry, but I—I don't want to, now. Maybe I never did want to. I just never thought of—of anything like this. Anything so *cheap!*"

She looked as though she might cry. She looked as though Jerry had suddenly become a terrifying stranger; and, in a way, he had. This was no young boy to be fooled, to be played with. She was staggered at the enormity of what she had done. She wished that the colonel or Mousie were here now to get her out of this.

"I wouldn't call it exactly elegant," Jerry was saying mildly—too mildly!—"to run away from home and sign in at

(*Continued on page 62*)

"We've got to get out of here!" Elaine looked frightened. "Sure" said Jerry.

The Great Answer

This is a series of stories about men and women and war. Each of them is in itself an exciting adventure story. Together they comprise the single story of how people have sought help and confidence in extremity – and how they have found the Great Answer.

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK CHAPMAN

Something New in the News

A STRANGE thing has been happening lately. It began about two years ago, and it goes on happening more and more often.

God gets His name in the papers. Not in headlines, always, as do lesser celebrities. But still it is there, down in the middle paragraphs. Somewhat hidden, but unmistakably there.

This book tells of fighting men—and women—who have turned to God in the midst of danger, and of how they were answered. It doesn't tell the whole story; nothing could do that. It tells only a few headline stories. For every one that is here, there are probably thousands unwritten and untold. Unbelieved, almost, by the very ones to whom they happened.

For many months I had been collecting such stories for myself. Then suddenly I saw that they belong to all of us. They are part of that wonderful, frightening, reluctantly welcomed tomorrow we are all guessing about. Revolutionary things are happening in laboratories and factories. Maybe—just maybe—revolutionary things are happening in men themselves.

I decided, then, that I would look behind these brief newspaper clippings and see what I could find. I thought of persons who could help me, Army and Navy chaplains, Red Cross workers, newspapermen—and of course Mr. MacPherson. Not only because he is a seaman, and seamen are close to violence and miracle these days, but mostly because of the kind of man he is.

"If you wanted news about God, you'd go first to a godly man," I said to myself.

We've been friends for a long time. Not so many years as the calendar marks off time, but long as reckoned in shore leaves. Mr. MacPherson gets back to our town three or four times a year, and we cover a lot of ground

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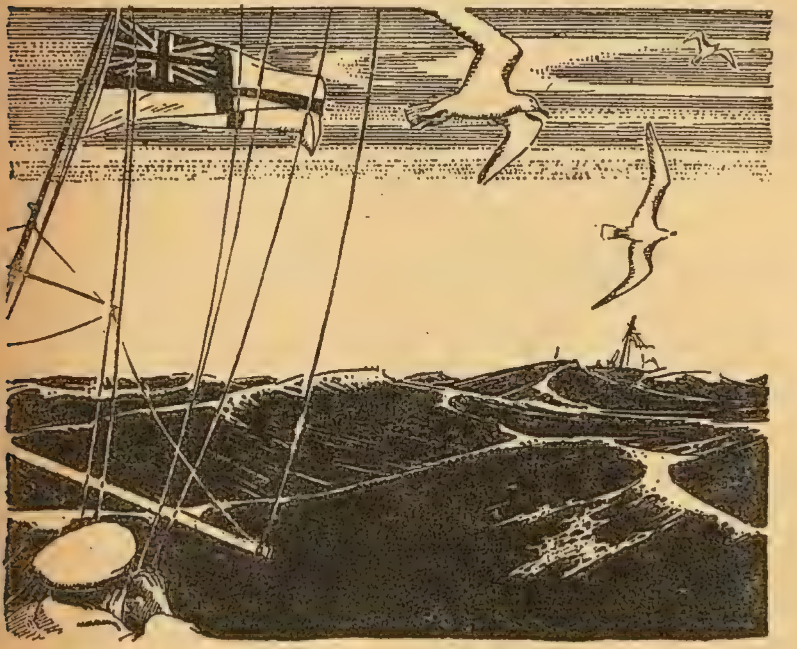
while he is there. We like each other. He likes me because he teaches me things. That shows him that I'm a nice woman who knows her place.

Mr. MacPherson came to our town in rather a characteristic way. He went to sea long ago, working himself up until he holds first officer's papers. All this time he has intended to make himself a home on land.

"But that takes time," he says patiently. "A woman won't be hurried. Not a proper woman." So, never having time to manage the proper woman, Mr. MacPherson finally settled for the home in our village.

I save up things I do not know, to ask Mr. MacPherson when he comes home, and he gives me information in a serviceable tweed voice, with all the "a's" followed broadly by "h's." It adds a special burnish to Mr. MacPherson's wisdom to have the word "grand" be "grahnd" as he says it.

When he repeats dialogue to me in his stories, he refers to himself as "Fairst," meaning, of course, that he is the first officer. To myself I always call him Fairst, but aloud he is always Mr. MacPherson. It is a proud name as he says it, becoming "Mahkphairson."



Mr. MacPherson and I, who have discussed every conceivable subject during our long friendship, had never mentioned God. But when you look into his kind, weathered face, and when you read between the lines of his yarns, you see such gentleness under the sternness, and hear such tenderness under the growls, that you cannot help knowing that here is a man who has never been very far away from God.

When I told him about this book, he listened quietly until I had quite finished. He asked a few questions; I told him some of the stories I had already found. I brought out several letters from soldiers to show him, under the grape arbor which he so greatly admires. He read the letters and he nodded thoughtfully. He took out his nice clean handkerchief from his immaculate breast pocket, and blew his nose vigorously. I knew about that, for I, too, had had to dab at my own eyes when I read some of those letters.

"I thought you might help me get acquainted with just the right seaman who could tell me a really wonderful story."

He considered in long silence.

"I think I know the lad for you," he said. "His name is Eric Barcova, a Spanish Swede, if you can imagine. I'll send him a letter tonight, and when he is ashore we'll see him." He went on talking about this lad. But behind his shrewd blue eyes there was a worried look.

"We've never talked about God before," I said timidly.

"No, we have not."

"People just don't seem to mention Him in ordinary conversation."

He shook his head. Then he went over and snapped off a leaf from the grapevine. "I hope this won't be a shock to you. Perhaps I should have mentioned it before. But some way it never seemed to come up into the conversation." His dark face was clenched fiercely, but he was too honest to spare himself the discomfort of going on.

"It shouldn't make any difference," he said.

"Of course not, but what is it?"

"Well," he said, turning his face from me, and then blurting it out with Scotch bluntness, "I'm an atheist. I do not interfere with anybody else's faith. But for myself, I am an atheist."

The whole garden was quiet. Mr. MacPherson put on his gold-rimmed reading glasses in agitation and looked into my face. "I am an atheist," he said doggedly. "But I believe in man, and I believe in nature."

I didn't take advantage of that; I didn't pounce upon it, nor try to argue. I, too, believe in man, and as for me, I cannot say where man leaves off and God begins.

He was taking something out of his pocket. I thought it was his package of cigarettes. It wasn't much bigger than that. But he didn't light one; he held the little object in his long brown hands.

"You may think it is a little strange," he said, "but I carry this little book with me. It's a Presbyterian Prayerbook and Testament. My mother gave it to me when I went to sea."

He waited cautiously to see what I was going to make of that.

"Mind, I do not carry it for myself," he said, almost angrily, after a moment. "I carry it for the men on the ships. It's done them a lot of gude from time to time."

"I'm sure it has."

He glared at me, suspicious that I might accuse him, or argue with him, or try in some unfair way to convict him of faith. But I said nothing at all.

The Young Look Up

She was such a pretty girl that when she walked through the railway station soldiers' and sailors' eyes swung helplessly after her. But she wasn't conscious of any of them.

She was walking rather briskly, but suddenly she hesitated as if she had seen something startling. Then she changed her course and went over to a bench, and deliberately made room for herself so she could sit down beside a sailor. He was nothing particular to look at, just a towheaded sailor with a battered strapped-up box at his feet. She sat there impatiently a moment, while the sailor squirmed in pleased bewilderment, then she said impetuously:

"Excuse me, but are you a chaplain?"

"Who? Me?" he gasped. Then he remembered the box at his feet. Crude weathered letters had been painted on the lid: Chaplain J. F. Jones, and some numbers. "Oh, that! No, a guy just happened to give me that once, when I needed something to haul gear in."

The girl looked disappointed, and the sailor said, "You looking for a chaplain, sister?"

"Not exactly," she said. Then she blurted it out.

"I just want to talk to somebody about something . . . personal." In a rush she was telling him what she probably couldn't have said to an intimate friend. "I'm worried about letters I get from my boy friend. He's a flyer, based in England. He's been going out over German . . ."

The sailor was sympathetic. He tried to explain how hard it was for men to write often; she mustn't worry.

"It isn't that," she said. "He writes as often as he can. It's what he says."

"What's he say?"

"Well, every once in a while, he says something about . . . God." She got one of the letters out of her handbag and skipped through several sheets, and showed him a paragraph. He read it soberly.

"He must think an awful lot of you to write to you like that," he said. "Most of us don't ever talk about it."

She took back the letter and put it away, and then she said, "But . . . I've got to keep up with him. And I don't know where to begin."

He looked at her a minute and measured her sincerity.

"Begin with the Bible," he said. "Start readin' it the way your boy friend is."

"But," she said slowly, as if thinking aloud, "Bob isn't that kind of man."

"Listen, sister," the sailor said. "We're all that kind of men. When things get tough enough. Only guys that have never been in real danger think there's something pantywaist about asking help from God."

I can't say about all the guys who have been in real danger. Some seem to come back from the fringes of extremity bringing with them no consciousness of anything except hell and horror. But there are other persons, realistic, straight-looking youngsters, who come back with something more.

There was a merchant seaman who had been battered about on a raft for three weeks with a broken leg and two caved-in ribs who said, "He plays awful rough sometimes, but if you stick with Him, He'll take care of you."

What happens to that faith when the men are safe again? You can't prophesy too much. Maybe it depends on the boys themselves. And maybe it also depends on what they find we've done with their world while they've been away.

It's too early to say. Or is it? What of men in the last war? That ought to tell something, oughtn't it?

I thought about that quite awhile, and I looked around, and finally I discovered Commander John Andrew Quarrie.

He's a gruff-looking man. He has a huge sharp-edged voice, meant to saw its way through shipboard battle noise. He has a stern stony face. But if he turned and smiled at you, or spoke, you would realize that only the exterior of this man is stern. The interior is warm and sunny.

During the last war Commander Quarrie was a youngster, tempestuous and tough, full of doubts and cussedness, he says. Somebody gave him a Bible and he used to carry it in his gear, but he never saw it among his useful possessions without getting furious with himself for bringing it along.

"Couldn't make head nor tail of it," he says. "I used to try to read it, and it seemed full of contradictions and denials. I'd try and try to get something out of it, and then I'd throw it down, and say to hell with it."

Every time he was transferred to another ship he would intend to leave the Bible behind. But it always turned up among his belongings, and he'd go through the whole thing over again—idly sitting down to read it, and then getting mad because he just couldn't make any sense out of it. This went on during almost the whole of the war.

THEN he met a chap who seemed to understand it. They argued, and young John was delighted, because here was something he could strike out at. Here was something he could get his teeth into. So they argued night after night. In secret, John began studying the Bible as he had never studied it before . . . just to get arguments his friend couldn't answer.

But gradually the Bible opened for him. Not as a book written centuries ago, full of obscure shalt-nots pertaining to an obsolete civilization, but as something living in the present, and talking about the present world. A compass by which a man could chart his course.

Once he had discovered that, there was nothing as alive and as challenging for him as this study. Everything he did, he did in terms of this new understanding. Through the years after the war, when he married and had children, he and his family lived strictly according to the Bible and its promises of protection. They say it has brought them through everything, and has kept them happy and carefree.

When Commander Quarrie received his assignment in this war, it was for active sea duty as first officer on a medium-sized Channel steamer . . . a refit which was to be used as a naval escort ship. Before Italy entered the war, his ship helped maintain the blockade against Germany. Later it was sent to the Mediterranean to carry supplies to Egypt and to take prisoners of war from various African ports and deposit them in Alexandria.

One day when Commander Quarrie's boat was to be part of a convoy sailing from Tobruk, the city was bombed just before they sailed and an enemy plane was seen to drop three mines in the harbor. Mine sweepers disposed of two of these mines, but the third could not be found. They believed it was planted outside the channel, but they couldn't be certain. Though they knew they were taking a risk, the officers decided to try and get out of the harbor as they had planned.

Commander Quarrie ordered that every man put on a lifebelt. He himself went up to the bridge to help the captain, a four-striper. The two of them were working at a table in the wheelhouse when the ship touched off the mine. They heard practically no noise, but their chairs seemed to drop from under them. Off to one side of the boat a huge spout of water towered up into the sky.

AS soon as he could get his balance, Commander Quarrie leaped to the telegraphs to signal the engine room, but one control was jammed solid, and the other was only a flimsy flutter in his hand. He ran out on the bridge, and below him there was a sea of hysterical Italian prisoners surging up from the decks. They were yammering and screaming, utterly terrified. He shouted to them to go back, and made his way down to the deck. By this time men had run up from the engine room, which was rapidly filling with water, and the whole ship had rolled over, so that it seemed it would be impossible to get off the lifeboats. But the Italians were not waiting. They were pouring into the lifeboats, trampling over each other and screaming.

"Never mind the lifeboats. You'd better depend on your belts," he shouted to them, and it was a good thing he did, for the ship went down before the lifeboats could be launched.

Commander Quarrie ran below to check on the condition of the ship. Men were pouring up from the engine room; some had been injured; some below had been killed.

When he saw there was nothing he could do to help, he ran along the corridor to his own cabin with some vague boyish idea of getting his best coat, a new coat which he had been saving for an occasion worthy of it.

"This is the occasion," he was saying to himself. "No time like the present."

But he was saying much, much more than that. His mind, as men say happens in moments of emergency, seemed to be made up of several layers of thinking going on simultaneously. Under the top layer, which was directing him to run down and get his coat and some valuables he had locked in his desk . . . some personal papers and some money and two watches which had long been in his family . . . was a second layer, which was coldly reasoning that he must stay on the high side of the boat, and that he must utilize the swirl of the water to sweep himself off the deck, and not be caught in it in such a way that it would trap him inside.

But louder and even more calm than all this, he says, was a constant monologue of promise and assurance from the Bible. A stream of verses he had not even been aware of memorizing.

"The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy."

"With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible."

A great peace seemed to possess him as he put on his best coat and tried to put his Bible into the pocket. The water was rising so high on the portholes that the cabin was in twilight, and he knew he must leave. He ran out and up the companionway to a closed deck, shouting assurance to several panic-stricken men he met. He came out on the high side of the ship, but almost at that instant the water came over the side in a great rush. There was a heavy door with fitted steel plates which he knew the water would close when it came, and he avoided that, clinging like very paint to a stanchion. When the first force had subsided, he let himself be swirled around so that he was flung free when the ship sank.

Suddenly he realized that in spite of his own orders, which everyone else had followed, he himself had put on no lifebelt. He was deep under the surface of the water, and a great temptation came to him just to let go. His whole body was full of pain, for he had wrenched his back badly, and he felt he could not swim. He wanted only to drift and sleep. But he tried to prod himself, realizing, he says, that this was only "an argument inviting death and consenting to death, when the world needs men who are alive and can fight."

The battle then was a double fight—with the water and also with his own mind, which seemed so numbed that it wanted only to stop thinking and give up. But he kept rousing his mind and trying to make his mind rouse his body so it would swim.

When he came to the surface, almost the first thing he saw was a lifebelt floating not far away, and he reached it and held on to it. He began swimming after he had rested, and then a voice called out to him from a distance away, and it was his captain, who had been picked up by a boat.

Out of over five hundred men, only seventy-seven were lost, and when Commander Quarrie tells this, you can see that this high percentage of rescue is part of what he considers the answer to his own prayers. Not just that he himself should be saved, of course, but safety for every one who could accept it.

He was taken on to Alexandria by corvette to wait for orders and for a new ship. He was a rather sorry-looking sight in a shrunken and bedraggled best coat and a derelict pair of trousers.

He went over to an officers' club, hoping he might run into someone who could outfit him a little more respectably. The difficulty was that Commander Quarrie is a man with a large and powerful torso but somewhat short legs. As he came into the club, he realized there was some kind of party going on. Down the hall, with his back turned to the door, was a figure built quite like his own.

"There's just the chap," he said to himself. "I'll see if I can borrow a decent pair of pants from him." He approached apologetically. The figure turned, and it was his own son, Ian.

When they got around to talking about something so mundane as pants, Ian had to admit that he didn't have any extra ones himself. You see, he too had been in a blow-up. Several, in fact, he admitted a bit sheepishly.

"So, though I didn't get the pants," Commander Quarrie says, "he could give me something I needed just as badly."

"What was that?"

"A picture of his mother. I don't feel properly dressed unless I have some little picture of Glad on my person."

I TRY to imagine the meeting between father and son. These are not mealymouthed men, these two. They are strong adventuresome people, and the last thing you could associate with them is softness or helplessness. They don't need human help; human help alone would be too puny to do some of the jobs these men do.

Lieutenant Ian Quarrie is in command of a motor torpedo boat, one of the Flyweights, which the Admiralty so proudly says are the "terrors of the fleet."

One of the special tasks of these little boats is to clear out the mines, both the magnetic and the acoustic mines, which the enemy drops in the important harbors. The technique is to plunge the little boats over the mines with enough speed so that they will be safely clear by the time the mine explodes. Naturally this is an extremely dangerous operation.

On this particular morning, for some reason, the usual method of exploding the mines failed to work. The little boat just didn't get away in time. When the explosion came, it blew the boat and the men into the air as if they'd been dust. Ian himself was blown so high that he had to push himself with his own hands out of the way of the mast.

The little boat was utterly demolished. It lay in splinters in the water. But the miraculous thing was that every single man on the ship came out alive. Some of them were pretty badly shaken, but not one was killed. All that was the matter with Ian himself was that he couldn't sit down for a few days.

To Ian, as to his father, the source of his escape is clear. When you talk to these people, these sober yet gay veterans, you cannot help seeing how alive is their faith. There is nothing flimsy about it; it is not donned in panic like a lifebelt. It is the bone and sinew of them, as close to them as they are to themselves.

If you sincerely want to know, they gladly tell you, and you may accept it or not, as you please. It is in exactly this spirit that I have tried to show it to you. I make no attempt to defend it or explain it one way or another; I only submit the evidence.

. . . for Sailors in Storms at Sea

BUCK TORRENTE is a handsome youngster. He's a fighter and a singer. Good at both jobs, too. He fought at a hundred and thirty-six pounds at Madison Square Garden, and he sang as a choirboy at St. Veronica's down in Greenwich Village in New York.

This last year Buck has been pretty busy being a marine at Guadalcanal, and when the big moment came, he forgot about a gun and became just a good ring fighter. The way Buck captured the first Jap prisoner taken by his outfit is one of their favorite stories.

He was going along one day, with his gun slung over his shoulder, when suddenly a Jap loomed up in front of him. Buck dropped the gun and gave the Jap the one-two. Then he picked him up, without waiting for the count, and hauled him off.

But on October 15, 1942, Buck himself was wounded in an ambush. He was on a weapons platoon, manning a sixty-millimeter mortar. In order to study Jap positions, a volunteer patrol had advanced far into enemy territory, and of course Buck Torrente was one of the first volunteers. There he and Sergeant Steven Kupiec, who shared the rest of the Pacific adventures with him, were badly wounded by shrapnel and bullets.

After the ambush battle, the outfit moved Kupiec and Torrente to a hospital for treatment. But during the next four days, Buck developed a bad case of malaria. The doctors decided they'd better send as many of the badly wounded as they could out of that particular hell to a safer hospital on another island.

From Henderson Field a big Douglas DC-3 Army transport with a six-man crew and nineteen wounded soldiers, sailors, and marines, made a take-off in the midst of terrific bombing and shelling. The transport plane was a shapely piece of business which the crew called Lana Turner. Just as Lana was tearing down the runway, a chunk of Jap artillery hit her, and a piece of shrapnel knocked her compass, as well as her radio, out of commission.

In the excitement someone kicked open the gas valve, and before it could be closed, eighty gallons of gas poured out.

Lieutenant C. E. Petty, the pilot, had no choice but to keep going, so he flew the best he could for twelve hours, not knowing just where he was, because of his disabled compass, but hoping some kind of landing place would turn up before his gas gave out.

By dawn there still was nothing below them but the angry ocean, with here and there a sharp-toothed coral reef which wouldn't be a fit landing field for anything but a gull. With only a few cupfuls of gas left in his tanks, he knew he'd have to pick the next reef he saw and crash-land his ambulance plane on it.

"You go back and tell the kids, Gene," he said to his co-pilot. So Co-Pilot Ecklund went back into the tail of the plane, where the wounded boys were lying on their stretchers.

"If any of you guys know how to pray," he said, "maybe this would be a good moment. We've got to go downstairs, and there isn't any rug under us."

In an account of it which Buck Torrente wrote to me afterward he said, "The Lord was with us, as an uncharted reef appeared in the trackless waste of water, just as our engines began to sputter. The pilot said, 'Thank God for putting that reef where it is!' "

They brought Lana down as gently as they could in a wheels-up crash landing. She glided and scraped, and dipped one wing so deeply in the water that they thought for a second she was going under; then she righted herself and settled. The reef was about six feet under the surface of the water, and Lana was up to her neck in waves. The cabin was three and a half feet deep in water at low tide and seven and a half at high.

Everybody was pretty badly shaken up when she landed, but they stifled their moans, and those that could crawled back off the floor onto their stretchers and said, "Sure—I'm O. K. Take care of somebody else."

The crew rigged up hammocks out of parachute ropes, and hung the worst wounded up near the ceiling, where they would at least be dry. Those that could be dragged they moved out through the plane door, and laid along the top of the one wing that was above water.

It was a most inconvenient unbalance between the sick men and the able-bodied. Six well men, and nineteen who had to be taken care of. The crew inflated their rubber rafts and moored them beside the wreckage for sleeping quarters. But nobody could sleep much, though they kept quiet, in case some guy was resting.

They faced the food situation frankly, and decided they had enough rations and water for four days if they were careful of them. Ensign Gordon Vanderford and three of the marines decided to take one of the rubber boats and see if they could find any land, and any help to send back.

By the first night the rubber boat made another reef about fifteen miles away, but then the wind changed and became a stiff wall erected against them. For two days and nights they beat themselves helplessly against it, and then finally turned back, bringing a bird and a couple of fish they had shot.

"We sure hated to go back," said Vanderford. "The fellows on the plane were depending on us so much."

By now the seas were mighty rough, and they weren't even sure they'd find Lana. But when they rowed in sight, there she was, a little more broken up by the waves than when they'd left, but still steady.

Just as the crew in the boat shouted to the men inside the plane, a huge wave capsized the rubber boat, and they lost their precious bird and fish, and the rifle besides. But the men in the plane were relieved to see them, for they'd been given up in the bad weather.

It was raining now, and they caught all the drinking water they needed in their helmets, but the food was about gone. Besides being hungry, the men were weak from untended wounds and the ravaging malaria.

Sunday morning came, and Buck Torrente, hanging up near the ceiling, said to his pal, Steven Kupiec, "What'd you be doing if you were home right now?"

"Me?" said Kupiec. "I'd be reading the funny paper in Dorchester, Mass., and my wife would be baking griddle cakes and frying bacon. What'd you be doing?"

Buck said, "I'd be coming home from St. Veronica's about now."

EVERYBODY in the cabin was quiet a few minutes, and then a lanky private with a shot-up arm crept down off his bunk and sloshed around in the water until he found his own pack. It was waterlogged as a crocodile, but he got it unzipped, and he rooted around in its sodden contents until he found a sailors' Testament that somebody had given him. He handed it to Ensign Herbst and said, "Would you conduct a service, sir?"

The junior-grade lieutenant swallowed hard, and looked embarrassed. Then he opened the soaked little book and began to read. He didn't pick anything special; he just read them as they came. There wasn't another sound in the cabin. The men propped themselves up on their elbows to listen better, for the waves outside were noisy, and Herbst was reading fast and low, the way a man does who's not accustomed to reading aloud. But they heard him all right, and he went on reading. He forgot himself now, and he read better. His voice was clear by the time he had reached the prayer for sailors in storms at sea.

"That's us, all right," somebody said. "Read us that, sir."

So he began the beautiful words, "O most powerful and glorious Lord God, at whose command the winds blow, and lift up the waves of the sea, and who stillest the rage thereof . . . we cry unto Thee for help."

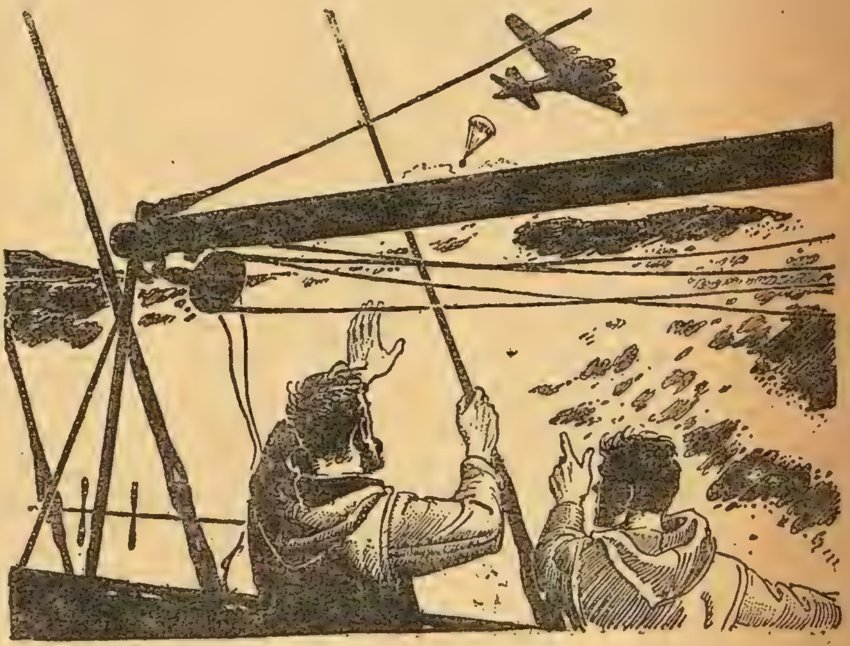
When he finished, several of the men said, "Amen," and there was more silence. Then Buck Torrente, the boy who had once thought maybe he was going to be a champion prizefighter, remembered that he was also a singer. He lifted up his voice and sang. It was a rich old hymn, O Thou and the Lord. He sang it through, and some of the others mumbled along with him.

Buck says, "There was a marine colonel, an Army major, and Navy officers there, as well as enlisted men of all the services and the plane's crew. And every man got solace and strength from the prayers."

Ensign Herbst closed the book then, and said, "That will be all, men, until next Sunday."

"Until next Sunday." The grim words got the thing out in the open for the first time. Nobody knew where they were—they had been on the reef for days, and before another Sunday came the sea surely would have battered the plane to splinters. They had no food left—they were all pretty sick—their radio had been dead since the Jap bullet hit it. . . .

And then something happened, but they didn't even know. They didn't know that back at Henderson Field men had been out in planes looking for them, for they had no radio to pick up news, nor any transmitter to send out distress calls. But Corporal Larry Ingalls and Corporal Roy Meuret, the radiomen on the Lana Turner, had never given up trying to repair the smashed radio equipment. They had tinkered night and day, hopeless as it seemed, and suddenly, unknown to them, one of their messages came through, as feeble as a pulse but still discernible.



The almost miraculously received message, according to Bill Henry, the Los Angeles Times columnist who just happened to be present at the rescue, was picked up by a patrol boat and relayed along. Within minutes planes were fanning out over the waters of the Pacific looking for Lana on her reef.

The swift land planes, which couldn't possibly pick up the men, got there first, and radioed back the location. They swooped down over Lana, so low, as they dropped blankets and food, that they could see the wild weak joy on the faces of the wounded men lying on the wings of the wreck. Soon the Navy seaplanes came and settled down on the water near the reef, getting ready to take off the men. As gently as they could, they moved them one by one in rubber boats across the Lana Turner to the Navy planes.

But it all had taken time, and night had closed down on the scene. The sea was much too rough for the pilots to risk a take-off in the darkness. After all, these boys had been through two terrific, separate ordeals in two weeks, first being wounded in battle, and then lying helpless in the open sea for days and days.

They were just settling down for their tenth night, tossing on the waves in a frail little ambulance plane, when a very angel appeared on the horizon. A Navy destroyer!

The destroyer came as close as it dared for fear of grounding on the reef, and the patients were transferred once again, this time to the dry solid comfort of the sick-bay.

To the battered boys who had endured so much so uncomplainingly, it must have seemed indeed that "angels bore them up in their hands" at last. After they had been moved back to the San Diego Naval Hospital, Bill Henry sent them some photographs which he had taken from the rescue plane, looking down on their trusty old Lana Turner clinging to the reef.

Boys like these don't express gratitude and emotion glibly, but one of them wrote back to Mr. Henry, "Thanks for the photographs. You can't see it in the picture, but there were tears in our eyes when your plane flew overhead."

Bill Henry, when he wrote me a letter about it, said, "God bless those kids. Fact is, there were tears in my eyes, too."

A Lot of It Has Been Going On

There are few liberties a Scotsman forgives so reluctantly as an intimate conversation. For a while it looked as if I had lost Mr. MacPherson entirely. A word, it seemed, had come between us, and he was pretty embarrassed about it. When I met him at the post office he was in a terrible hurry and it was his nephew's twelve-year-old boy who brought back the books Fairst had borrowed from me.

But finally he came himself, on strategy bent. He was disarmingly pleasant, not to say effusive, for him. He told me jokes and offered to show me how to make a genuine Indian bag pudding some day, and was his most ingratiating self.

"You know, I never told you," he said confidentially, "but when I was a lad, I thought maybe I'd become a writer myself."

"Did you now?" I said, trying my best to look surprised. Having heard this confession from practically every one I've ever known, I've discovered that surprise is the tactful way of receiving it.

"In my time," he said ponderously, "I've collected a few very desirable and unique sea stories. I've been thinking"—he stuck his sharp eye like a bright pin into my expression—"I've been wondering if it wouldn't be a fine idea if you and I should collaborate, in a way. I could tell you some rollicking stories, and you could write them down. We could do a book."

I saw his little plan; I have used it myself with children full of dangerous business, when I wanted to divert them into something safer.

"But I'm already writing a book," I said determinedly, exactly the way these same children quite often turn my good intentions back in my face.

He glared at me fiercely. He tried to look as if he didn't remember what I was talking about. Then he said casually, "Oh, yes, I recall. But I don't think you can make much of a book of that. It's a very dry subject."

"On the contrary," I said, "I've found some wonderfully exciting stories already."

"Is that so?" he said coldly. For a hundred dollars he wouldn't have asked me what some of the stories were; that would have made it appear that it wasn't such a dry subject. So I told him about a pilot named Clarence S. Sanford of Auburn, New York, whose story was sent from Darwin, Australia, by H. R. Knickerbocker, chief of the Chicago Sun's foreign service. Sanford was chasing Jap planes over the Pacific when he got separated from the rest of his squadron. Not knowing where he was, he flew along with nothing but water under him. When his tank ran dry, he was still over the ocean, so he took a long glide at the optimum angle. But even though he nearly made land, the plane sagged down just too soon, and he had to bail out.

He landed easily in the water, but his lifebelt wouldn't inflate, and he was at least three miles from land. He had never swum such a distance in his life, but he disentangled himself from his parachute harness, and kicked off his clothes and swam for dear life, praying as he went.

When he dragged himself up on the beach he was exhausted, and fell into a coma. He awoke to feel a sharp instrument digging into his chest, and there, towering over him, were a couple of naked Australian aborigines.

"You Jap?" asked the native, holding back the spear a moment.

"In the name of Jesus, no! I'm an American," Mr. Knickerbocker quotes Sanford as saying.

But the aborigines prodded deeper with their spear, evidently intending to kill him. Then suddenly one of them noticed the only thing Sanford was wearing—a little silver cross.

Immediately they withdrew the spear and cried out reverently, "Jesus Number One man!"

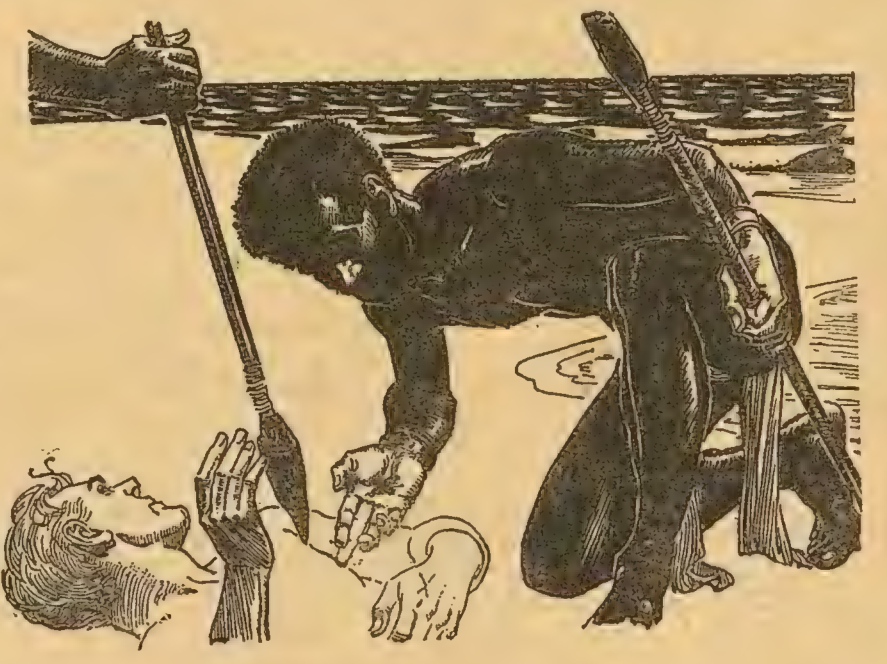
They helped Sanford up, gave him food, and took care of him, leading him through the jungle for twenty-five miles to a mission. His feet were torn with the journey and the sun baked him almost beyond recognition, for he was stark naked. But when they reached the mission, he found that these two natives were the only ones who ever came to that particular beach. If they hadn't found him, he certainly would have perished.

The boy, and the missionaries, and even the natives who recognized the religious symbol of their Number One man, all felt that it was an answer to the young American's prayers.

"I often wonder what kind of people do the praying," Mr. MacPherson said. "When I was a boy you could practically tell by looking at people whether they were praying people or not."

"How could you tell?"

"Well, I don't want to offend you," he said, "but they never seemed to me very good company, if you know what I mean. Mealymouthed, if I may use the word."



"You may use it all you please," I said, "but I don't think it applies to the boy *this* story's about."

Then I hammered down an unfair advantage, knowing that Mr. MacPherson loves football. The story was so recent I'd not had time to cut it out of the newspaper yet.

"Who's this?" he said suspiciously, blinking at the headlines.

"It's Tom Harmon—seems to me he used to play football at Michigan, didn't he?"

"Umm. I was reading about him," Fairst said meekly. "Had quite an experience in Dutch Guiana."

"His plane went into a spiral and the crew had to bail out. Two of them were killed, and the other three are missing—but Tom Harmon got back," I said. "Took him four days to get through the jungle, wading and swimming and fighting off insects. And what do you suppose he did all the time?"

"I can't imagine," he said gruffly.

"This is what he said"—I was so excited I could barely find the paragraph. "Harmon said one thing that worried him was his parents. 'They are getting along in years, and I hoped they would not give up hope. I prayed and prayed to get out, and prayed that the shock of me missing would not cause them serious illness.' "

"I imagine a nice lad like that would think about his parents," Fairst said, trying to change the subject.

"And listen to this!" I cried. "Remember that he didn't have anything with him—and he had had to jump out of a plane, and naturally he hadn't brought along any trivial stuff with him. But this is what he *did* bring with him. 'One thing I had with me was my Prayer Book, and I used it every night.' "

Fairst had nothing at all to say; he looked at me almost guiltily, but as if he weren't sure just what to apologize about. But I kept at him:

"Meantime his parents, back in Ann Arbor—what do you suppose *they* were doing?" I asked breathlessly.

"I know what they were doing," Fairst said gloomily. "They were praying, I suppose."

Then we looked at each other and grinned. Fairst took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"Seems to me there's been a heck of a lot of praying going on lately," he said.

"That's just what I think. That's why I want to do this book."

"O. K.," he said. "If I should happen to run across anything in my travels, I'll let you know. I don't imagine I'll find much—I can't promise anything."

The Private Dunkirk

BUT he did find "something," and not long after that, either.

"He's a man who survived a shipwreck," Mr. MacPherson said when he told me about him and before I had met him.

"Oh, a seaman?"

"Well, he's a seaman at the moment," Fairst said. "But this shipwreck happened on dry land. Well, not on dry land exactly." He lit his pipe thoughtfully and pulled on it, and he said not a word more until the red eye in the bowl had winked at me twice. "This shipwreck happened, you might say, inside of himself. What country do you call that—the geography inside a man?"

"Many names for that country," I said. "None of them very good. Too old-fashioned or too newfangled, depending on whether you say 'souls' or 'psychology.' "

"Exactly," Mr. MacPherson said comfortably. Then he began telling me something about his friend who had survived the shipwreck.

"He's forty-three—two years in the last war, when he was just a youngster. His family are landed people in northeast Lancashire—they've lived in the same house since 1096. He's done some writing and painting—he was an amateur boxer—came over here with the Olympic teams in 1932."

"How about this war?"

"The Army wouldn't have him—some kind of heart. So he signed up with the British Merchant Navy. Nice restful place for heart trouble."

"When was the shipwreck?" I asked.

"I don't know just when that happened," Fairst said. "It might have been sometime during the first war—or maybe it was when his wife died, leaving him with a little boy—or maybe it was last September when—no, I think that was when he climbed on the raft I was telling you about."

"The raft?" I tried to remember his mentioning a raft in this dry-land shipwreck.

"Sairtainly. The raft that finally rescued him—inside himself, you know."

"Oh, yes," I said, not being very clear about it.

But even with all this explanation, when Frederick Foulds-Smith came to see me in my New York apartment, I was unprepared for the sight of him. He was a tall handsome scarecrow of a Britisher, with an actor's voice and a scholar's vocabulary. He arrived in the midst of the morning I had Dunkirk spread around me in clippings and notes and letters. The typewriter had one brave yellow sheet flying from the mast, and I had written as title in the middle of the page Winston Churchill's wonderful words: "The Miracle of Deliverance."

We talked a few minutes, taking each other's measure not too obviously, and then I surprised myself by saying, "I'm writing about Dunkirk. This is the first page."

He leaned forward a little, hunching those shoulders which looked more accustomed to bending over books than over ship's instruments. He read aloud what I had written, and his deep voice made it sound much better than it is:

"This is the chapter that should be written in Bible language. Some day, I have no doubt, it will be so written, for the race will look back on Dunkirk as it looks back on the Red Sea. The horde of tortured men who escaped will be remembered when people are in dire need, as the children of Israel are remembered.

"Like the Red Sea, Dunkirk will be both adored and disbelieved. It will be explained away by scientific fact, as the skeptical have explained away all miracles in the sufficiently past tense.

"But it cannot be discredited yet, because too many people lived through it. Too many letters tell about it, and too many columns of words. But not one millionth of it has been told, nor ever will be.

"It began with prayer on the twenty-sixth day of May; it ended with a Thanksgiving on the ninth of June. . . ."

He looked up and his dark eyes were somber yet excited.

"You see, no word had leaked out of the full extremity that was threatening three hundred and fifty thousand men stranded on the Continent," he read. "But people knew in their hearts this was rock bottom. And of course the men at the top were beside themselves.

"They knew human effort alone wasn't going to be enough. So they asked the whole nation to pray."

I picked up from among my clippings one from the London Daily Telegraph which said, "Officers of high rank do not hesitate to put down the deliverance of the B. E. F. to the fact of the nation being at prayer. The consciousness of miraculous deliverance pervades the camps in which the troops are now housed."

He nodded. "Yes. Even the people who say they don't believe in God believed in Dunkirk."

"Like Mr. MacPherson?" I asked. Our eyes met and he smiled.

"Just like Mr. MacPherson," he said, and I knew we understood each other, because we both understood Fairst.

WE went on talking about those terrible days on the Continent when tragedy was nearing its climax. "They had been seventeen days without much sleep," he said. "Pushing back, trying to get a toe in. Then King Leopold of Belgium surrendered, and they knew it was hopeless.

"Of course the Germans had clogged the roads with refugees, a wall of frightened people to keep the British and French armies from getting through to the coast."

"It must have been difficult for them to destroy their equipment, knowing that they didn't have too much of it left in England to continue the war."

"My nephew said he banged twenty motors to pieces, sobbing and cursing while he did it. And all the time the German planes were blotting out the sun. . . . Jim says he'd never seen so many planes together in his life—nearly split his eardrums, the noise. Bombs were coming down all around them, and the ground was bursting into volcanoes and little earthquakes. . . . But there was one strange thing."

He looked at me, making up his mind whether or not to say it. Then he went on:

"I've heard many chaps who were there speak of it."

"What was that?"

"Ghastly as everything was, there was a strange unearthly feeling that something wonderful was happening. As if they were safer than they had any right to feel."

When they finally got to Dunkirk, the town was a bedlam. The Main Basin was full of ships that had been sunk, and it didn't look as if any of the British boats could get in to pick up the men. They crawled into cellars, civilians and soldiers alike, and ate whatever they could find.

"One of my friends said all he had was pâté de foie gras, hard candy, and champagne, which had been stored in the basement under a shop that had been blown to bits," Mr. Foulds-Smith said.

Finally the troops began going up north of the city to the beaches, and there they formed lines to be in some kind of order whenever evacuation could commence.

"I'll never forget the way those black ranks of men looked as we came into the harbor."

"You were there?"

"Of course," he said. "Everybody was there who could handle a boat." He went right on, lifting my interest from himself and placing it back on those formations on the beaches. "They stood there hour after hour, while the sea was too rough for us to take in the little boats. Some had been smashed up trying to land—there weren't any proper docks left, you know. Well, still in formation, the men waded out a half mile into the water, neck deep.

"When you saw them from out in the water, they looked like some kind of landmark. I often think of them, standing there day and night like some kind of landmark. . . . I don't know." He covered his eyes with his hand, and I could see this was very moving to him.

"They *were* a sort of landmark, in a newly discovered country. . ." I had a quick vision of that "country of a man's life—that geography inside himself" for which Mr. MacPherson was trying to find a word.

Foulds-Smith went on in a minute, after he had accepted my words. "Another funny thing—when we finally began taking them on board—when the sea got calm enough—all kinds of little French and Belgian dogs began scrambling on with the men."

"Dogs? Where had they come from?"

"They had run along beside our troops for miles. The most touching sight. It was almost as if they knew that the Continent was no fit place for anything so decent as a dog to stay on. They swam right out in the water with the men. A lot of them got back to England, and the troops insisted on paying their quarantine fees. I think it was a kind of symbol to some of the men—sentimental, maybe." He smiled ruefully, as a Briton does if he's accusing anybody of sentiment.

"You know, the water was covered with a thick scum of oil from the petrol tanks. The din was maddening, and the heat—well, the heat from the burning tanks simply blistered our bodies. It was hell," he said quietly, "complete hell. Except for that feeling we had.

"All kinds of strange things happened to people that week. Men who hadn't seen each other since school ran into each other, and they didn't even think it was odd, the way you're not surprised when you meet strange people in nightmares."

"Yes, I know what you mean," I said, and I found a place in a book called Heroes All, by Collie Knox. It was a story about twin brothers who had been lost from each other for nearly two years. Suddenly in the midst of that rain of bullets, each flung himself down on the sand, and stretching out their hands as they dropped, they touched each other.

" 'They spoke no word, but lay there holding hands as they had when they were children,' " I read, and then, remembering Foulds-Smith was British, I explained, "You see, they were only nineteen, I think. . . ."

"Nineteen? That's Jack's age," he said, and as he said it his whole face came to life, so that the wrinkles, the deep gash of sorrow at the side of his mouth seemed to lift and his very skin smiled. He took out a picture and showed it to me, a faded picture of a tall lad on a horse.

"My son," he said proudly. "That's Jack. I've been both father and mother to him since he was five. I taught him to ride and to box and to shoot. . . ."

I WANTED to ask some more about his boy. But I could see that he didn't know me well enough yet to boast. So we went back to Dunkirk.

"One providential factor nobody has stressed much," he said in a businesslike way, "was the beaches. You see, nobody picked those for the waiting place; they were simply all that offered. But actually the beaches were the safest possible place to be during the kind of strafing and bombing our men had to take.

"Bombs simply buried themselves in the sand and, except for direct hits, there wasn't the danger of flying splinters which usually cause the big percentage of casualties. One little cockney I brought back in my boat said, 'If I've got to be bombed, give me a ruddy beach every time. No flying glass, no falling chimneys, and no gas mains to catch fire.' He had a point."

Then he told me about the five-foot-wide piers the engineers built across old breakwaters. Nearly a quarter of a million men walked across those and got into the boats, the able carrying the wounded, the lamed limping and lurching but keeping themselves going somehow.

"That was a sight you'd never forget," he said. "If you'd never loved the race before, you'd have loved it then." He looked earnestly into my face as he said that. "Why can't we learn that, without all the grief?" he cried with sudden passion.

"You see, I went through the last war. I wasn't wounded, but I came back with a profound point of view. I was eighteen, and I was sick of the world.

"Then a lot of things happened to me. I went to Manchester University. I married. I didn't want to be serious about anything—I'd seen all I could bear of suffering, and I just wanted to play and be happy. I rode and swam and I did everything I could to keep away from my sick mind—I just lived in my well body.

"Then some more things happened to me—and finally I had a son." He was afraid to meet my eye, but he couldn't stop now that he had started. "I can't explain it. But up to then I hadn't cared what became of things. I was angry at the world. But then I saw that I had to do something to make things different for my son. I said to myself, 'Listen, you chap. You've been wrong, and things have hit you because you didn't think properly—you've got to find out how things really are—you've got to bring up this boy so he'll know how to make sense out of things. . . .' "

HE got up then and went back to the window and looked down into the street so I couldn't see his face. "I told you I'd been father and mother to him. Well, I was. Mary died when he was five. I lived for him. We did everything together—went to games—and museums—read books—had a boat together. But all the time I was trying to find out what was the *one* thing I ought to teach him. The thing I'd never had. . . .

"He was a wonderful little chap—I don't say it because I'm his father. He *was* wonderful."

"Yes," I said, "I'm sure he was."

He came back then and sat down and picked up the clippings. And in a moment he went on as if there had been no personal parenthesis.

"Let me see," he said. "I was going to tell you about the boats, wasn't I?" I wanted him to tell me about his son, but he began telling about those crazy wonderful little boats which made up that epic armada which the world has come to love. "One man couldn't tell it all," he said. "Not even a Homer. You know what I had? A houseboat! A big waddling gawky houseboat, never made for going any place except from one mooring to another along the Thames.

"Jack telephoned from the university, 'Dad, I'm coming out with you.' He was only seventeen then—he was taking premedical work. 'You've got to let me come out with you,' he said.

" 'You stay there and do your own job,' I said to him. 'England's going to need doctors.' " Foulds-Smith forgot what he was going to tell me, and I reminded him about his houseboat.

"Oh, yes. . . . Well, when I went to volunteer that night they said, 'Any of you chaps think you could get a houseboat engine to running that hasn't been used for a while?' So I took it on, with two other chaps who also had boats of their own. We worked on it almost all night, and we got it running at five o'clock in the morning.

"We got it out of the Thames—she'd never been out in the Channel of course—she'd never been anywhere. Took us twenty-eight hours to make the forty miles.

"Took us even longer to get back—thirty-two hours, I think—because we were so overloaded with men that our deck was under water. Mostly we had wounded aboard, and I wished I had had Jack with me—even a youngster like Jack could have helped bandage up some of those men. . . .

"You never saw such looking men. A noble, tragic tatterdemalion horde that had limped and crawled and swum the distance between utter defeat and—well, something else. I don't know what you'd call it. Not victory, but something—maybe something just as important. Not just as good, but just as important. . . .

"I'll tell you something about those simple men," he said. "When they got back to safety, they wanted to say some prayers. We said them on our houseboat. We said them out loud, and lots of us had never prayed out loud in our lives before.

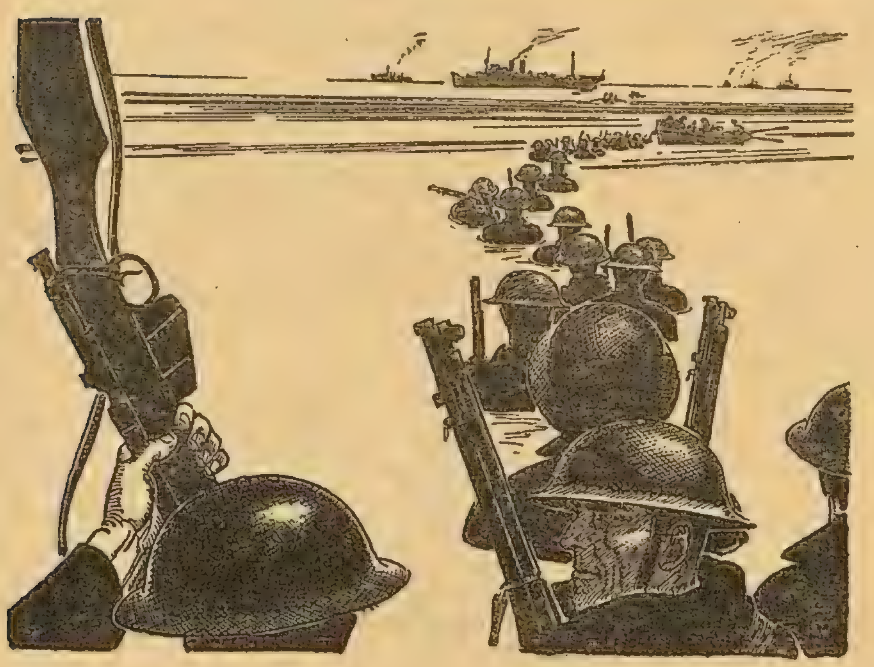
"After a few days the public wanted to give them something else to think about—some entertainment. In one camp I knew, they got up an E. N. S. A. concert. In the midst of it some of the men stood up and asked if they couldn't have a bit of prayer. Since that night every E. N. S. A. concert in that camp has had a short prayer service included."

Suddenly then he began talking about himself. "Every fortnight or so I'd go down and try to enlist in some kind of service. But still it was no go. When the blitzes began I went into the A. R. P. I worked all through Sheffield, and Hull, and Liverpool. . . .

"And meantime I was having trouble with Jack. For the first time in my life."

"What kind of trouble?"

"Well, you see, he was still only seventeen—but he wanted to sign up. He knew how to fly—and besides"—he could barely get these words out, so painful were they—"you know how a youngster is. And he thought—well, after all, I'd been a bit of an athlete. I feel strong as a horse—I was too vain to tell him right out that they wouldn't take me.



"So one week-end Jack said he wasn't coming home any more. 'I'm fed up with things,' he said. Finally he blurted it out. He was ashamed of me—everybody's dad was enlisted in something. . . . It hurt me so much that I couldn't tell him. I just lost my temper.

"But the next day I went and signed up with the Merchant Navy. But it didn't change things between us. 'Our family's got a man in the war now, so you go back to your school work,' I said; but he said, 'Yes, but we ought to have a flyer.'

"I shipped out then, and stewed about it. I was hurt, but mostly I was scared to death that something would happen to my boy, that the war would get him the way the other one had got me when I was his age. I did a beastly amount of thinking on that trip. Seems to me I must have thought back over every day of his life. All the mistakes I'd made, and all the good times we'd had together—things he had said, good, square-shooting boy kind of things. . . .

"And suddenly I thought, Well, what kind of man *is* it you're trying to make out of him? Certainly he wants to fight—you can't stop him."

Foulds-Smith's face now had light written on it in every weary wrinkle. "I could hardly wait to get back. It was a long hard trip—but I was happy. I kept thinking and thinking about how I'd go down to the university and get him—no, I'd telephone him the minute we docked, and we'd have a few days at Barnsley together and then I'd go with him when he signed up. And maybe—well, a chap like me never gives up hope. Maybe they'd let me enlist in something, too.

"We got back on the thirtieth of September, and as soon as I could I sent him a wire and one to the dean asking them to let him come home. Then I jumped on a train for home.

"I thought maybe he'd be at the station to meet me, but he wasn't. I walked up through the village and on out to our place. I noticed the tenants stepped back into their cottages as soon as I had spoken to them—but I didn't want any chatting either. . . .

"When I got home, the servants were on the steps. We had only two maids now, and old Anderson and his wife. 'Come in, Mr. Frederick—there's mail for you,' they said.

"'Jack hasn't come yet?' I asked, but I could see he hadn't. I went into my own study, and there on my desk were letters—a few magazines and some appeals—and there was a letter with Jack's writing on the envelope."

HIS voice was so low now that I could barely hear it. "But I read the wire first," he said. "He had made just two trips out with the bombers—it happened on his third trip over.

"I couldn't read his letter. I didn't read it for nearly three months. I was afraid of it. . . . You see, when he had written it, he hadn't known it was going to be so important—all there was—all there ever was going to be. . . .

"Well, I didn't unpack my bag. I couldn't stay in the house. I went down to one of the farms and slept with a family—the happiest people I've ever known, farm people with six children. They hadn't heard about Jack and I didn't tell them.

"Next day I made arrangements for the village to have the house—make a school of it, or a hospital, or whatever they wanted. I went back down to Cardiff and signed on the first ship I could get. I didn't even ask where it was going.

"I just dug down into myself as deep as I could go. It didn't matter to me what anybody thought. I just didn't have anything I wanted to say.

"Then one night we were off Freetown, the nastiest-smelling port on the coast of Africa, and I was drunk. There was a pinch-faced little engineer on our ship, and he came down to my quarters and without a word he smashed me on the jaw.

"'What's that for?' I said.

"'I don't know what's the matter with you,' he said, 'but you haven't any right to behave the way you do. You're an educated man—and if you know anything, you owe it to the rest of the blokes to act like something.'

"'Get out of here,' I said. 'I'll act any way I blankety-blank please.'

"'You can act it tomorrow, but not tonight,' the engineer said. 'Because—you know what night tonight is?'

"'No, and I don't care,' I said.

"'Well, it's Christmas Eve, and you've got to act like somebody decent on Christmas. Drinking down here by yourself. If you want to drink, come up and drink with me.'

He had such a pinched-up little Irish face, and it was so full of goodness and—well, it just sobered me. His face, and the smash he had given my face!

"'I'm through drinking tonight,' I said. 'But I'll come up with you, and we'll talk.' Christmas, I said to myself, and you didn't even know it! I went into my bathroom then, and took a shower and shaved, and put on clean clothes.

"'And where do you think you're going?' the engineer said.

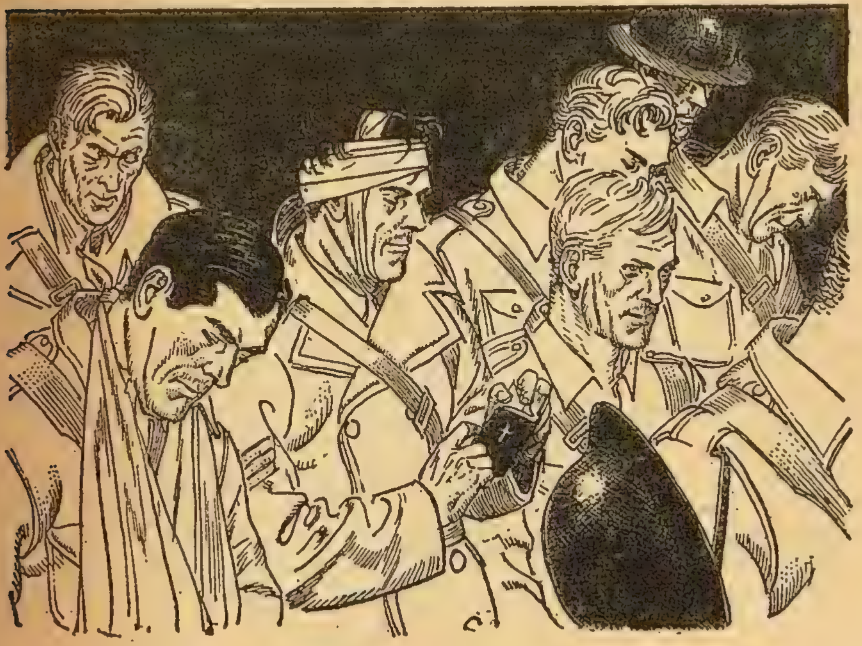
"'Back,' I said and he knew what I meant.

"We started up on deck then, the two of us, and suddenly I wanted Jack's letter. 'You go along,' I said. 'I'll be up in a minute.' I went back to my quarters and opened the letter.

"I'm not going to try to tell you what it said. It wouldn't mean much to you. But it said something that nearly knocked me over. It said something about God. We had never talked about God, my boy and I. But this letter said something—not very rhetorical—just what a boy would say—but suddenly I saw it was *that* I had been trying to give him all the time—that I'd never rightly had myself.

"I went up on deck, and the engineer was leaning with his elbows on the rail, looking out at that water and that sky. 'Pretty, h'mm?' he said. 'It makes a bloke think.'

"I stood there, looking at him and the stars and the ocean . . . and suddenly I was free of all the anger and the meanness that had been in me. The self-pity, I guess it was, because I had wanted to make a good world for my son, and I hadn't been able to manage it.



"I don't know how to tell you, but suddenly, knowing the kind of father I had wanted to be for Jack—I knew what God is. I *knew* Him. He was everything—the Irishman by the rail, who had cared enough to smash my face—myself—the people on that farm. . . . Everything He had made was a part of Himself, just the way the things you think are a part of yourself. He was Good, and He wanted only good for me, just the way I wanted only good for *my* son.

"I'm not saying it well," he said earnestly. "It's something I don't know how to say. But anyway . . . I got a Bible then, the next day or so, and I began trying to find out all about Him. I tried to find out about Him from myself too. The things that are good in myself must have come from Him—must be like Him."

So that was the shipwreck that Fairst had wanted me to hear about. And that was the raft—down inside the man himself—which finally saved him.

"I wanted to go back to England then," Foulds-Smith said. "But of course I had to finish the trip. It's been a long run—that's how I got over here."

"And where are you going from here?"

Then his face lit up again in that sudden way it does. "Oh, that's the good work ahead," he said. "I don't need the sea any more. I've got work to do in England now."

"What kind of work?"

"Well—there'll be a lot of fatherless children in England now—and I'm a father without a child. Maybe it'll be teaching, or having a farm full of youngsters—I don't know yet."

He began picking up the clippings and putting them back tidily into their folder.

"Dunkirk—it's a wonderful pattern for all of us," he said. "We've all had private Dunkirks to face, and shall have again. But when we get to the utter seacoast and the final defeat, if we trust God the way we all trusted at Dunkirk. . . ." He frowned then, trying to remember something. "John Flavel said back in the seventeenth century, 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.'"

The Gunner, the Nipper, and Fairst

I COULD tell when I saw him swaggering down the road that Mr. MacPherson was bringing me something. It practically shone out of his pocket. But Fairst's way is not to rush at you with an outstretched hand. His chestnuts wait within burrs.

He finished helping me prune the rose of Sharon tree, giving me very expert advice as we worked; we transplanted a tangle of iris and still nothing was said, and finally he picked up his hat from the garden bench and got himself all ready to go back up the road. I walked to the very edge of the drive with him.

"Oh, by the way," he said casually, "I brought you an item."

"For the book?" I tried not to sound too eager.

"Just an item," he said, not wanting to commit himself. "Something a seaman told me over at Freetown on the coast of Africa. This lascar was in one of the two lifeboats that survived from the City of Benares, which was torpedoed at the beginning of the war."

"The City of Benares? Wasn't that the ship that was bringing the British children to Canada?"

"The same," he said, and his face looked angry at the mere mention of that criminal happening. "After she was torpedoed and sank so quickly, one lifeboat made a long trip back across the North Atlantic, and was finally picked up by a British destroyer. There were five or six little boys in the boat, and a woman and a couple of officers, and six or seven lascars.

"The children and the woman kept their spirits up for days, telling stories and saying their little prayers and one thing and another. But it was terribly cold, and the little boys' feet were wet all the time. They had everything that a wrecked lifeboat does have to devil it—not enough food and water—all the creature discomforts—and finally one of the little boys got very sick.

"There was a gunner in the boat, a big gruff fellow. He kept scolding everybody and nagging them and saying that they weren't keeping up proper discipline."

"He must have been just one more hardship for them to bear," I said.

MR. MACPHERSON looked at me patiently. "No, I don't think so," he said gently. "The way I figure the gunner is this: He must have known that if everybody was mad at some *special* thing, like him . . . well, that would keep their minds from being so full of other things, fear and hunger and the like of that. The way I figure the gunner is, he thought if they thought about *him*, they wouldn't be thinking so much about the danger."

"I see what you mean."

"Well, this little nipper got very sick. There was a priest in the boat, too. He had been injured, but he did what he could to help. So now it came to the time when it looked as if he had better say the last prayers for the little boy.

"So after the prayers, the gunner came down where the little boy was. 'What's all this nonsense?' he said. 'What're you making all this noise and complaining about?'

"'I'm cold,' the little nipper said. 'Of course you're cold. We're all cold. . . . Here, let me feel your feet. I'll tell you what we do with cold feet. We rub 'em.' He was crouching over the wee boy and shouting at him, and the boy kept trying to answer him. 'Look here, I'm wrapping 'em up in my jacket . . . *that's* going to make 'em warm, all right.'

"The little boy was in a kind of half-doze. 'They're still cold,' he said. The gunner pretended to get very angry then. 'What kind of a British chap are you anyway?' he said. 'Eight years old and whining about cold feet!'

He went on shouting and scolding at the little fellow, and he kept answering him back. And before long he sat up again, and began getting better. He pulled through all right, the lascar told me."

"That's a wonderful story, Mr. MacPherson."

"Yes, it is," he said. "The gunner must have been a verry good man. He must have loved that little nipper. It sounded as if he was scolding him. But he was really loving him enough to want to wake him up and set him back on his feet."

We walked along a few steps, and I dared to look up at Mr. MacPherson's face to see if he knew how wonderful was his parable. But his face was tightly closed against me.

"It sounds sometimes as if Something were scolding us," I said. "Perhaps *we've* only to wake up and answer."

HE said it to me so quietly, with such masculine understatement, that at first I didn't quite take it in. He was telling me about some inexplicable feats he had seen men accomplish in this war.

"Men quite often fail in small tasks," he said. "But they can always do the superhuman things." After he had gone and I was thinking over some of the things he had told me, I began to see what he meant—what a wealth of reliance he implied—that when the need is superhuman, there is a hand outstretched, even though it seems at the time the hand which does the deed is one's own.

There have been many such feats in this war. When they were being accomplished, the men who did them were not amazed at themselves. It was only later that they knew.

For instance, there was young Clifford Anderson, an aviation cadet who found himself in a blind spot one night. He was flying a routine training flight about nine o'clock, when suddenly some trouble in his motor made it imperative that he land immediately. He was too far from any landing field to glide in without power, and too low to use his parachute. The visibility was so poor that he says he felt as if he were on the inside of an ink bottle looking out. Having not the slightest idea what was under him, he began gliding down.

"I could see the ground under me, and that was all," Anderson says. "I knew that nine out of ten forced landings at night mean death for the pilot, and the lucky one out of the ten is usually pretty much smashed up. But there was no choice except to keep coming."

Somehow he felt himself being put down gently in a three-point landing, and after a minute he got out of his plane and looked around. A farmer was running across the field, waving and shouting.

"Listen here! You just missed my house by a couple of feet, young man," he shouted, trembling and mopping his brow.

"Sorry, sir—I couldn't help it," Anderson said, beginning to tremble a little himself.

Unable to speak for excitement, the farmer pointed up at a windmill, which the plane had cleared by about three feet. But what the flyer was gazing at was the thing most feared by pilots—a power line. It was only about twenty feet away and running parallel to the line on which Anderson had come in. And that wasn't all. Directly in front of the plane was a fence and another power line!

The spot where the plane was now standing was a small cornfield surrounded on all sides by danger. It was not in any sense a landing field, but rather a four-sided box full of trouble—much too small a box for any pilot, however expert, to try to land in.

"I never would have attempted a landing there in daylight, because it just couldn't be done. It wasn't humanly possible," Anderson says.

The next morning they had to move the plane out by hand, rather than to attempt any take-off with it.

The official report reads, "No injury to personnel, no damage to aircraft, and no property damage."

The other flying youngsters look at that report sometimes. They just can't believe it. But when they asked Anderson about it, he said:

"Well, there's only one answer. The Lord did it for me."

That's all he says, because kids don't talk much about the Lord. But he wrote down an additional, boyish statement for the chief of Army chaplains, and this is what he said:

"I have put my life in His hands. I wish more people could realize that we are not self-sufficient. I have much to be thankful for this year."

This year—when woe walks the earth!

For sheer thrills there's probably never been a plane story to surpass the mad tale told officials by the British Air Ministry, about a ship that wouldn't stay down.

The men who lived through it call it, with British understatement, "a minor miracle."

To begin with, she had bombed a U-boat from a very low level—so low, in fact, that though she was racing along at two hundred miles an hour, she couldn't clear the explosion. Her bomb must have struck fair and square on the conning tower, for the explosion was so sudden and tremendous that it blew the huge Liberator fully three hundred feet into the air. The plane was immediately out of control, and Flying Officer David M. Sleep, in charge, said to himself, "This is it, son. We'll land on our backs now and plunge into the sea."

But on the heels of that thought came that thing called "presence of mind," that worn-smooth phrase which in itself is an acknowledgment of something beyond ordinary human ability. . . . Hardly knowing that he was speaking, Sleep yelled to the second pilot, *"Push!"*

The second pilot, Sergeant Samuel Patton, a lad from Belfast who had been on only one operational flight before this one, began shoving like mad. Then, actually after their muscles had responded to this command from that "presence of mind," the men realized why they were pushing against the control columns. The plane had leaped in the explosion and had turned up her nose into an almost vertical climb. She was tearing straight up the stairs, quite out of control.

"It was like heaving against a brick wall," said Sleep afterward. "To begin with, the thing wouldn't move. We braced our hands and knees against the columns—we yelled for the other members of the crew to run forward, to get the weight all in the front of the plane. Finally we got the nose down."

But she still went on climbing, a little at a time, even though she was more or less level. Before they got back their breath from the explosion and this mad dash upward, Flight Sergeant Johnson shouted out from the tail, "Our elevators have gone, sir. I can't get out of the turret."

"Bang your way out, boy," Officer Sleep shouted back to him. "Nobody's got time to help you."

Nobody, in fact, had time to do anything beyond the immediate job he was tussling with. The two pilots were still wrestling with the columns, which seemed demoniacally determined to lean back and take the ship higher and higher.

In spite of all their frantic situation, they wondered quite naturally what harm they had done to the submarine. "I'd like to see what the score was, sir," somebody shouted to Sleep.

"Can't go back now," Sleep said. Then his own curiosity got the best of him. "We're still flying, aren't we?" he said to himself recklessly. "Well, then, why don't we go back and have a look at that U-boat?

"Hey, Sam—let's turn her around. Might as well see the sights," he said between his teeth to the second pilot.

SO, although they were eight hundred and fifty miles from land, they turned the insane ship around and made a wide tilting circle back to the scene. But all they could find of the submarine was a thick column of blue smoke rising like a painted pillar about two hundred feet above the water.

"Worth going back to look at," they said, and then they bent their backs into the struggle again. Base seemed far away, and it became more and more clear that they were in bad trouble.

The rear gunner was smashing his way out of the jammed turret, and the tail gunner was scrambling around throwing out of the plane anything he could lay his hands on. Anything to make the tail lighter, so that heaven-pointing nose would weigh down!

"I heaved overboard everything that would move," Flight Sergeant Ronald Johnson said. "I threw out ammunition belts, heavy equipment, and everything. I even tried to jettison the rear turret, but it wouldn't go. We looked as if we had already had a wreck inside the old Liberator—holes all over the fuselage, oil pouring out over everything—most of the elevators gone—even our two dinghies had been whipped away like scraps of paper."

Flight Engineer Lenson was trying to repair the hydraulic pipeline. But he dropped that job, which was hopeless anyway, when Captain Sleep called out to him, "Get those extra bombs away." There were two extra bombs which the submarine hadn't accommodated. "Get 'em thrown overboard," Sleep said.

Then Sleep listened for the familiar "Bombs gone, sir." But the usual echo which meant his order had been carried out didn't come. For it wasn't as simple as all that. The electrical system used for releasing the bombs was hopelessly smashed.

Lenson looked the situation over, and he got a little pale.

"Bombs away!" Sleep shouted again.

"Just a minute, sir."

There was a narrow catwalk, only a foot wide, and it was swimming so deep in oil that it didn't seem possible a man could creep out on it and release the bombs by hand.

Lenson ventured out. With the bomb doors open, there was nothing between him and the sea, ten thousand feet below. The catwalk wasn't even level, for that devilish plane was still climbing up a hill.

He crawled back inside the plane and took off his shoes, thinking that maybe he could get a better grip with his toes.

Meantime, up in the nose, they were still wrestling with the columns. They lashed them forward to the instrument panel with torn pieces of their shirts, to lessen the strain on the pilots. But the plane kept climbing.

It was getting dark now, and the four stout engines throbbed along lustily, apparently the only parts of the aircraft undamaged. Suddenly the electrical system, which had been completely wrecked, began playing tricks. The heating fans went into action even though the switches were at the "off" mark.

An hour and a half had passed since Captain Sleep had mentioned the bombs. He had practically forgotten them, with everything else he had on his mind. But then there was a hoarse mutter up from behind his back. A mumble which Sleep couldn't quite catch.

"What's that?" he said.

The flight engineer, perspiring at every pore and covered with oil, crawled in through the open bomb-bay doors and flopped on the floor.

"Bombs gone, sir," he said. An hour and a half he had grappled at those huge bombs with his bare hands, balancing on that slippery foot-wide catwalk which was swinging like a trapeze fourteen thousand feet above the sea.

Now they were getting back over land again, and it was time to decide whether or not the crew should bail out or take their chances in the belly landing which was inevitable.

Each man decided for himself; each man stayed with the ship.

"Cheerio, then," the captain said, and he throttled back his engine. Without the lift from the motors, the nose began gently to drop.

They went over the airdrome twice. The first time, they were so high, landing was impossible. The second circuit nearly did them in. As they skimmed over the airdrome boundary at a hundred and forty miles an hour, something snapped in the controls and the stick went dead. It flopped back limply against their bodies, the most ghastly feeling a pilot can experience.

Out of control now, the ship struck a landing light and crashed with a terrific wallop. She slithered over the ground, kicking up a swirl of debris. Then there was an uncanny silence and pitch darkness, and a tongue of flame flickered around looking for trouble.

Through the escape hatch two wireless operators were flung clear, as if they had been puppets jerked out by a string. The rest of the crew were out in a second, every one of them forgetting about himself and dragging somebody else out. But they didn't get out a minute too soon, for the cockpit went up in flames almost immediately.

But the men—the men who recognized a "minor miracle" when they saw one—were safe.

ONE of the common everyday miracles of this war is the removing of the first syllable from the word "impossible." General Arnold's audacious slogan for the American volunteer flyers in China says it well: "The difficult we do immediately; the impossible takes a little longer."

A magnificent story which illustrates this is told in a British Air Ministry news bulletin. It happened at the end of 1942, when the air over Egypt was strategic territory. From this high point the enemy was able to photograph freely, and much vitally important military information was open to them unless their reconnaissance planes could be kept off.

There are two heroes in the story—a British Spitfire and a man from Kenya named Reynolds. Both of the heroes had handicaps against them: for winning an argument with the German planes the Spitfire didn't have quite the altitude necessary, and Reynolds didn't have quite the youth.

Reynolds was an old man in fact. Forty, which is practically senile, according to the youngsters of the R. A. F. And besides, he had never gone through the instruction training of the R. A. F. But he had had a plane of his own which he had used around East Africa to cover his "territory," for he was a salesman.

The other pilots—brash youngsters, most of them—at first were pretty superior and condescending about Reynolds. But he was a nice old man, and before they knew it they were fond of him—and then they were jealous about what he could do, for in all his flying he never so much as scratched one aircraft. First they thought he was a joke, and then they were jealous—but finally they were proud as the dickens of him.

In those days the British were having a lot of worry from the German long-range reconnaissance planes, the Junkers 86s, which had been designed to fly in the stratosphere, far above the ceiling of any existing fighter. So the upper air belonged to them, uncontested. They could fly around at a leisurely two hundred miles an hour, taking all the valuable photographs they pleased, while the men below had to squirm with their feet chained to the ground, unable to do much to change the situation.

BUT one morning Reynolds and two youngsters named Genders and Gold were standing on the tarmac of their airdrome, gazing up and cursing their helplessness. Parallel vapor trails in the sky showed just what the high-flying enemy was doing, and it certainly burned up the men on the ground.

"How far up do you think she is?" Genders said angrily.

"Forty thousand at least," old man Reynolds muttered.

They kicked up the ground impotently, not saying anything more. But a wild daring thought was skyrocketing across Reynolds' mind. The yawning front of a big hangar was open, and inside they could hear fitters working on two Spitfires.

The eyes of the pilots met, and suddenly the youngsters knew what the old man had been thinking.

"What d'you think? Shall we try it?" he said.

"Sure. But . . ."

But already Reynolds was striding over to the station commander. In a half dozen words he told him what he wanted to do. The commander shook his head, but Reynolds insisted.

"Besides, the medical chaps wouldn't let you go," the commander said after he had exhausted the other arguments.

"You leave them to me," Reynolds said, and he started out to battle down the second hindrance. They pointed out to him how dangerous such high flying could be—even if you could get a Spitfire to go up that high.

"Sorry, old chap," they said, "but nobody except a man in the utter pink—nobody but a boy—could stand it."

An ascent above thirty-five thousand feet is a brush with death for any man should the oxygen supply be intercepted. Higher than that there must ensue a fight to retain consciousness. Paralysis attacks the legs and arms. The stomach is blown up like a balloon and becomes unbearably painful. Finally there is that most dread penalty of height, "the bends." They tried to describe this to Reynolds—the excruciating pain in the joints, shoulders, elbows, knees, and ankles.

He listened until they had finished.

"Righto," he said. "So what?"

So at last he won them over, and official approval was finally stamped on his orders. Meantime the maintenance crew on the airdrome had been working on his Spitfire to give it the height which hadn't been built into it.

The first day he went up—way up—the youngsters stood around on the ground cussing and cheering—and praying. They almost burst their eyeballs trying to see what was happening upstairs. At last, up above forty thousand feet, the dot that was Reynolds began chasing the Junkers 86. The Junkers, who had had it all his own way for quite a while, just couldn't believe it was happening to him. But the Spitfire crowded him out to sea, closer and closer until he was right on the German's tail. Then he opened fire with his cannon and the starboard engine of the Junkers caught fire, and it twisted into a dive and disappeared in the haze.

Nothing could keep the youngsters on the ground after that. The fitting crew on the Spitfires got into the competition also. They worked night and day trying to get yet greater height into their metal darlings.

The high sky became a battlefield now, and when a Junkers 86 appeared, the ground beneath became electrified into angry action. The battle for height was on and the Junkers had now taken to flying up to nearly fifty thousand feet.

Reynolds, the tough old man, out-heighted by five thousand feet, came down with fire in his eye.

"Whatever you do to put the height in that motor of mine, you've got to do a little more of it," he said to the mechanics.

"She won't take any more, sir," they said, and they tried to explain the mechanics to him.

"She'll take it," he said. "You give her everything you've got on the ground and I'll give her everything I've got in the air." Grimly the mechanics went back to work.

When they had finished, Reynolds went up again over the forty-five-thousand mark, right behind one of the Junkers.

Up there the temperature in the cockpit fell to sixty-seven degrees below zero. The instruments, control column, and Perspex all became coated with ice. Reynolds, fighting faintness and nausea, was almost blind from weakness and pain. But he struggled on, until suddenly the enemy loomed up before him less than a hundred yards away. Reynolds tried to fire his guns, but his arms were paralyzed, and the Germans, grinning probably, turned out to sea.

Reynolds had been up at the excruciating height for more than an hour, but nevertheless he followed the Junkers out over the Mediterranean. His hands were so frozen that he had to steer the Spitfire by manipulating his weight. But he tagged along, and finally he freed his hands enough to go into real combat action. Almost unconscious, he kept attacking until he finally knocked down the plane. Then he turned for home.

There wasn't enough fuel for anything but gliding. He was eight or nine miles up, and as he turned home he saw something which few people have ever seen. Over his shoulder he could look down on the whole of the Aegean Sea, with Crete lying like a pebble in a pond.

On his right he could see beyond Benghazi into the Gulf of Sidra, and on his left, over the entire length of Palestine to the mountains of Lebanon. The Egyptian coast seemed to be only a handbreadth away, but it was a thousand miles distant. In one glance the length of the Suez Canal was revealed from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

He got back home three hours after the sea-rescue boats had been sent out to look for him.

"What kept you, Pop?" one of the youngsters asked.

"Official business, my little man," he said.

Then three of them flung their arms around him and chuckled.

When the Air Ministry gave Reynolds the Distinguished Flying Cross, it was the youngsters who wrote home about it. Boasting.

Two Teaspoonfuls of Courage

MEN in a submarine live a tight life in that locked narrow steel-clad universe of theirs under the sea. They have no secrets from one another; what happens to one of them happens to all. When one has a grouch, they all feel glum; when one has a pain, it racks them all.

"Gosh, you don't think it's appendicitis, do you?" they ask hoarsely. For of all the emergencies anticipated on a submarine, an attack of acute appendicitis has always been the one most feared. Somewhere down the list, among all the hypothetical wondering which has occupied their bull sessions, appendicitis used to loom as something ghastly to imagine.

"What in heck do you suppose we'd do?" they used to ask each other morbidly.

But they don't wonder any more. They know now. They would operate. It happened; so now they know all about it.

A submarine doesn't have a doctor, so the men must be picked for perfect health. One of the rosiest lads on the Silversides was Fireman George W. Platter, who is twenty-one years old and comes from Buffalo. If George had any ailment at all, it was exuberant appetite, for he certainly loved to eat.

The other boys used to rib George about it. "No wonder your name's Platter," they used to say, and out of that schoolboyish pun came a lot of their bum jokes.

One morning George had a tummy-ache. "And why shouldn't you have?" they said jovially, "after what was served up on that Platter last night?"

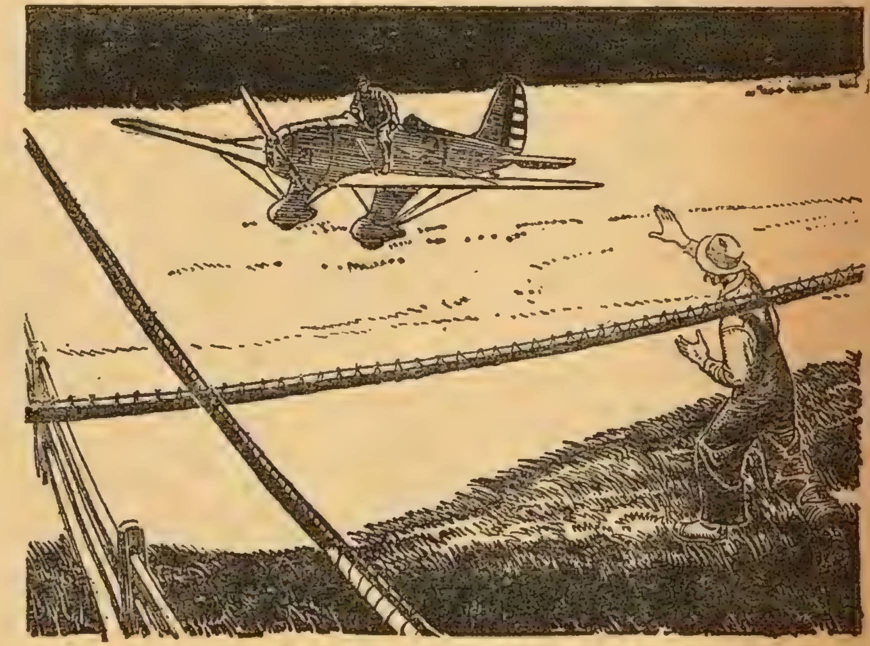
But this was a different kind of tummy-ache. This had frills on it—fever and a fluttery pulse. He reported it to the captain in charge of the sub, who had First Class Pharmacist's Mate Thomas Moore take a look at him.

Moore was only twenty-three himself; had seen a lot of tummy-aches. And he had also seen about two thousand appendectomies performed at the San Diego Naval Hospital, where he had trained. But of course he had never held a scalpel himself, and he wasn't aiming to, if he could help it.

All day long everybody on the submarine worried about Platter; everybody tried to persuade him he was feeling better, but they knew he wasn't. By night the men who were squeamish couldn't eat their own dinners, and they wished rather sickly that they were anywhere else on earth than shut up where they were, with this beastly business getting nearer and nearer to inevitable.

The only one who really wasn't worried was George himself. George was too uncomfortable to be worried; he had that strange indifferent lassitude which is one symptom of acute illness.

Moore reported to Commander Roy M. Davenport that there wasn't much choice about it; he'd have to operate.



"My God, son, do you know where we are?" Commander Davenport said. "We couldn't be nearer to the highway to Tokyo."

"Wherever we are," Moore said, "Platter's got only a few hours more before that thing bursts. We'll have to take it out."

Commander Davenport and young Moore, both pretty pale and tight around the lips, told the rest of the officers and men that they'd have to operate. "They" was undoubtedly the word, and it included every one of them.

"We'll submerge first," the captain said. Every one stood by while the "Christmas tree," the electric indicator board, glowed with red and green lights indicating the hull openings and valves.

Meantime they had put George's pajama coat on him backward, and had laid him on the wardroom mess table, which was only about three by five feet. The wardroom itself was only about as big as a hotel bathroom, but so crowded with apparatus that a man couldn't stand up straight in it.

By ten fifteen Moore was ready. He had his equipment laid out—two Navy surgery knives, eight clamps, a couple of thumb forceps, and plenty of sterile goods. At the last minute he realized that his kit contained no retractors, so he took two teaspoons and bent them like wishbones to hold back the muscles after he had made his incision.

Just before he gave George the spinal anesthetic, Commander Davenport bent over the boy.

"How d'you feel, son?"

"I feel great," George said with trembling lips.

A youngster in the crowd said huskily, "Well, change places with me then, George. I feel awful."

They all did the best they could to laugh at that, and then Captain Davenport said, "How about praying, son?"

"I am praying," George said, "best way I know how."

"That's fine, then. And we'll pray right along with you."

MOORE took a big breath, and made the incision. The tiny clatter of the instruments, the horrible thought of the cut flesh, and not a man in the room breathing. Moore's hands were as steady as iron and it seemed as if he had forgotten everything in the world but this slow unfamiliar work. He couldn't hurry; he didn't know how. He moved like a man in a slow-motion picture, tying off and clipping a little at a time, and never knowing when the boys dabbed the perspiration from his face.

It took him an hour and twenty minutes even to find the appendix. The white-faced boys standing by thought maybe the guy didn't *have* any appendix—or worse, maybe Doc didn't know one when he saw it. Moore had a big Navy flashlight, and he was probing with its beam down inside the incision, slow and careful, as if he had all the time in the world.

But at last he spoke.

"There she is," he said. "By golly, that's her, all right!" But the appendix had grown to the ascending colon, and it didn't look like a simple matter to cut it away.

Besides, George was beginning to wriggle his toes now, for the spinal anesthetic was wearing off.

"Listen. I hate to tell you," he mumbled, "but you guys are hurting me something awful."

They had rigged up an ether cone from some gauze and a tea strainer, and they let a can and a half of ether trickle through it during the next incredible hours that Moore worked. It took him nearly an hour to cut the appendix away from the colon. Before the thing was finally finished it was three thirty in the morning, and more than five hours had passed since they had laid Platter on the mess table.

"Only once in the whole five hours did Moore straighten up and seem to take a breath," Commander Davenport said afterward.

They lifted the still unconscious patient into his own bunk, and the rest of them were ready to flop into theirs, but Commander Davenport said:

"We'll have to surface, boys. We'll have to recharge the batteries."

The bright electric lights were snapped off, and the red and green lights glowed on the "Christmas tree," turning the whole interior of the sub into something bizarre and theatrical. Water rushed from the ballast tanks, and the sub broke the surface.

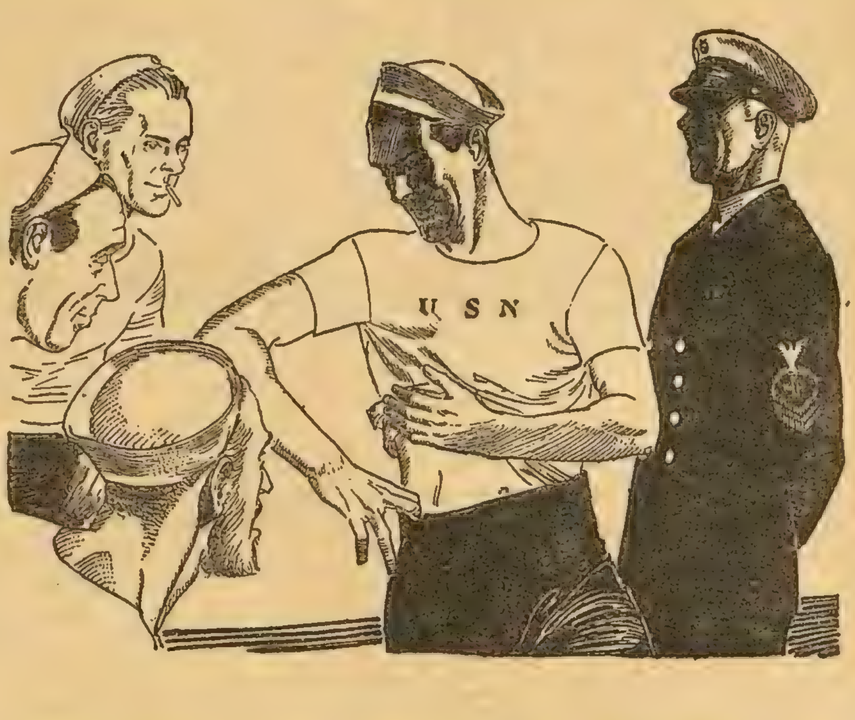
The captain raised the periscope and "walked it around." It was just before dawn, with a greenish Japanese sky stretching overhead. Suddenly he froze the periscope, for an enemy vessel was lying alongside, not very far away.

"Stand by to torpedo," he said crisply. The men, jittery and tense, leaped to attention at their stations. The Silversides tiptoed in as close as she dared, got a complete look with her periscope, and then hastily dived.

The torpedo men stood by their posts, and then the captain said:

"Stand by to fire torpedoes. Fire one. . . . Fire two. . . ." There was a slight shivering crunch as the torpedoes left their racks. Then an eternity of waiting, with no sound but the purring of the motors and the long sob of the water. Then the explosion—a sharp crack like a whip.

Now the enemy was throwing depth charges, and the sub, with its precious patient held in his bunk by tender strong hands, shook and jumped. The enemy dropped depth charges for several hours, and all the time Moore himself stood right by George's bunk; the operation had been a success, and Moore wasn't going to have the patient be a failure. Certainly not because of anything the Japs could do.



But the patient, from that minute until the sub got back to base, was a huge success. He bounced back during the next few days like a superman, and in eight days he was up and about his duties, as fresh as a daisy and frisky as an eel, and the pet of everybody.

Old Silversides herself seemed to be feeling her oats after the ghastly adventure, for she sank several enemy ships before she finally headed home.

Moore is now a full-fledged chief pharmacist's mate, and George Platter, too, received a citation and a promotion. George's proudest decoration, however, he wears rather intimately on his person, and with the slightest encouragement he'll jerk up his jacket and show it.

But under all that boyish pride is a sober gratitude to God. Commander Davenport said: "I know the divine Presence helped carry us through that operation. It was only through divine protection that we were able to complete it."

The Closest One

THE man who told me this story is a big boyish chap with a laugh that shakes the chandelier. He had a newspaper photograph taken aboard an American transport in foreign waters. The clipping showed a big crowd of American boys gathered around a little blurred object, with their mouths all loudly open.

"You can see what it is, can't you?" he said, obviously delighted with the whole thing.

"Not exactly," I had to admit.

"Why, it's an organ. It's Reedy's organ! Sure as you're a foot high—there it is right in the newspaper. . . . And you see who is playing it, don't you?"

"Well—some kind of youngster . . ." I said.

"Some kind of youngster?" he said indignantly. "Why, it's Reedy himself!"

So he began telling me about Reedy.

Reedy is in the Navy; he is part of the permanent company on a huge American transport which is a converted luxury liner. He's the ship's barber, and a mighty good one. The other boys hang around his barbershop even when they don't particularly need a haircut.

After the permanent ship's company had worked together for some weeks, a little group of them decided they'd like to hold their own church services on the ship. They tried out several corners around the converted luxury liner, but none of them seemed just right. So, rather apologetically, they began holding the services in Reedy's barbershop.

"It might not seem just the right place to some people," one of the boys said, "but when you're reading the Bible —well, in a few minutes you just kind of forget where you are. The Bible is a location in itself—a mental place, and the physical place doesn't matter much."

But Reedy has a strong sense of the fitness of things. He wanted services to be the best they could possibly be made. And he had a plan up his sleeve. He remembered that once when he was in Boston he had seen a little organ in a secondhand shop. The ship was going to be in Boston soon, and he decided—if he had money enough—to buy it.

That's how my friend happened to run into him one day, browsing around a secondhand store. There were baby carriages and love seats and china closets, but no portable organs.

"Who'd play it if we did find one?"

"Why, I would," Reedy said immediately.

"You play an organ?"

"Well, I never have," he admitted, "but I could pick it up. You can always do what you need to do." They didn't find the organ that day. But Reedy's friend got in touch with some people and told them about the need, and they supplied it. With the assistance of the Navy chaplain on the ship, the organ was presented, to be used by men of all faiths for holding their services.

COMING back from the Solomons recently, the ship brought back a number of naval and marine casualties. One of the radio officers on the ship wrote a letter to his mother which tells the following story better than I possibly can. So I have obtained permission to quote from it.

According to the letter, one of the boys who occasionally dropped in to listen to the services which Reedy conducted was a young pharmacist's mate. While he was attending the casualties he found a couple of marines who he thought might like to hear something about Reedy's faith. So he asked Reedy to go down and talk with them.

The radio officer says in his letter: "The lad was a young marine, and had been wounded in such a way that the doctors had told him he would have the use of his legs but would not be able to walk without support."

He then describes how Reedy went to see him, and sat down on his bunk and had a good long talk about God and His loving care for His children and of God's ability to heal now just as He healed in Jesus' time.

"When he had finished," the letter continues, "the lad looked at him and said, 'You know, talking to you seems like I've been talking with God.'

"Reedy said, 'Let's say that you have been, and that I'm merely a mortal loud-speaker for His voice.' "

The wounded lad said, "You know, when I get home I'm going to be able to walk."

Reedy said, "Yes, when you get home. And where is your home?"

"Why, Springfield."

"No. I mean really. Where are you really at home?"

The marine looked puzzled. So Reedy tried to explain what he meant. "Isn't God perfect, and isn't He everywhere? When your consciousness is at home in God, then you are well." The sick lad thought this over.

Then, the radio officer writes, "He promptly got up out of his bunk, took a step out into the middle of his room, and stood there entirely unaided. From there he walked right out into the passage and down to get a drink of water.

"He stood there a minute, then turned to Reedy and said, 'You know, I've never been topside.' He turned and walked up the ladder (not a vertical one) to the next deck and out to the weather deck.

"He hesitated there and leaned against the bulkhead, for the ship was rolling and the wind was pretty hard. Reedy went up and touched his arm and the lad walked right out in the wind and braced himself against the roll.

"Pretty soon he got chilly with only his sick-bay pajamas on, so he turned and walked back down to the sick bay. The doctors were down making sick calls, and they saw him come down the ladder."

The letter finishes, "The pharmacist's mate touched Reedy's hand and said, 'Thanks.'

"Reedy said, 'Don't thank me.'

"And Doc said, 'I'm not. I'm offering my thanks through you—you are the closest one.' "

Fairst Goes a Long Way

THIS chapter belongs to Mr. MacPherson. Often through the winter he mentioned Eric Barcova, the Spanish Swede. "Wait till the big lad gets here. He'll tell you the real tales," he said.

We were almost at the end of the time for finding material for this book, and we hadn't seen Eric Barcova. It looked as if we were going to miss each other, and then, suddenly he turned up in New York, bigger than Fairst had said and handsome besides.

"We'll take him out and feed him curry," Fairst said. "He's crazy about curry with almonds and coconut. We won't tell him we have malice aforethought. We'll just get the mon to talking, and we'll see."

We got him to talking, all right, without the slightest trying. He liked to talk, and he put his elbows on the table with his fists under his chin, and in five minutes you were off the coast of Africa, and in another ten you could smell Trinidad and feel the sun burning your eyelids. Fairst himself likes to talk, but he gave Eric Barcova right of way.

It was a large and lovely evening, and the tales that happened to him and to all the people he told about were taller and brawnier than even I had expected. There was a kitten in a boy's lifebelt, and eight thirsty men who gave it a teaspoon of their water every day. There was an Aussie flyer who'd been discharged after he was wounded who couldn't get back into anything else, so he signed up on a merchantman, and was seasick all the time.

There was one woman in a lifeboat for thirty-five days with so many men that seven of them had to stand; and a Negro boy who tried to kill himself "because he just couldn't get comfortable"; and a man who'd been taking a shower when the torpedo struck who had to wear a missionary's red silk dress in the lifeboat.

But we didn't mention prayer, any of us. We couldn't seem to mention it at all, until we were walking down Eighth Avenue to Eric Barcova's subway station. Then I said as casually as I could:

"I was reading something interesting the other day. I seems that now they're putting a Testament into every lifeboat."

"A fine idea," Eric Barcova said. "I heard a man sa yesterday that nowadays prayers are a part of the regulation equipment of every craft on the sea."

"I've heard some wonderful stories lately, Mr. Barcova," I said. "It seems that all kinds of people have been turning to God these days."

Fairst said friskily, "We don't need to break up. It's still early. Let's stop in some place and have some coffee. . . ."

"I wondered if you might have had any experience yourself," I said.

Eric Barcova stopped on the street and he let out one roar of mirth.

"Me?" he said. "Me praying?"

And then he took my arm in a gentle and pitying way, and he said, "Why, lady, I'm an atheist. From way back."

"Didn't you ever pray at all?" Fairst said, and I thought he sounded gleeful.

"Nope," Eric Barcova said jovially. "I'm a man who never needed any help from anybody."

"Not even in a lifeboat—when there wasn't anything else you could do?" Fairst prodded him.

"Listen. When I'm in charge of a lifeboat, I don't war anybody there who isn't going to do his own work. G is always expecting other people to do His work for Hi

We walked along in silence, and my mind was a tur of unacceptable answers. I never felt more bleak and forsaken. I glanced up at Fairst, hardly able to bear the delighted gleam which I knew would be in his eye. There was a gleam—but not of triumph or delight. It was a gleam of anger.

"So you don't think God should expect other people to do His work for Him," he said in a dangerous voice. "When you're in charge of a lifeboat, I suppose *you* do all *your* own work—the rowing and the bailing and the standing watch—I suppose that's what *you* do."

"Of course not," Eric Barcova said gruffly. "I give the orders. I'm the brains—I'm responsible."

"Precisely," Fairst said.

He said nothing more. He went stamping along, a wiry little exclamation point of indignation beside his tall friend.

"Precisely," he said again, even more fiercely.

We were all thinking back over the unexpected turn, and seeing what it meant.

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" Eric Barcova said, blushing because he really saw the point.

"You're the brains," Fairst said, "and who do you suppose gave you the intelligence to operate those brains?"

Eric Barcova looked like a schoolboy. "Well, I *said* I was a son of a gun," he said truculently.

We had reached his subway station now, and he mumbled this and that, and I murmured something also, and he went down the stairs. Fairst himself looked five years younger and tickled to pieces with himself.

It was no puny man he had outtalked, but the biggest one he knew.

He took my arm in a virile kind of way and walked me along briskly. I thought he'd be chuckling, but he wasn't. His face in the half-hushed dimout of Eighth Avenue was serious.

"Did you hear what I said to him?" he said wonderingly.

I nodded.

"And did you hear what I called the Deity? I called *Him* God, the way people do who know Him." He took out his neat handkerchief and started to polish his glasses, and then remembered that he didn't have them on. "Maybe I do know Him," he said. "It just kind of came over me when that big dumb atheist was boasting about himself. . . ."

He looked around him at the people on the street; he looked down at me, and up at that fragment of sky above the buildings.

"There must be Something," he said, "or there wouldn't be us."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

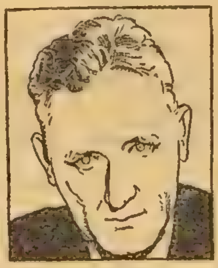
THE **Lord Is a Man of War** adds to this year's group of good first-novelists a rather creditable talent. This belongs to **Stanley Donath,** whose short stories having appeared in the public prints (including Liberty) gave evidence of his ability and foreshadowed his present success.

Mr. Donath still has a way to go. His writing is alive, fast-paced, vivid, but it is also unevenly reminiscent of various "tough school" authors ranging from James Cain through Dashiell Hammett to Ernest Hemingway. This sets up a sizable handicap for a man trying to get his own story—and style—across.

Fortunately, Mr. Donath outruns that handicap due to the sheer zest with which he tells a corking story and the characters with which he embellishes it. To begin with, there is Jan Dvorin, a young Czech who is working at the New York World's Fair when the story opens. Jan's father was a cobbler in Moravia, but a man of importance in his village, the spokesman—a respected, hard-working man who had saved to send Jan to school in Vienna, where it was hoped he would be ordained and enter the priesthood.

Stanley Donath

But the Nazis were too much for Jan, who learned early how they operate. Jan came to America, worked at the Fair to earn enough to bring his father across, and there met Kathrin, whom he was ready to marry when a smuggled letter from Europe brought word that his father had already faced an S. S. firing squad.



John Gunther

Here begins as wild and adventuresome an odyssey as any man ever undertook. Jan sets off with a refugee doctor to track down and kill the S. S. officer who ordered his father shot. The doctor drops off in South America, where he meets and makes an honest woman of an attractive demi-mondaine with whom he returns to the States.

Jan continues the man hunt alone, reaches Europe, involves himself with the Communist underground, with Lisa, brave, beautiful, foredoomed to death in the midst of their love affair.

On his quest Jan learns something of the true nature of hate and a great deal about how to fight his enemies. At the end of his strange journey he returns, ready for genuine battle against them and ready for life and genuine love.

There is color, action, adventure, and a great deal of good writing here. If Jan had been a little less tough with his friends (and a lot tougher with his enemies) he would be a more likable character. But that is a minor flaw in a quite fine performance. Few books this year have done as good a job of combining romance with action and adventure.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Price, $2.50.

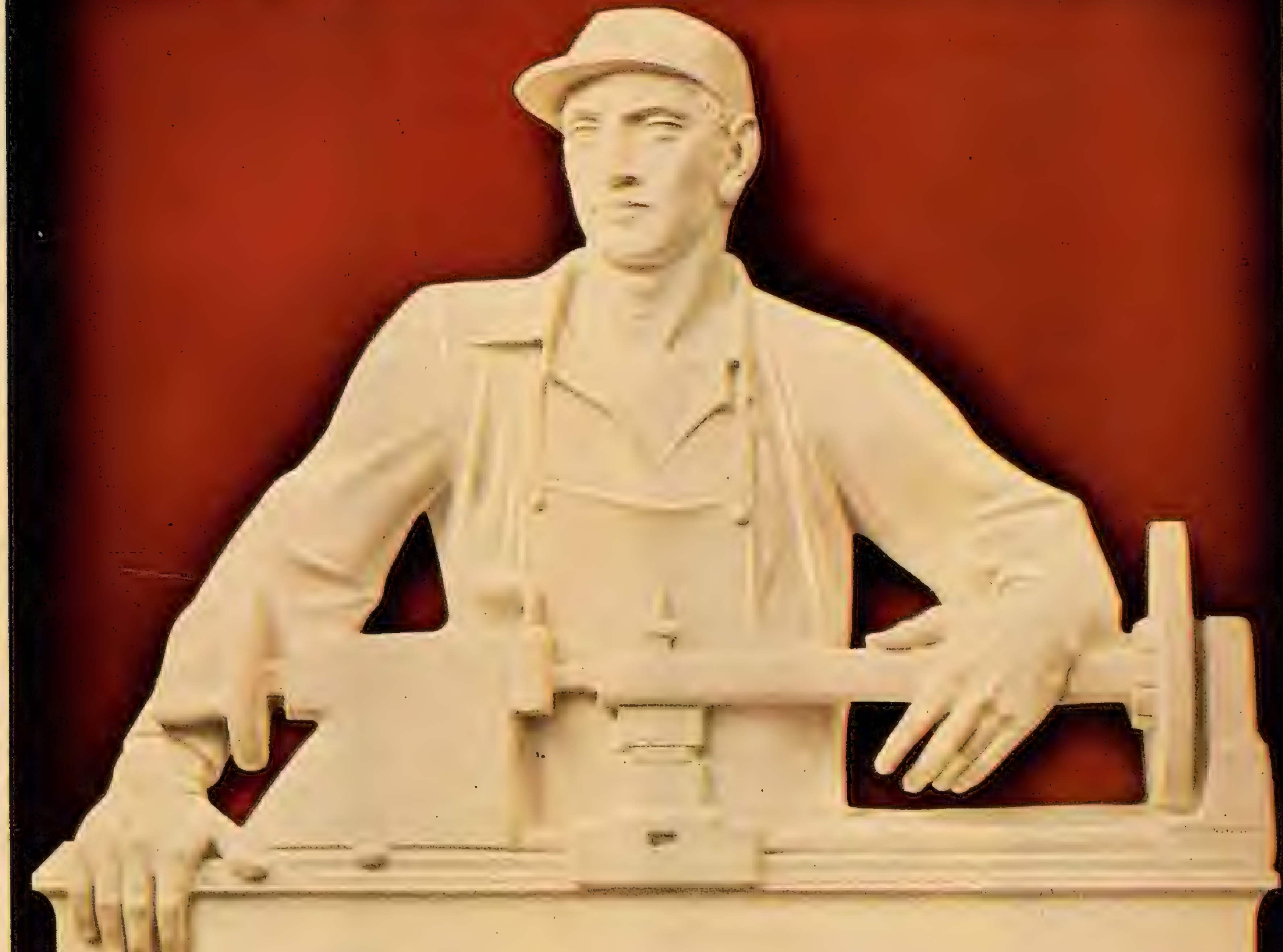
D DAY is a new kind of book for **John Gunther,** who up to now has been content with nothing less than inside reports on continents. This is a personal report of his adventures as a war correspondent.

He flew from the United States to Africa, then to Malta, where he was attached to headquarters staff for the Sicilian invasion. After the invasion was well emplaced, he went to Sicily with General Eisenhower, back to Malta, to Egypt, Turkey, and across Africa to South America and home.

He gives a good report of what he saw, but the best of his book is his profiles of the generals—Eisenhower, Montgomery, Alexander—and an "inside" chapter on Turkey today. Good Gunther, and there's nothing better.

Published by Harper & Bros., New York. Price, $3.

SALUTE TO A CLEAR-HEADED AMERICAN



The Worker Who Stays On The Job

He knows that minutes count.
Each one is precious to himself —
But precious more
To those who fight, and bleed, and die.

Minutes in which another turning
of the wheel...
Another weapon fashioned...
Another shell made ready for its task...
Can tip the balance of some far-off battle
Not yet fought...
And make the Victory certain —
Where it is only hoped for now.

He stays. Day upon day, he stays
and meets the test...
With purpose clear... and with sense
of honored duty well performed.
He is a Clear-Headed American.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Published in the interest of the home front war effort...by the makers of Calvert

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

PROFESSOR PYRO—Continued from Page 17

out there will make them both look like brush fires."

"Fireworks?" J. G. asked.

"I got to admit I don't have lava."

J. G. grinned. "Maybe I'll be out to the ball park tonight."

Eb produced a bundle of tickets and peeled off two. J. G. took them, and was about to tuck them in his wallet. "Complimentary, I assume?"

"Was that loan complimentary?" Eb said. "They're four bits each."

The banker laughed and slapped his plump thigh. "Knew I couldn't get away with it. Well, here's your dollar."

HE hopped into the surrey and took the reins from his daughter. As the bays trotted away the girl glanced back and her lips lifted in a faint smile. Eb snatched off his black hat, but she had already turned her head away. He stood bareheaded, watching the surrey roll away, then sighed and returned to the barbershop.

"Shave, Curly," he said, and eased himself into the barber chair. As the barber was soaping his face, Joe Carter approached the chair. "That was a right good pot, professor. When do I get a chance to get it back?"

"Sorry," Eb said. "I got to get ready for my show tonight. If you're going down to your stable you might tell the boy to hitch up my mare."

Joe Carter hesitated, started to speak, then walked out of the barbershop. Eb waited until the razor had left his chin. "Curly, where's the lumberyard?"

"Foot of Main Street. Out past Carter's stable."

"Just a cold towel and I got to go," Eb said. "I'll be back about suppertime to pick up the receipts, Curly."

Eb's sorrel mare was hitched and waiting. He drove to the lumberyard, ordered planks and three lengths of two-by-two, and followed the winding dirt road to the ball park.

A few boards were loose in the six-foot fence enclosing the field, and after Eb tethered the mare he walked the fence, hammering loose boards. By the time he had finished, the lumber wagon came and he had the planks thrown down far from the grandstand.

Eb built a platform three feet high, three feet wide, and twelve feet long. He sawed a length of two-by-two off at twelve feet and built a triangular framework with a twelve-foot base. He worked quickly, with a practiced hand, but it was hot in the June sun, and occasionally he stopped to rest. Once, as he stood mopping his face, movement caught his eye and he glanced up at the hill that overlooked the ball park. A horse and rider moved away from a yellow house on the hill.

The rider was Mistletoe Watson. He recognized the erect bearing of her shoulders, the lift of her head. Eb bent over, stretching canvas on the triangular framework, and did not look up again. But he was well aware when she entered the ball park. By then the canvas was stretched, and he had the triangle upright. She smiled and called out, "What in the world is that?"

"Mount Etna," Eb said.

"It doesn't look very big," she said. Her low-pitched voice held a vibrant resonance that seemed deliberate to Eb. Deliberate to tantalize a man.

"Well, now," he said, "it depends on how you look at it. Out here in broad daylight, no, it don't. But the demonstration is at night, and it's perspective that does it."

"Uh-huh." She sat looking at him. He had a reckless outthrust of jaw, she thought, and the slight cleft in his chin was deceptive. The cleft made the jaw suggest strength when recklessness was what it was, she decided. "That your sorrel mare over yonder?" she said.

"Sure is."

"Nice mare."

Eb began hammering the triangle into place. He said over his shoulder, "You're a judge of horseflesh, are you?"

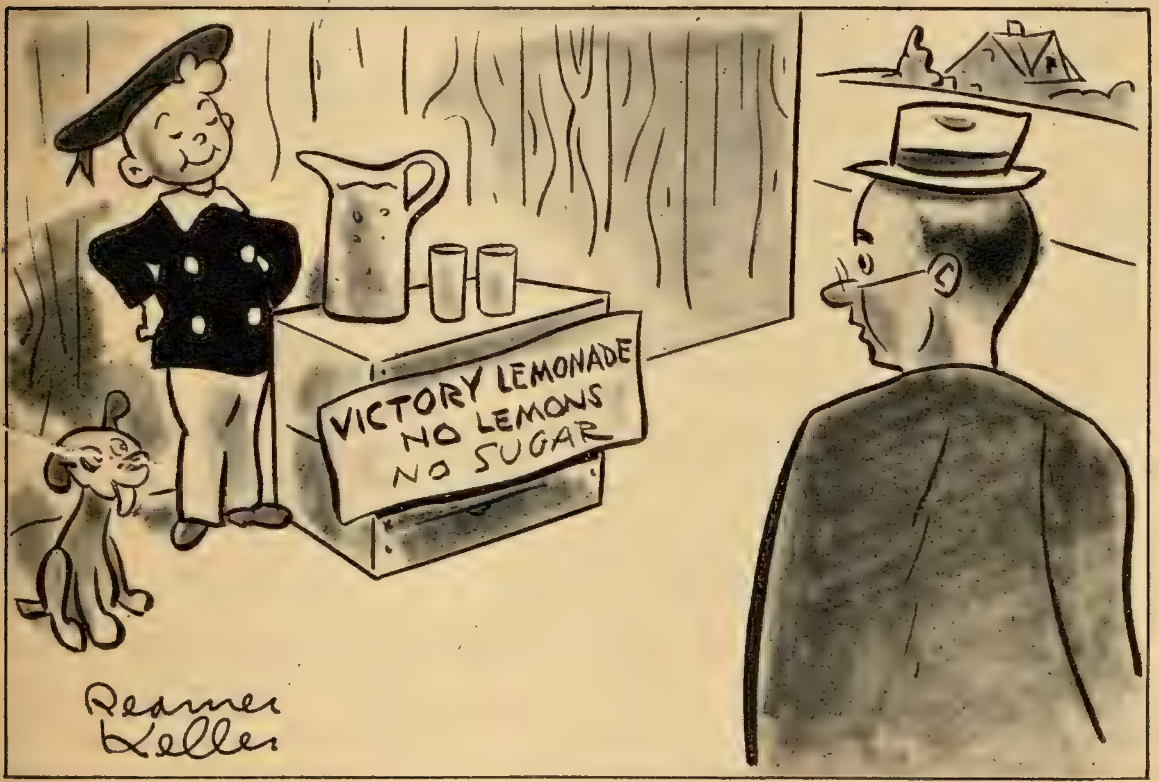
"I was brought up with horses." Her voice was low and sure. "We have a hunting lodge a couple of miles out of town and some good stock." She leaned forward, resting her chin on her palm. "Tell me, professor . . ."

"The name is Eb Peters, Miss Watson."

She smiled. "Tell me, Mr. Peters, how did you happen to work this thing up—this pyrotechnic thing?"

"It's just a side line," he said, and added, "I'm an oil man, Miss Watson."

HARDTACK



"You're lots of things. A gambler, too."

"Oil and gambling have always gone together, since Colonel Drake drilled the first oil well back in 1859."

She put her head on one side, watching him; then he saw her teasing smile again. "Be careful how you swing that hammer. You're liable to get a callus."

"I ain't been working at it lately," he said. "Not since the Glen Pool began to play out. But I've had plenty of calluses. I've dressed tools since Spindletop blew in, and I can drill a hole."

She looked intently at a heavy chest in the back of his buggy. "What's in it? Fireworks?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't look like very much."

"Well, you come down to the park tonight and you'll see something."

"I can see it from the house," she said. "But maybe I will." She waved her rawhide quirt and turned the pony toward the gate.

An irritating woman, Eb thought. Damn pretty, but one of those cocksure, aggravating women. She likes to rub your fur back to front to see you stiffen up.

Eb took out his annoyance on the nailheads, and the hammer blows echoed in the ball park.

"RIGHT this way to see Mount Etna," Eb shouted. "The greatest pyrotechnical display of the age! The world's greatest volcano in eruption!"

He stood at the small ticket window watching men and women move slowly toward the gate, where he had hired a boy to take tickets.

In his pocket were the day's receipts. Forty dollars from the barbershop, twelve from the livery stable, two and a half from the depot, and six from the hardware store. With thirty dollars he had taken in at the gate the total was ninety dollars and fifty cents. All together, with his poker winnings, he had more than four hundred dollars, but it was nowhere near a stake.

J. G. Watson called to him. He had walked down. Eb asked, "Miss Watson decide not to come?"

"She's watching from the house, sitting up there in the bay window. Said she expected she'd see more than I did," J. G. Watson said, and chuckled. "When does it begin, professor?"

"In about five minutes."

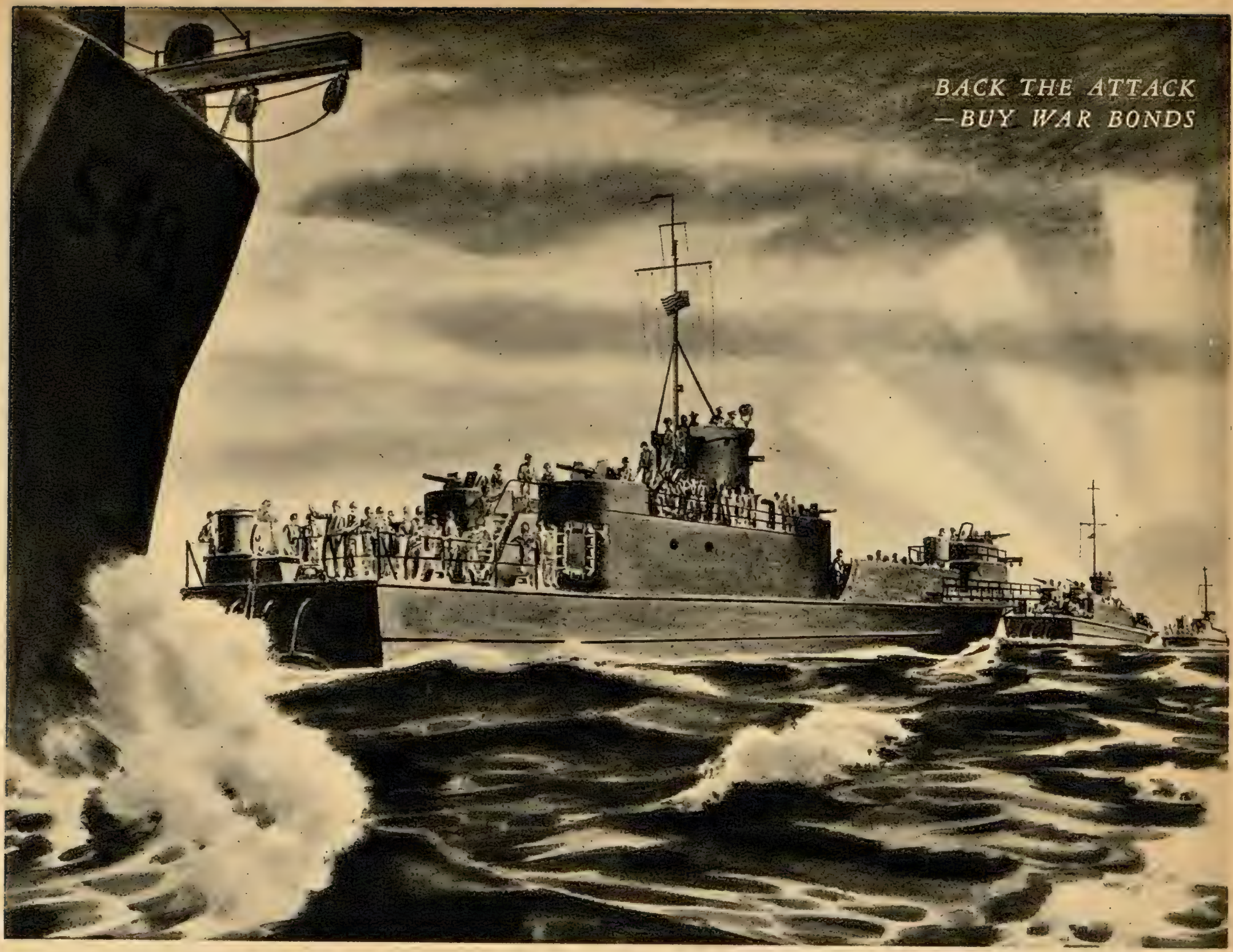
The banker walked on toward the grandstand, and Eb turned and looked uneasily up the hill. The lamp in the window was a bright steady light, like a watching eye.

A brighter light shone on the road, and he heard a high popping noise. A small black automobile, no longer than a buggy and with a buggy top, turned into the open space before the ball park, coughed once, and stalled. Eb recognized the driver. He was Albert Neville, the cashier, in cap and goggles. The car was a Brush runabout—$505, including rumble and toolbox—and a 1908 model with the old chain drive. Albert turned off the lamps, then came on to the ticket window. He took a fifty-cent piece from a small change purse.

"I never expected to see you drive up in a gas buggy," Eb said, taking the money and flipping out a ticket. "You don't look like that kind of a sport."

"One of these days autos will be a necessity," Albert said stiffly. "I hold some stock, so naturally I drive a car. I've had her up past thirty miles an hour."

(Continued on page 51)



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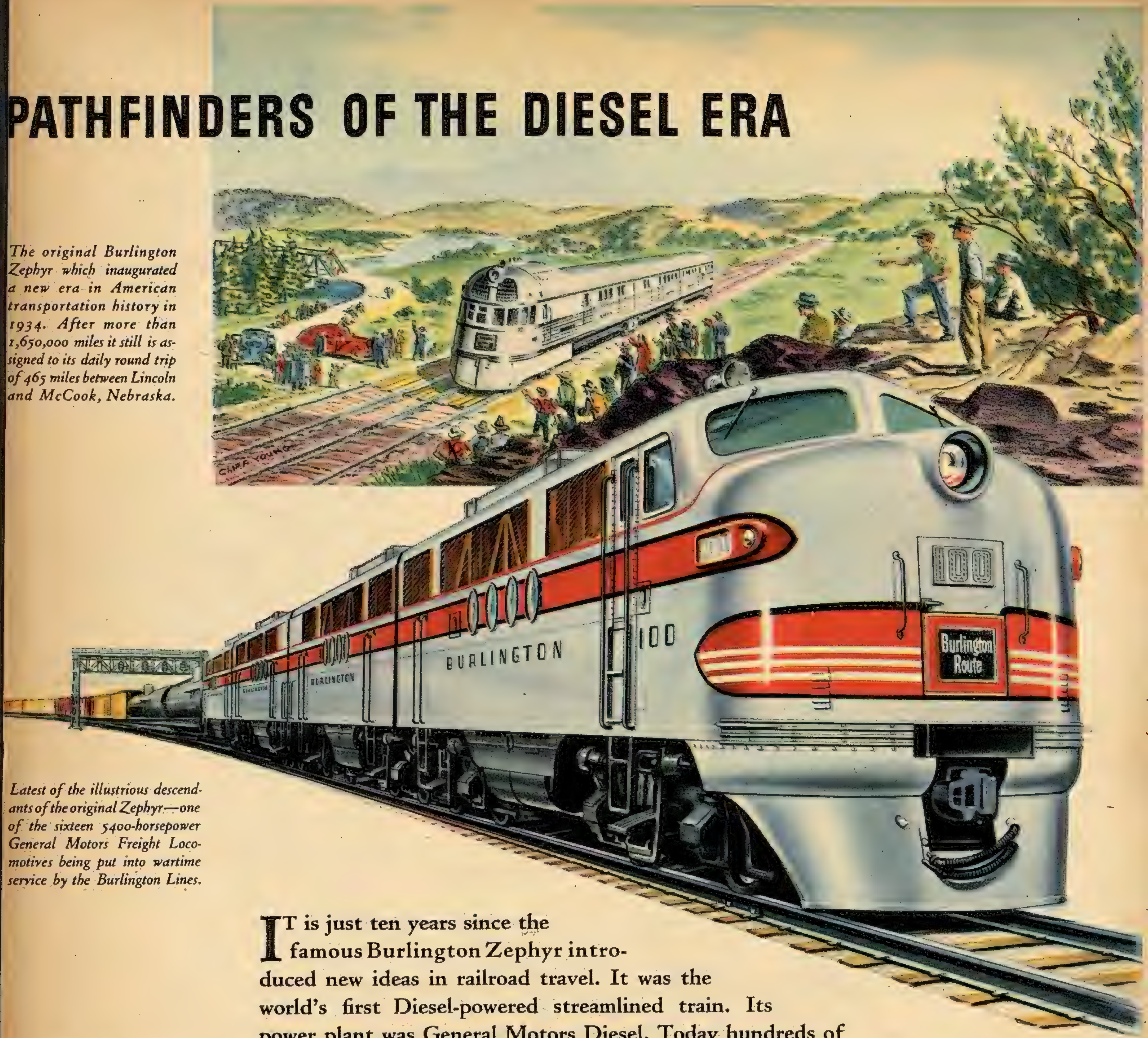

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(*Continued from page 48*)

Albert pushed on through the gate. Eb heard an impatient clapping from the grandstand and glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes past eight. He rolled up the money and tucked it away, bundled up the tickets, and closed the gate. Then he squared his shoulders and walked out to the platform, where a lantern lighted the triangle of canvas.

He stood facing the grandstand, where nearly two hundred people sat behind a curtain of darkness. Cigars and pipes glowed like fireflies.

"Ladees and gentlemen," Eb shouted, and waited a moment for silence. He was an old hand at it now and the speech was routine, but tonight he was nervous.

"Ladees and gentlemen! You are about to witness a spectacle that has struck terror into the hearts of men and women since the year 79 A. D., when Pompeii was swallowed up in an ocean of molten rock.

"You are about to witness the most awesome sight in nature, a volcano in eruption. You'll hear the roaring and the rumbling of it. You'll see steam and gas shoot up and the sky turn red. You'll see the column of smoke and flame rise high into the air, shooting cinders worse than the Katy Railroad, making more noise than ten locomotives in the same tunnel—yes, making just about as big a noise as Mr. Albert Neville's gasbuggy."

The crowd liked it, and whooped and shouted. Eb held up his hand. His voice deepened ominously.

"LADEES and gentlemen, imagine yourselves on the shores of sunny Italy. The ground shook this morning like jelly. It was a little earthquake. All of a sudden the springs dried up and there wasn't no more water. We're afraid of what is coming and we keep looking at the volcano. We know something is about to happen. There's a smell of gas in the air. There ain't any breeze. Then you see a puff of steam, and then . . ."

Eb leaned over and blew out the lantern.

In the sudden darkness there was hardly any sound. Eb stepped behind the triangle of canvas and lit a match. He waited until the sulphur flare had subsided and the wood was alight, then he applied the flame to a piece of punk.

As soon as the punk was smoldering he lit the fuse of a pinwheel at one end of the triangle, then hurried to the other end to light the fuse of a second pinwheel.

He knelt and fired the fuse of two Roman candles standing on the platform at the base of the triangle.

He threw the punk away from him into the grass, glanced back at the stands, grinned, and started running toward the far fence.

When he was a few yards from it the pinwheels flared and began to whirl and he had reached the fence and thrown one leg over the top when the Roman candles started to pop. He paused on top of the fence, hidden in the darkness, and watched the frugal fire of the Roman candles, then laughed and dropped to the other side of the fence, where his sorrel mare was hitched and waiting.

He saw a dark shape in the seat of the buggy, saw a silhouette against the starry sky. He went forward slowly.

"Who's that?" he called.

No answer. He walked cautiously forward. A woman was sitting in his buggy and he saw who she was. She was Mistletoe Watson.

"Only fifty-nine cents in the basement—and they have elastic!"

"What are you doing here?" Eb said stiffly.

Her teeth gleamed in the starlight. She said, "Just what I thought. Just what I expected."

"What are you talking about?"

"I watched you all afternoon. I saw the skimpy little thing you were building and I saw you bring your horse out here and hide her. Oh, I knew what was going to happen."

"All right," Eb said shortly. "Hop out."

She laughed. "Oh, no. I'll just sit here until they come. You're not going to get away with it, professor."

Eb's teeth grated. He put his foot on the step and moved into the buggy beside her.

"I've got no time to waste," Eb said. "Lady, you'd better get out. Either that or you're riding."

"Oh, you wouldn't try to kidnap me," she said confidently.

Eb moved his face nearer hers. "Pretty sure of that, are you?"

She seemed unconcerned; she did not draw back. The howls from the ball park were angry, and Eb glanced over his shoulder. He heard shouts near the fence. "He ain't here," a man called, and "He went on over."

"How much did you lay out for your fireworks?" Missy asked. "Six bits?"

"Lady, are you getting out?"

"No."

Eb snatched the whip from its socket and flicked its fringes on the sorrel's back. Off to the left, at the entrance to the ball park, Eb heard the sudden gasp and roar of a motor started with the throttle far advanced.

"That's Albert's auto," Missy said in a low tone.

Eb grunted, watching the road.

"It will do thirty miles an hour," she added with quiet satisfaction, but she was frightened. She had never intended to remain in the buggy with this man.

"I'll just find me a sandy road," Eb said. "Now look here, Miss Watson, soon as I get a chance I'm going to pull up and drop you off."

"You think I'm going to miss the fun? I made up my mind to come along, just to see what you'd do."

Above the quick clear drumming of the mare's hoofs they heard the sound of the runabout, gaining fast on the smooth road. Headlamps brightened the inset of isinglass in the rear of the buggy top. Missy looked back into the lights, frowned, and glanced shyly at Eb.

"About fifty feet ahead," she said. "A road. Turn right."

Eb saw the side road and pulled on the rein. The sorrel took the corner sharply. Missy clung to the edge of the seat and laughed. "That will stop Albert," she said gaily.

Eb gave her a quick glance.

"Say, I thought you wanted me caught," he said.

She looked back over her shoulder. "That's the last of Albert. He's in the ditch back there. But oh-oh!" She whistled softly. "Some men are coming horseback, and I believe I see a couple of buggies. You'd better turn to the left at the next road. Pretty soon now."

Eb peered forward, watching for the turn, and swung the sorrel onto a clay road, beside a limestone fence.

"I don't make you out," Eb said.

She glanced at him fleetingly, said in a casual tone, "Your little mare can travel."

"Never been passed on the road," Eb said with pride.

"I expect she's had plenty of practice."

EB said nothing. She looked at his resentful profile and smiled. He was younger than she had thought, she decided, probably no more than twenty-five, and she felt that his bravado would scratch off like fresh paint on glass.

"Aren't you the least bit ashamed of yourself?"

"Why should I be?" His eyes were round and black in his shadowy face as he looked at her. "They're getting their money's worth of fun out of it, ain't they?"

"They will if they catch up! About a hundred yards or so and you'll come to a lane on the right," she said. "Stop and open the gate."

"What's there?"

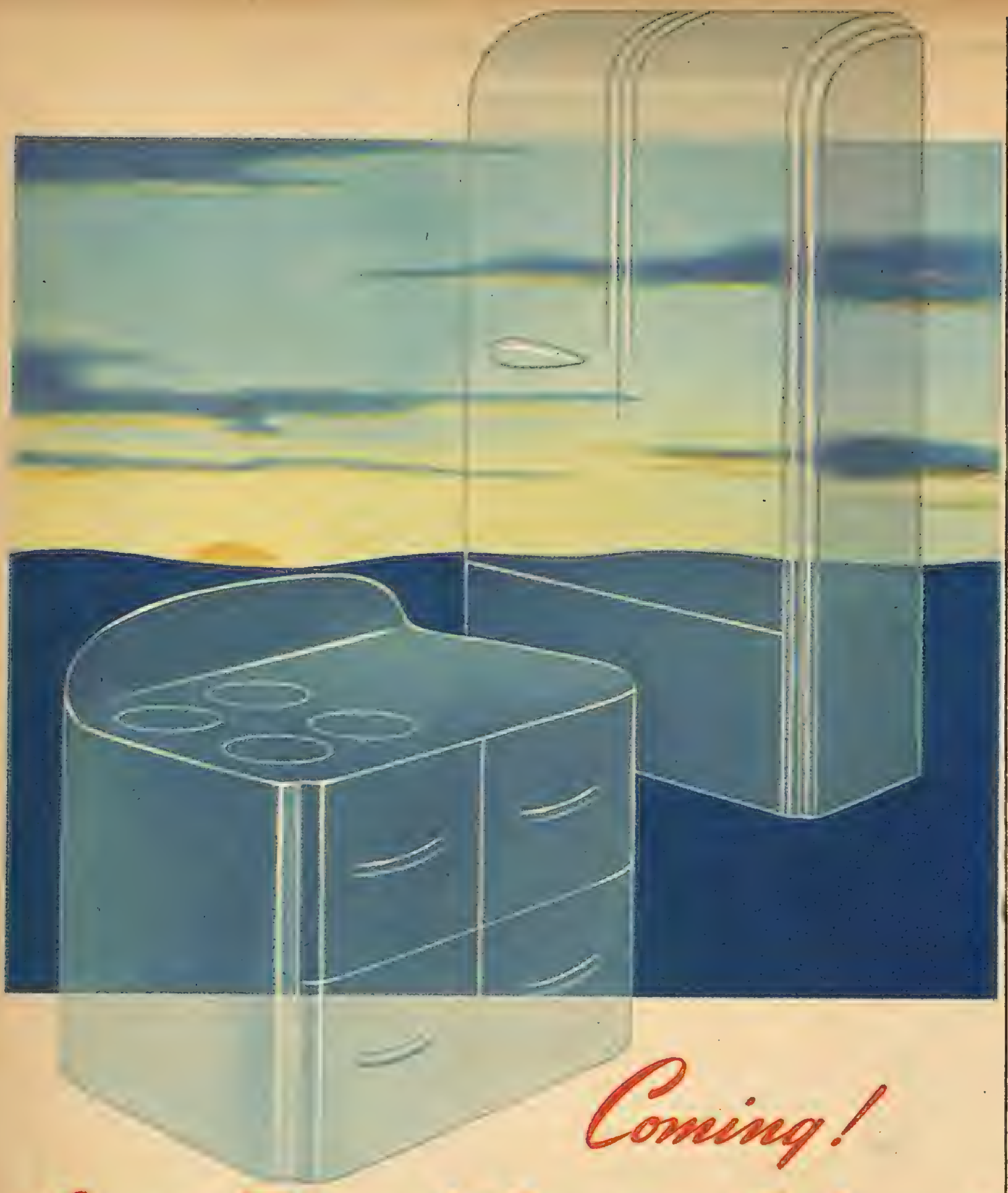
"Never mind."

"Listen, lady. I'll sure stop, but just long enough for you to get out." He pulled steadily on the reins and the sorrel slowed to a trot.

Missy nodded. "Right here. By the white-oak tree."

Eb stopped the sorrel two yards from the looming shape of the tree and saw a gate in the barbed-wire fence and the opening of a lane among the trees. He said, "Here's where I leave you off."

"No. Get out and open the gate."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He shook his head. "I got no time to sit and argue. You get out and stand by the road and they'll pick you up and take you home. I got to be on my way."

"Where are you going?"

"West. Just west."

"Not on this road. This is an R. F. D. route," Missy said triumphantly. "It circles around and goes right back to town. Better jump down and open the gate, professor."

Eb dropped the reins and got out of the buggy. She drove the mare through the gate, and waited until he returned to the buggy. He said angrily, "A smart little trick you are. So you figured it out to get me on this road?"

"It just happened," Missy said. "Drive right on. Follow the lane."

Eb clucked to the mare. The buggy rolled in deep shadow among misshapen blackjacks and reached a clearing where there was a long log house with a wide porch.

A LIGHT went on in the house. A voice called, "Who deh?"

"It's all right, Nicey," Missy said. "It's I."

"What you doin' out heah dis time o' night, Missy?"

"You go back to bed, Nicey," Missy said. "Leave the light on."

"So?" Eb said softly. "Your dad's hunting lodge you spoke about? What did you bring me here for?"

Missy smiled and shrugged.

"Well, you *have* had a time for yourself," Eb said. His cheeks burned angrily. "But I guess you've got no sense at all. What do you know about me? I might cut your throat."

"Oh, no," Missy said confidently. She took her hand from the bag she carried and Eb saw the pearl handle of a .32-caliber revolver.

Eb whistled softly. "And I believe you would shoot it," he said.

"You can depend on it, professor."

"You're that kind of woman," Eb said. "Belle Starr had nothing on you. Listen here!" He leaned nearer her. "Let's team up, you and me. Let's rob us a bank and head down for Texas."

She looked at him hesitantly, and Eb leaned over and quickly took the revolver from her hand. She gasped as he examined the chamber.

"Whew!" he said. "It *is* loaded."

"Of course it is."

He was angry. "Now, listen here. You might have lost your head and shot me. Lady, I wish you'd learn how to mind your own business."

"I've handled guns since I was a baby," Missy said.

Eb blew out his breath and dropped the revolver on the seat between them. He took out a cigarette, and as he was lighting it Missy said, "Give me one."

Eb was shocked. "What?"

"I said I'd like a cigarette."

Ed grinned. "You wouldn't know what to do with it."

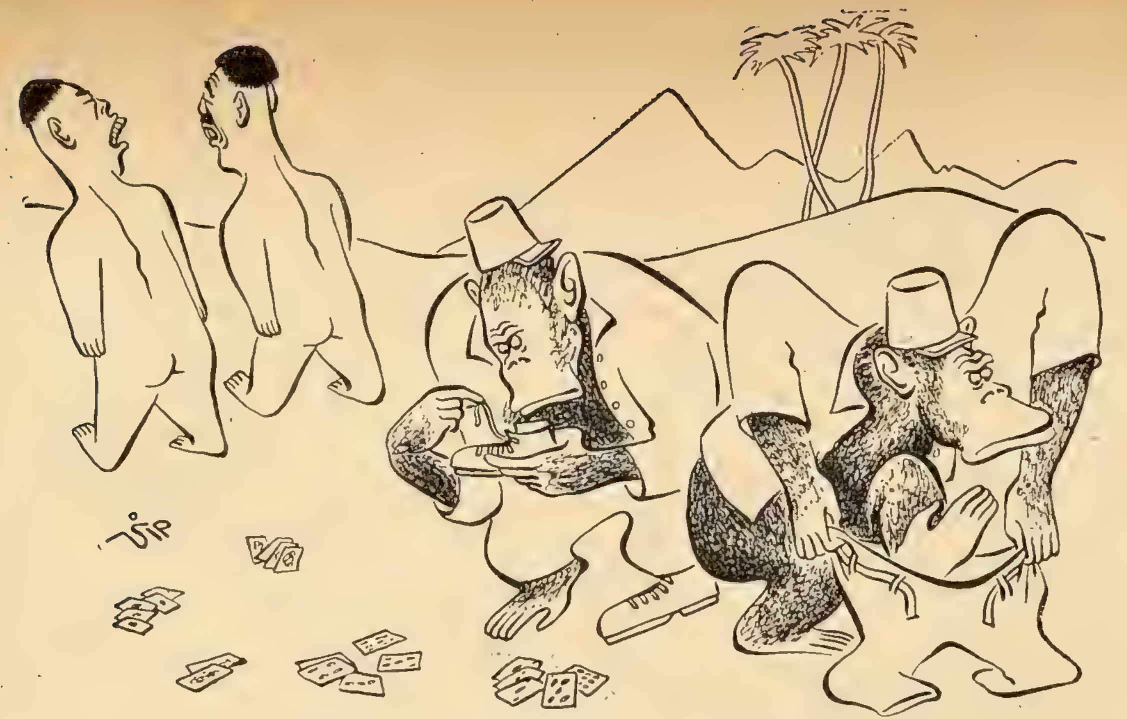
"That masculine superiority again," Missy said. "I don't know why I helped you out. What I meant to do was turn your mare loose and wait for you and just say 'Hands up!' and keep you there until they came."

"Why didn't you?"

"I don't know. I wish I had." She faced him squarely. "Why shouldn't I smoke?"

Eb gave her a cigarette, and in the flare of the sulphur he saw her holding the cigarette to her lips. He applied the flame, and she sucked in, her lips outthrust.

"Tell me this," Eb said. "Just why did you mix in with me?"



"Always you want to play strip poker."

"I could see what you were planning."

"I wasn't planning anything. I had a bang-up demonstration ready, but some fireworks I was counting on didn't come through. I was waiting for a shipment out of Tulsa."

"Expect me to believe that?"

"That's the truth of it."

In the log house a telephone rang—three long rings and a short. Missy looked at Eb and said, "Oh-oh!"

They heard the Negro woman's low voice, then she came to a window and called, "Missy, it's yo' pappy. He wants to know if you's out heah."

"Yes. I'm here," Missy said.

"I tol' him dat. He wants to know is you awright."

"Surely I'm all right. Tell him I'm going to spend the night out here."

"Yes'm." Nicey withdrew her head.

Eb drew a deep breath. "Well, thanks for that."

"Oh, I won't give you away. I've carried it this far." She smiled at Eb. "You can sleep in the smokehouse. I'll tell Nicey to bring you a blanket. Good night."

"Wait a minute," Eb said. "You're a funny girl. What's it all about? I mean, how come you strung along? I just don't understand it, that's all."

Missy laughed. "Neither do I. But I did it and it's done. I suppose you'll get started about daybreak?"

"I expect so."

She hesitated a moment, then said slowly, "You know, I *did* help you, and I was very foolish, without a chaperon and all that, except of course my pistol. But still, I did it, and you ought to do something for me."

"Sure I will. Name it."

"Vote for universal suffrage in Oklahoma next November."

"Lord!" Eb said. "A suffragette!"

"What's wrong with that?"

"I might have known it," Eb said. "No wonder."

Missy said, "You needn't be insulting, particularly after the mess I got you out of. Why shouldn't we vote? We have the vote in five states and aren't we doing fine there? Listen to me. I'm as smart as you are, and undoubtedly better educated. And I'll bet I can ride as well and shoot as straight as you can. And I could most certainly put on a better pyrotechnical show!"

Eb grinned. "You don't know how to smoke a cigarette, though. You don't even inhale."

Missy threw the cigarette into the grass. "I don't smoke them because I *like* them," she said. "But I have a perfect right to if I want."

She jumped down from the buggy, threw him an angry glance over her shoulder, and said, "Nicey will bring you a blanket," and walked away.

Eb called after her, "Better step on that cigarette butt. You got to take your responsibilities along with your rights."

In spite of his abrupt departure from Othello, Eb returns the next day. The citizens are still boiling mad at him, but next week's installment tells how he got around them and how he disappointed Missy.

SIX AIRMEN LOOK AT THEIR FUTURE

Continued from Page 20

"So," I said, "you think something should be done for the air force—apart from the regular re-employment legislation?"

"That's right," said Enderton. "It's not because we think we're better than any one else, but we do think the air force is going to be one hell of a peculiar problem."

"Any ideas?" I asked.

"Sure," said McNulty. "We have plenty of ideas. First of all, they have to realize that most of us are specialists—flying is our business. We'd all like to be connected in some way with aviation. It's going to be a big business, and there should be jobs for quite a few of us, if we can get in on the ground floor.

"That's going to be the trick—getting in on the ground floor. So right now—the sooner the better—I'd like some one to take my name, serial number, and flying record, and register them with some kind of an employment office back in the States. The record would speak for itself. They'd know exactly what I was trained for and how good I was. Then they would get in touch with some aviation company which is planning postwar expansion. If I looked all right to the company, it could book me in such-and-such a job at so much a month. When I got home I could start in on the job. If I didn't make good, that would be my own tough luck.

"But in the meantime I'd have the satisfaction of knowing that some one back in the States was in there pitching for me. And, let me tell you, that

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would take one hell of a load off my mind. All I'd have to worry about then would be the flak, and, as Felt says, there's no percentage in worrying about flak."

I asked if they all wanted to keep flying when the war was over. Like McNulty, Enderton and Felt definitely wanted to keep on with aviation in some way. Chambers and Wright were not positive.

"I worked with the Union Pacific Railroad before the war," said Wright. "I believe I have a better education now, and I'd certainly want a better job. I'd like to think it over for a while."

Tyson said he had decided he'd like to "finish up at the University of Georgia and then go into business and politics." I half expected a sophomoric chortle from the others at the word "politics." There wasn't one.

"You see," Tyson went on slowly, "politics has always been a very low thing in our part of the world. The people—people like the share-croppers—have always had a pretty rotten deal. And mostly the politicians have been to blame.

"Well, I'd like to change that, and the only way I figure you can change it is to change politics. I'd like to do my share of it. I figure on starting out in some small way—maybe in my home town, Albany, Georgia. Once I get in, I'm going to fight like the very devil for those people. I'd like to wipe out illiteracy first and then go on from there. I'd like to see that they had good houses to live in, good food to eat, a chance to work and keep on working."

Lieutenant Robert Chambers of Faunsdale, Alabama, stirred. "I wouldn't mind taking a crack at politics myself," he said. "We've had about the same thing in Alabama, but, to tell the truth, we've always looked at politics as the last resort of guys who couldn't make a living any other way. I've changed my mind."

"That's true of a lot of us," said Felt. "I think you're going to find a good many of the Air Forces personnel going into politics when they get back. At least, they'll be politics-conscious."

"How about the rest of the world?" I asked. "How are you going to feel about that when you get back?"

Tyson grinned. He knew what I was getting at.

"It's not going to be like the last war," he said. "Not as far as we're concerned, anyway. This business over here has changed the minds of a good many of the boys. We're not going to go home and hole-in between the sheets for the rest of our lives. We want to get home—sure! We'd go home tomorrow if we had the chance. But I think we've all learned something out of this trip. For one thing, we've learned the world is one hell of a small place and we've got to work together with the others or there'll be another war before our kids are old enough to vote. So we're going to stay in world politics and make damned sure the peace really means something."

TYSON'S lean, handsome face was serious now.

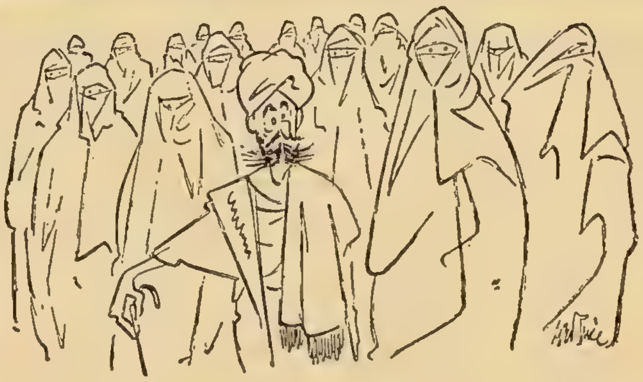
"You see," he went on, "I really believe the same thing we hope to do in Georgia and Oklahoma can be done for the little people in all the other countries of the world. That's the only way we'll ever have peace. It's pretty darned idealistic, I know, but I think it can be worked out."

"Sure it can," said Felt. "We can get along with the other nations all right—the same as we're getting along with the British and Allied Spitfire pilots right now. Take the question of post-war air bases they're talking so much about right now. Hell, I'll bet the six of us could get together with six of the Spit boys and settle the whole thing over a dozen bottles of beer. It might be a pretty hot horse-trading session, but when it was all over I don't believe any of us would feel cheated. Personally, I'd keep remembering that if it weren't for those Spit boys my life insurance wouldn't be worth a nickel."

It was getting late now. Outside, the night was clear and starlit and very cold. In the distance you could see the searchlights crisscrossing the sky above the East Anglian coast. If the weather stayed clear, there would be a mission in the morning and these six might be awakened as early as three or four o'clock. I decided I had better go. When I tried to thank them for their trouble, McNulty said:

"Hell, we have a bull session like this every night! We're getting so we like it better than gin rummy."

THE END



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

AIR'EM: The Sultan's wives outdoors.

WEE, THE PEOPLE: Midgets.

RAIDIO: Wireless over Germany.

SPARCHMENT: A letter from a Coast Guard girl.

PEONOLA: Player piano for a Mexican peasant.

ALLEYLUIAH: Holy cats!

DIE-AGNOSIS: . . . but the patient croaked.

REEFRIGERATOR: An icebox on an atoll.

FEWTURE: Not many years to look forward to.

WHOLESTEIN: Everything a cow's got.

SOUTH AMERICA—LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

Continued from Page 19

poor neighbors." So we're training Latin Americans in our schools and corporations; we're sending down specialists to hasten technical education there. In the trade schools of Mexico City, Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro are the Fords and Chryslers of Latin America's tomorrow. It makes sense.

What Latin Americans want most today is new industry. And what's equally vital, since the war began, they have been turning to us more and more for aid in building their factories and in developing their mines. In every nation where a new industry is being born you will find North Americans working hand in hand with native capitalists, a New Yorker working with a Brazilian, a Californian in business with a Mexican.

In Brazil, the shining postwar possibilities lie in the vast rubber and iron-ore industries, in development of agriculture and expansion of the cotton, cocoa, canned-meat, castor-bean, and lumber businesses. Along the valley of the Amazon are 1,500,000 square miles of virtually undeveloped territory, among the richest regions on earth. The State of Minas Geraes is the greatest mining center in all America, heart of the largest iron deposits in the world. The State of São Paulo is the best area in the hemisphere for cultivating mulberry leaves, food for silkworms, and this well may be the source of our raw silk after the war. Brazil is overflowing with supplies of bauxite, manganese, chrome ore, magnesium, mica, industrial diamonds, and quartz crystal. Every day progress is being made in the building of steelworks, motor plants, even airplane factories. The possibilities range all the way from cotton textiles to steel, from hides to shipbuilding, from mining to cocoa.

IN Mexico, the postwar opportunities are even more varied, with the big-money chances in the rubber, steel, cement, lumber, chemical, textile, sugar, alcohol, electrical, pulp and paper industries. Experts speak in glowing terms of the years to come when Mexico City will be a rayon and automobile, luggage and clothing center. And significant to us is the fact that, in the same breath, they mention the profit possibilities in a shirt factory and a steel mill, a cutlery outlet and a cement plant, a peanut-butter business and a paper mill.

In Chile, the hardwood industry is rated a certain postwar money-maker, for the hardwood forests in that nation are so dense that in some places the streets are paved with wooden bricks and logs! Off Chile's 2,600-mile coastline, too, the plentiful fish provide vitamins and other valuable raw materials. As C. C. Concannon of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce put it, "I can visualize a well developed fish industry becoming almost as important as nitrates in the economy of Chile."

In Colombia, the bright lights on the horizon are platinum, gold, petroleum, copper, lead, mercury, zinc and iron ore.

In Venezuela, it's oil, of course, but fishing may run a close second as soon as the war ends.

In Guatemala, coffee, bananas, chicle, cinchona (from which quinine is derived), rubber, and vegetable oils are given prime place. In Costa Rica, the sweetest pineapples in the world will start off a new industry. Seedless oranges from Brazil, papaya from Honduras, perfume from the Amazon, liquid beef from Uruguay—each spells a new and romantic field offering millions of dollars and thousands of jobs in the coming years.

There is no United States department store in Latin America, although the Germans, Italians, Portuguese, Spanish, and British have dotted the continent with their versions. Surely there is room for us and our highly perfected stores south of the border! Only in Brazil will you find the five-and-ten-cent store you've known since childhood. Surely other Latin-American nations would welcome this typically United States business. The poultry business, as we have developed it, exists only in Argentina. Surely it may be expanded throughout the continent. As for consumer credit, installment selling, and finance companies, these major offshoots of the banking industry are all but unknown below the Rio Grande. It takes little imagination to realize the opportunities here!

What Latin Americans want second is skilled technicians. They need chemists to help them create new products, engineers to aid them in building roads and sanitation plants and power plants. They are begging for scientific farmers, men who know management, assembling, and mass production. They are eager for expert bankers, trained clerks. The list is as unlimited as the industrial opportunities, for each new business means new employment.

Always you must know what you're doing and why. As one authority cautioned, "There's no sense in picking up your belongings and running down, for you'll be up against a stone wall. You won't even get in.

"If you're thinking of going down, find a company which has a plant or is building in the land you choose. Apply for your job here. Get it all settled before you make a single move."

And as another expert said, "If you're thinking of opening a business, make sure there is a real demand for your product and be certain you know your customers, the nation's laws, climate, and customs."

ROCKEFELLER, who as Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs is our leading source of information on Latin America, lists four qualifications essential in the young man planning a future south of the border:

(1) Technical skill or knowledge in specialized fields which have postwar prospects there;

(2) Familiarity with Spanish or Portuguese or both;

(3) Willingness to cultivate a sympathetic understanding of the peoples, the customs, and institutions of the other American republics, and

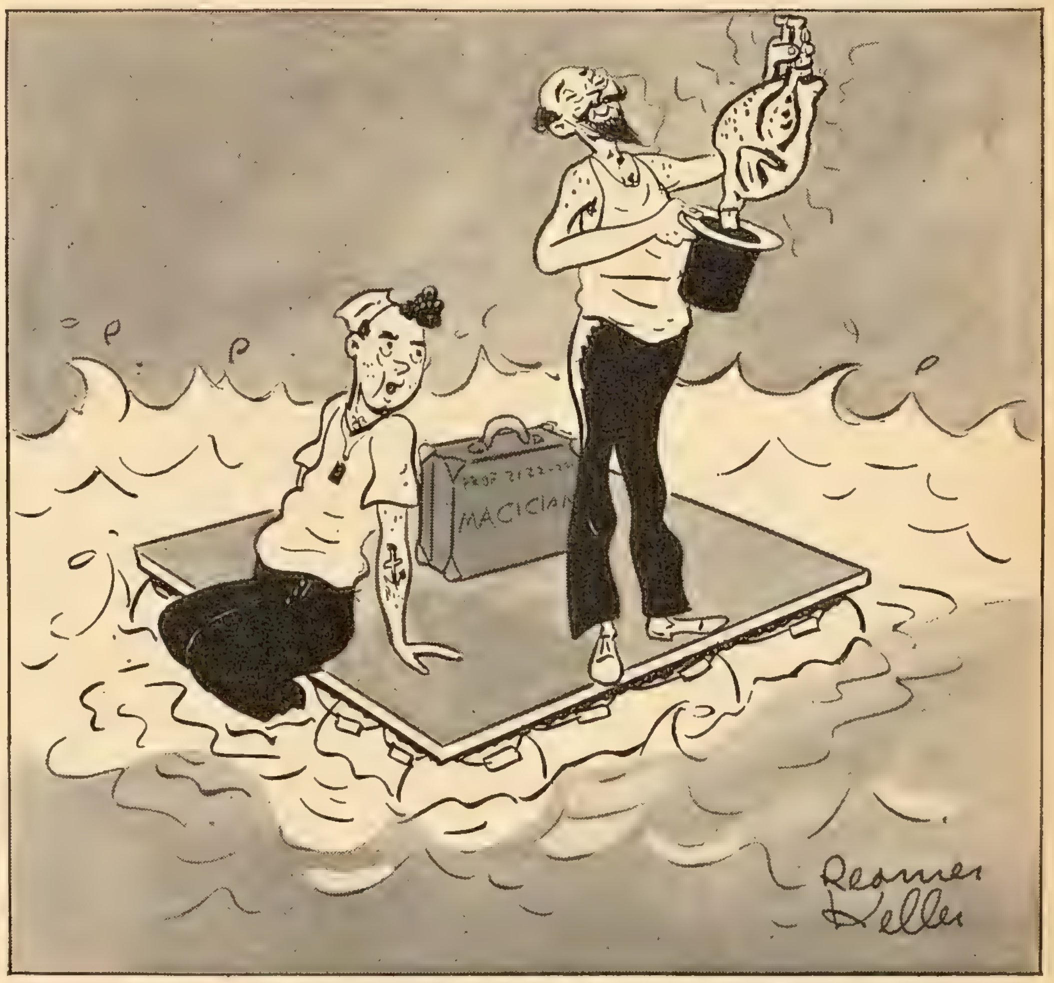
(4) The determination to make a job in Latin America a real career rather than a brief adventure.

You must be serious about staking your claim in these lands, about playing a real part in the industrialization of a continent. You must be aware of the fact that the whole success of our new inter-American co-operation depends upon the men who go out as representatives of the United States.

Assuming you are, assuming you do have what it takes, assuming you intend to stay and settle in a new land, "Go South, young man!"

THE END

Advertisement



"Can't you pull any Wheaties out of that hat?"

Make with the Wheaties, Professor. Real whole grain nourishment and magical "second helping" flavor in those big, crisp toasted flakes. Set sail for a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions." There's a dish you can go for, and often.

THE SEED OF GREATNESS

Continued from Page 27

he laughed. It made no difference. He simply knew it would be more pleasure with a woman who was willing. Saying this, he laughed again and picked up a buffalo whip. But when the first blow fell our little Marie just smiled at him. 'I am betrothed,' she said very clearly, 'to Absalom.' And she put her hand to her bosom, pressing the trigger of a small pistol she had concealed between her breasts. The smile was still on her lips when she fell dead at the feet of the Japanese. Our padre says she looked beautiful. He sends us his blessing, Absalom, and comfort to our grief."

When Natividad stopped talking, the earth and the heavens seemed strangely still. There was not even the thin crying of a single bird. It was a very long time before he spoke.

"Marie did not ever have a gun," he said quietly. "Who gave it to her, Natividad?"

"The padre does not say. But he is a good man. I believe he gave it to her himself."

"Yes," said Absalom, "I believe so too."

"There is something else in the letter," Natividad went on. "Something the padre has written especially for you. Can you listen now, Absalom?"

"Yes, Natividad. I can listen now."

"The padre writes like this especially for you." Natividad cleared his throat. "'This is the world as we find it, Absalom, my son. You must adjust yourself to it as it is, or you must gird your loins and do it battle to bring it nearer the desire of your heart. One or the other, Absalom, or you are helpless and will have no peace. But if you can do both, you have the seed of greatness in you. Go with God, my son.'"

PATIENTLY Absalom waited for more. But Natividad was silent. There wasn't any more. And Absalom frowned intensely, greatly perplexed.

"I do not understand," said Absalom. "What does the padre mean?"

Natividad, too, considered it carefully. "I am sorry," he said. "I do not know."

So Absalom's eyes returned to the clearing in the orchard where there was to have been a cabin near the bank of a shallow creek. While twilight deeped to darkness he sat there, not knowing exactly when it was Natividad slipped away. As the starlight slowly grew, he saw the yard take shape down there. It was littered with filth. It wasn't a cabin at all any more. It was just a ramshackle, broken-down prune-picker's shack. Still he continued to gaze at it, blinking now and then, fascinated to realize how swiftly things like this can happen to a small man's dream.

How was it possible? Where was the fault? Perhaps Absalom sensed in his heart an enormous betrayal somewhere in the seats where the mighty sat. If so, it stirred but vaguely and he gave no sign. He repeated slowly to himself the padre's words. They were written for his comfort and instruction by a man of holiness and wisdom, and he went over each phrase with the greatest care. But he could find nothing there at all about little Marie, about himself, or even about the Japanese. So at last he sighed deeply and stood up, shivering a little in the cold night air. He went back to the bunkhouse and packed his few belongings. He walked all the way into San Jose, and in the lobby of the post office that morning a chief petty officer found him patiently waiting beside the enlistment desk.

"If I join the Navy," Absalom wanted to know, "can I get to a place called Darwin?"

"I wouldn't be a damn bit surprised," the c. p. o. said without an instant's hesitation.

So Absalom signed his name. He had it in his mind to find the Padre Leral and ask him what he meant. He had to know. And that's how it came about that Absalom joined the old four-pipe destroyer, rated a steward's mate third class, assigned to the wardroom mess.

He found it strange and extremely uncomfortable. He understood little of what went on topside, except he knew that once in a while they made a tremendous noise. After which they came down exhausted, glaring angrily until they got coffee and food. The captain's anger was the most frightening of all. It was still and stern and not like any anger Absalom had ever known. He was particularly careful about the sandwiches then. And yet, though he heard it mentioned often now, as the weather changed, the place called Darwin remained still far away.

That's why Absalom considered whom else he might ask. He was once more going thoughtfully over the nature of each officer the night the Flaurence steamed at flank speed for a task-force rendezvous between two islands they called New Guinea and New Britain. He had not the slightest notion where that was, but he understood they considered the waters there extremely dangerous. Absalom wasn't in the least alarmed. He trusted the skipper implicitly. The captain always knew what to do when the others didn't. But Absalom knew that before the dawn they would be making a dreadful noise again. They were preparing for it now.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A visiting soldier attending services in a Scotch church was amused at this somewhat unorthodox notice: "Those in the habit of putting buttons instead of coins in the collection plate will please put in their own buttons and not those from the cushions on the pews."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Absalom helped pass the four-inch shells out of the magazine manhole. They stacked the spare ammunition like cordwood—shell noses all pointing one way—in all the corners of the wardroom till there was barely space to move. From there it could be passed rapidly up the ladderway to the deck where the guns were served. They would have littered the place still further, but the doctor insisted on room enough for the table extension. He seemed to think he might need it. Absalom had never known the doctor to be so stubborn. And it was the first time he could remember that they didn't start bawling for coffee and food the minute they sat down.

Maybe it was because they were so angry. They seemed to think a great injustice was being done the ship. Only the captain said nothing. He let them grumble as they wished, and that was odd. Till the sudden silence fell, tight, full of memory and strain. It lasted for only a moment, though. Because the doctor scrambled to the bookcase, plucked a volume from it, and sat down on the stacked ammunition. Quite casually he started to read aloud. They listened attentively. Even Lieutenant Commander Huggin let a faint smile of pleasure touch the corners of his mouth. Through the pantry service hole, Absalom listened too. He could make nothing of it at all, except it was something about a skylark. Above the noise of the ship rushing swiftly through dark night, the doctor's rich voice uttered words that flowed like music. Till the navigator's voice came down from the bridge.

"Three-thirty hours, sir," it said. "Three-thirty hours, captain."

They all got up at once and went away without a word. All except the doctor and Lieutenant Commander Huggin. He stood a moment, strapping his battle helmet on while the doctor still sat on a stack of four-inch shells with the volume of poetry limp in his hand. The skipper said an odd thing in an unfamiliar voice before he pushed through the curtained doorway on his way aloft.

"You take good care of my people, John," was what the skipper said.

Absalom remembered it clearly. The tone of concern and kinship took him by surprise. It lodged at the back of his mind. And he put his affairs in order. He checked the two coffee jugs hooked on the bulkhead electric plate, making sure they were full and hot. He opened another tin of pressed ham and got the jar of peanut butter handy. Only when he was certain he was thoroughly prepared, did he step out into the narrow passageway. He was supposed to stand there, ready for whatever summons might come. He was just in time. The noise began at once.

It was by far the worst he had ever heard. It started distantly, like the crash of mighty thunder. It drew nearer. Then the Flaurence, joining with her salvos, rocked and shuddered. She raced on, and the awful din was continuous now. Absalom heard wild cries aloft, the steady voice of an officer, and he smelled the cordite stench.

This time it seemed it would never end, it would go on forever. And things got all mixed up. He remembered passing along to others, as he had been instructed, the heavy shell cases some one dropped in his arms. Then something struck the ship a tremendous blow and exploded with a fearful rending noise. The Flaurence lifted; staggered; fell back trembling. Absalom realized suddenly the ship was quiet. It was a very startling thing. It was not natural. Because the noise wasn't over. When it stopped there was a fierce hiss of escaping steam, the crackling roar of fire.

BUT the Flaurence was motionless, dead in the water. A bosun's whistle was piping. They were passing the word to abandon ship, but Absalom knew it was nonsense. There was nowhere to go. Then he heard the angry voice of the executive bellowing for him from aloft. That was better. That was familiar. He responded to it at once.

He found, to his amazement, he was lying down. It made him frown in severe self-disapproval. The ladder was twisted grotesquely out of shape. It was difficult to climb. When he reached the deck he was panting. But in the anguished shock of what he saw, he had no time to wonder why.

The ship was ablaze. Great tongues of flame licked up out of jagged holes in her deck. She wallowed low in the water, her afterdeck awash. Gray dawn, he saw to his astonishment, was walking across the littered sea. Ships rode in the distance, flickering crimson eyes at each other. Nearer, a huge black cruiser with the torn battle flags of Japan aloft lay flaming, half broken in two where torpedoes from the Flaurence had struck her. The doctor was helping put the wounded in the rafts. And Absalom saw that too. This, he thought, is what it looked like in Balayang the day the Japanese came. An instant of panic seized him. His head was spinning. There was fiery pain in his chest and his legs were weak. He felt helpless again and lonely, like that evening in the valley of Santa Clara when a cabin turned into a shack.

Then he saw the skipper, still standing on his ruined bridge. He was shouting an order, his arm outflung. He, too, looked lonely. There was blood on his face and his eyes were bleak. Absalom suddenly remembered the captain's words, telling the doctor to take good care of his people. All at once the panic left him. Absalom knew what he had to do. He took one more look toward the launching rafts to gauge what time was left. He knew he had to hurry. He went down the crooked ladder again. He picked his way through the litter of floating wreckage and debris. He went into his little pantry and grabbed the drainboard with both his hands. He had to. Till some strength returned.

THAT'S where the skipper found him. Absalom had his special sandwiches carefully stacked in a wooden kid. He had the last of the hot wardroom coffee poured into a big copper mess pot. He was struggling into his white coat, the badge of his honorable office, when the captain came in, wrathfully crying his name.

"Yes, sir," said Absalom. "I coming."

Lieutenant Commander Huggin stared for a silent instant. Absalom was sure he was going to catch the devil again. But he knew they would be ravenous on such a little raft after so dreadful a noise. He was greatly surprised at the captain's gentle voice.

"Come along now, Absalom," he was saying. "Let's get out of it."

Absalom had difficulty keeping his feet with his precious burden in his hands. It seemed to him the captain was carrying the coffeepot. How had he permitted it to happen? It was not correct. Stubbornly he tried to remedy it. Then for a while he had the fantastic notion that the captain's arm was round his shoulders. That, too, was not correct. But he didn't struggle against it. It felt like the hand of a friend.

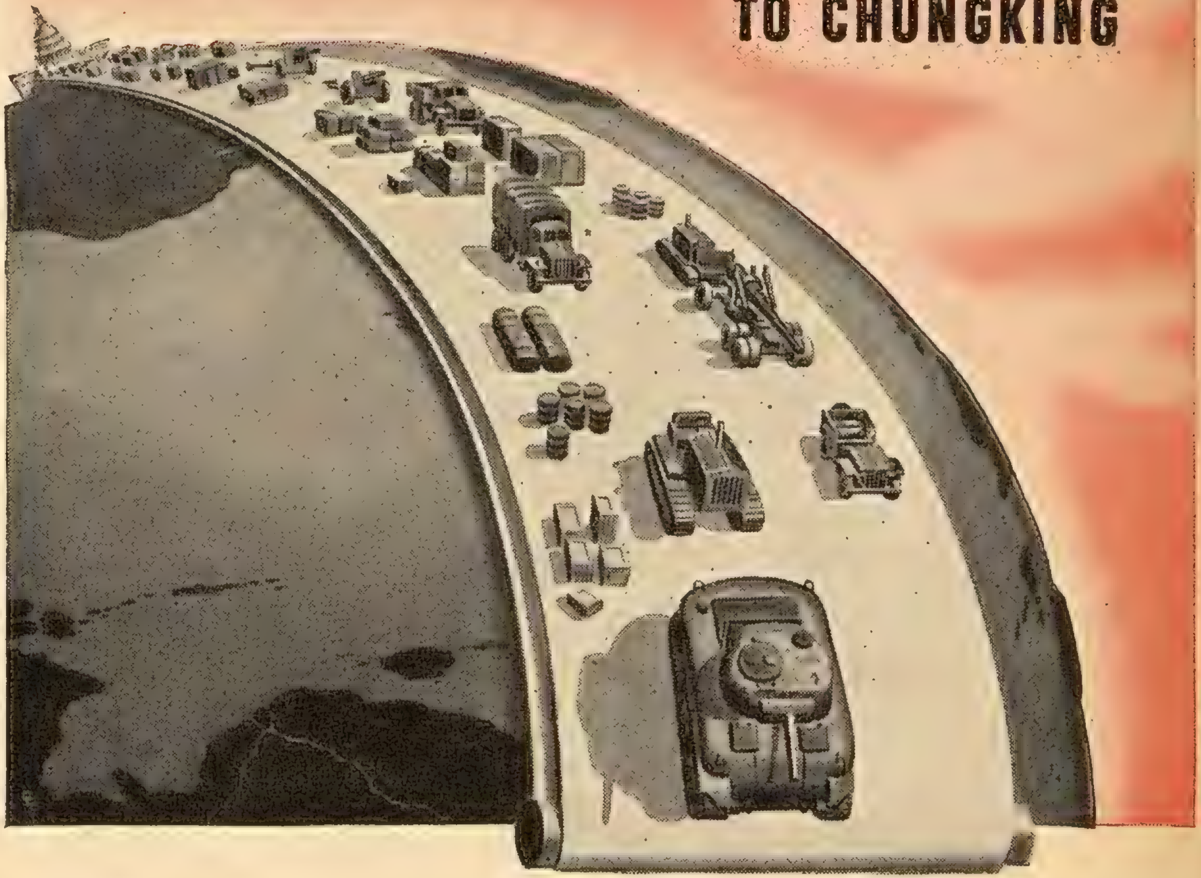
Then suddenly he realized he was no longer in the ship. He looked around him wildly. But he saw the kid of sandwiches and the coffeepot safe on the bottom boards of the raft. He could sigh with enormous relief and sink back. He was very tired and he needed rest. Still he grinned at the doctor when that man bent over him with something that looked like a needle in his hand. The doctor always thought he could make an "Absalom Special" sandwich by himself. That was nonsense. A sandwich like that was much more than pressed ham and peanut butter between dry bread.

"You must whip a little mayonnaise with the peanut butter, sir," Absalom told him gravely. "Not too much. Just a little. Don't forget."

"No, Absalom. Thank you. We won't forget."

Perhaps the doctor's expression of gratitude and assurance embraced much more than Absalom could understand,

LIKE A ***HUGE CONVEYOR BELT***
THAT COULD REACH FROM WASHINGTON
TO CHUNGKING



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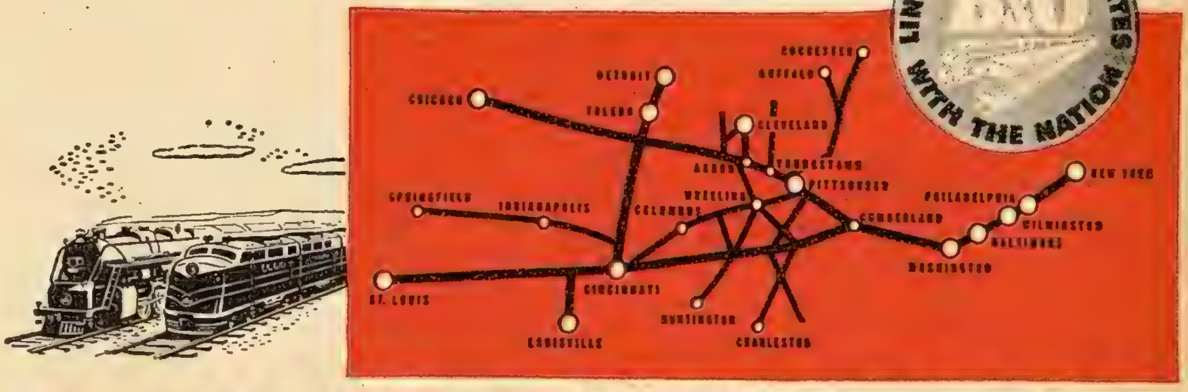


BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

for the doctor was such a man. It didn't matter to Absalom. It sounded friendly! He opened his eyes in vague alarm. He didn't want them laughing at him again.

But he found the captain sitting beside him, looking down. And he wasn't laughing. The first of sunlight struck that haggard teak-brown face. Absalom saw it clearly, as if for the very first time. Why, he thought, the captain wasn't angry at all! He looked just, and kindly.

All of a sudden Absalom knew. The captain was the man to ask! The captain would know, if any one did. Absalom was sure at last. So he spoke.

"Captain," he said, "the Padre Leral wrote down a thing especially for me. I have tried very hard to understand it. But I do not. Will you tell me what our padre meant?"

"I will try, Absalom. What did he say?"

Hearing that, Absalom smiled. He didn't know why the captain bent down so close, though. Absalom had no difficulty at all recalling the words.

" 'This is the world as we find it, Absalom, my son. You must adjust yourself to it as it is, or you must gird your loins and do it battle to bring it nearer the desire of your heart. One or the other, Absalom, or you are helpless and will have no peace. But if you can do both, you have the seed of greatness in you.' "

He felt at once a wave of tremendous relief. He had said it aloud. Now he would know the truth. Absalom felt himself on the verge of a great understanding, and it made his smile serene.

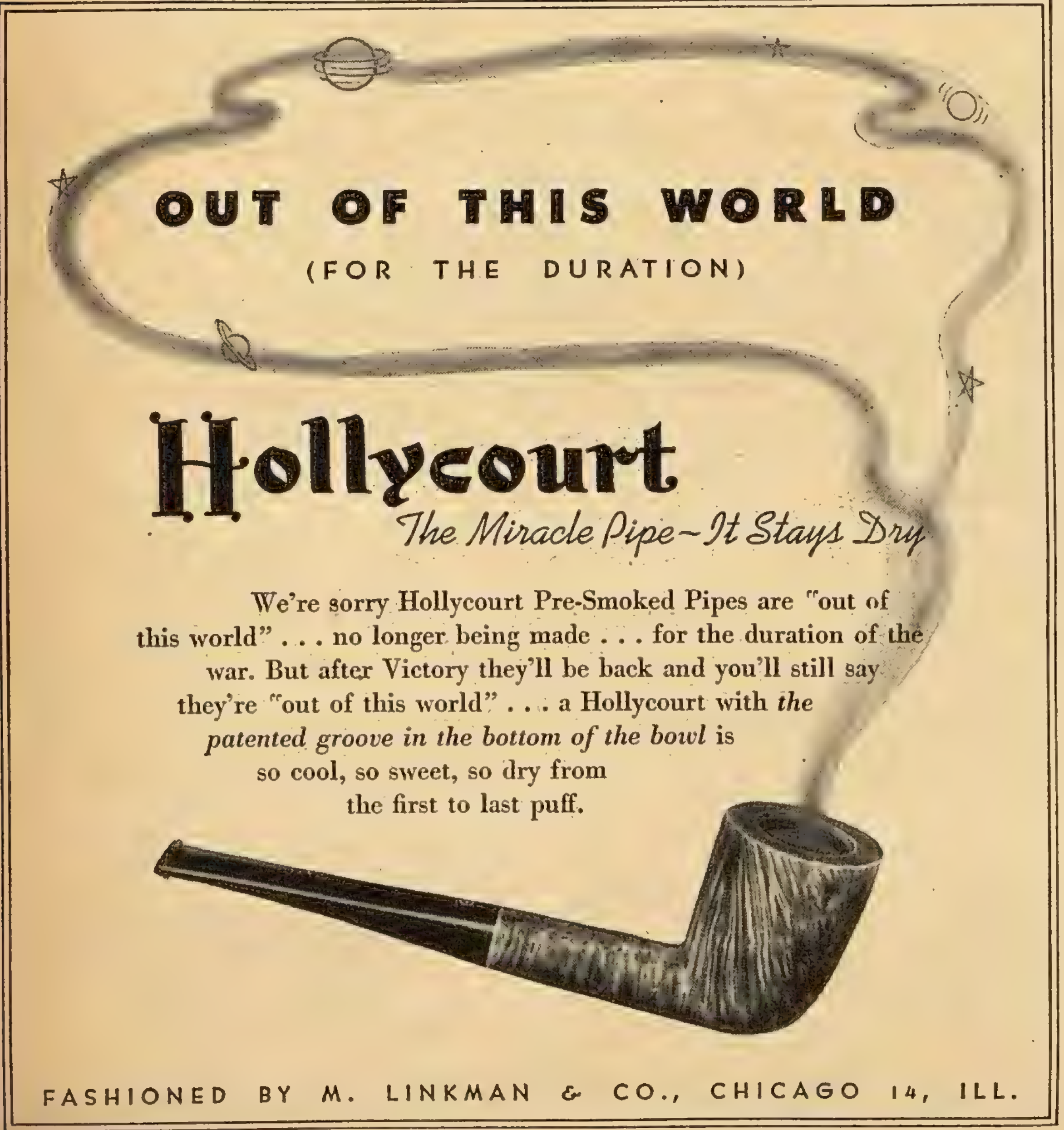
"Why, of course, Absalom," said Lieutenant Commander Huggin, wishing to give what comfort he could. "He meant that you—"

But then the doctor shook his head and the skipper fell silent. Still the smile remained on the face of Absalom, because the ultimate truth was in his grasp. He was puzzled no longer. It was the captain who frowned severely, peering with narrowed eyes across that shining dawn-lit sea. Till he felt a touch on his shoulder and turned his head.

HE found the doctor solemnly offering him a sandwich and a pannikin of coffee. He meant to refuse. But he saw Ensign Kane, with a pain-racked face and one arm in a sling, and all the others sighing with weary and grateful relief as they took the refreshment Absalom had prepared. So the captain changed his mind. He, too, accepted the gift in silence, knowing its great value, remembering Absalom, who had an artist's soul. For Absalom passed on the flame he held to another. It was mayonnaise whipped into the peanut butter that made that sandwich taste so fine. Not too much. Just a little. He'd cautioned them to remember it. And they would. But they said nothing about it in the raft of the David Flaurence as the sunburst flamed on the eastern board. They remained quiet on a lively sea, pondering, perhaps, the padre's words.

The captain understood them best. Absalom was right. It would have pleased him very much. For when the time came to mention those who served with extreme devotion, Lieutenant Commander Huggin carefully wrote it down at the close of his report: "I especially commend to your attention Absalom, a steward's mate third class. He had the seed of greatness in him."

THE END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DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER

Continued from Page 25

goes on and on, and over it all, and far above, is the flight deck.

When this hangar deck is filled with planes, their wings folded, the spaciousness is not so bewildering. Yet when one first reports aboard the planes are not likely to be there—only the emptiness.

Before a carrier returns to port her planes for the most part have been flown to some near-by landing field. Flight practice will continue from the field until the carrier puts to sea again, and the planes will rejoin her outside. The reasons for this are obvious, since a carrier has to be under way heading into the wind for both take-offs and landings. Nor would it be well to have all her planes tied up aboard in helpless idleness while the carrier is in port.

Yet it is in port, naturally, that one usually reports aboard the carrier for duty. So it is then that his first view of the hangar deck is much like a dream of entering some monster hall, the like of which could not exist except in dreams.

IT'S the hard luck of a carrier that she never may lend herself well to romantic pictures. No matter how one views her, the island structure looms up like an overbalanced afterthought, like an awkward hat worn on the side of a comedian's head.

But from a great distance it's the island sticking up there which the flyer is likely to recognize first. The island doesn't appear funny then. Instead of resembling the hat of a comedian, it is likely to resemble the halo of an angel. This first sure profile of it is the first sure profile of home.

The flyer knows that inside that honeycombed island scores of experts have been doing their best to keep track of him. He also knows that soon, very soon, he will be taxiing up the deck alongside the island. And that from up in it somewhere a talker-operator, after giving the plane's number, also will give the word "in."

A sweet word is that short word "in." It can be sweeter than the longest word there is.

When the propellers and motors of some eighty planes are all roaring at the same time within the limited space of a comparatively few square yards, the only possible method by which mechanics can be made to understand pilots, and pilots to understand the signalmen, and the signalmen to understand the orders from the bridge, and the bridge to understand the whole general outlay on the flight deck, is by sign language.

Planes can become obstinate at the damnedest times. A plane may have been behaving beautifully the previous time off the carrier, and may continue behaving beautifully up to the moment the pilot is signaled to bring it up to the take-off spot. Then here it is that the plane may announce, the hell with it all. It doesn't want to fly that day. If forced to fly, it'll take off the flight deck all right, but that's all it will do.

As nobody aboard wants that to happen, it's then up to the humiliated pilot to communicate the information to the signaling-off crew. The propeller may be spinning as furiously as any of the others and from the side lines the plane may appear perfectly fine. But there may be some little something, or some big something, which only the pilot, testing everything in the cockpit, has discovered. For during the roar of a wholesale take-off all planes sound the same and their thunder is blended.

The pilot's thumb most likely will point down, and will stay that way in plain sight until a mechanic or somebody leaps up to the wing alongside the cockpit. Then the pantomime really begins in earnest. And so there has come into being on this flight deck a vocabulary which, though emphatic enough, is also voiceless.

The pantomime may mean anything from poor gas pressure to a broken receiving set. Or it may mean anything else. If we see the pilot's head shaking negatively, it may mean not merely "no." It may mean a whole lot of "no's" terminating with a sacrilegious stinger.

Nor is the pilot the only one doing the gesturing. He is aware of holding up the parade of planes trying to organize behind him, and the take-off crews likewise are aware of it. Delay being quite a crime on a well organized flight deck, there then begins a wholesale display of pantomime by everybody. The culprit plane is signaled to be gotten out of the way somehow, so that the others can move up—and off.

Pilots, from their sunken perch and surrounded as they are with contraptions, are not expected to have a good view of the deck immediately beneath them and around them. The take-off crews, which can see underneath and behind and on all sides, have to be the guiding factor. The members distribute themselves along the deck, each member by hand signals relaying the pilot on ahead to the next member, who in turn, if all is well, relays the pilot on ahead to where the final signalman takes charge of the final signal for the take-off.

If all of this sounds complicated, it is exactly as it should sound. For only by hand signals, such as a clenched hand pointing at one wing (meaning: hold that wing where it is), and a wave-on hand toward the other wing (meaning: bring it on, circle it), can a pilot be guided to where his plane is to go.

When we are looking on from up in the island, signals sometimes become combined with what certainly could be mistaken for mental telepathy. This occurs when a plane captain or a mechanic or some helper is beckoned up alongside the cockpit by the pilot. The wordless conversation will take place as usual behind the whirling propeller. So much so that the youngster, leaning over with his feet on the wing, personifies a piece of tableau which could be called Autumn Tempest. He cannot conveniently ungrip his hands from the cockpit to talk back with them or he would be blown away.

But the youngster, after getting the sign language from the pilot, suddenly will nod his head, dismount, hurry across the flight deck, then disappear. It is useless for the rest of us even to try to guess what he went after. When he quickly reappears he may be bringing anything from the pilot's good-luck talisman to a tube of sunburn grease.

The readyroom of a carrier has been pictured in many ways. It has been pictured as a grim place in which the flyers wait for their final orders; or as a free-for-all rumpus room; or again, as a sitting-up dormitory in which the flyers, weary from their work, barely manage to reach the seats before falling dead asleep.

Aboard our carrier each squadron has its own readyroom, and there are three squadrons aboard: the torpedo-bombing squadron, the dive-bombing squadron, and the fighting squadron. The flight gunners, enlisted men, have their own readyrooms as well, alongside those of their corresponding pilots. A short passageway connects the two.

The readyrooms for the pilots contain throwback long seats with headrests and leathery upholstery and connecting doodads for keeping one's papers and for writing. There is a little motion-picture type screen. There are the shelves for magazines. All the magazines are pretty old.

But the fascination of a readyroom is, it can become anything at any time. At a hand gesture by the squadron commander or by the squadron's Intelligence officer, it can be transformed from a free-for-all bull pen into a sort of classroom. Yet this designation of a readyroom as a classroom is not quite accurate. When serious talks are being made, especially just before a mission, the pilots listen, all right. God, how they listen! But what differentiates their listening from ordinary classroom listening is what they are *thinking* as well. And *thinking* very hard.

For what they are about to do, as of daybreak tomorrow we will say, is not what others are about to do. It's what they themselves are being assigned to do, individually and as a unit. Also, as the pilots obviously want to complete each item of the job and come out of it if they can, it's natural that they should become a lecturer's dream as an audience. If any tricks are left which they should know about, now's the time.

Yet none of even this adds up in a readyroom to a grim hush-hush. At least, not for very long. Somebody is bound to make some unexpected remark. He may not mean it as a funny remark, but it will turn out to be one anyway. So other cracks will follow, and housekeeping, for the time being at least, will be broken up.

Or sometimes it is broken up by somebody outside the readyroom, as was the case prior to one of our raids. During the final briefing of the pilots a messenger delivered for reading a government bulletin about income taxes. And along with the bulletin came a serious reminder that tonight would be a good time to pay them.

A readyroom often serves as an unofficial clearinghouse for gripes or suggestions among the pilots. All the members of a squadron are in the readyroom during a briefing. They are all right *there*. So, if anybody *there* has an idea that it might be better, or might have been better, if Pete had done this or that, or in the future if Pete would do this or that, instead of that or this, then Pete can hear about it from all sides. Also Pete has his chance to put in his own two pennies' worth at the same time, and to *everybody*. Obviously all of this helps toward that greatest gift a squadron can have—unity.

The pilots' readyrooms, being air-conditioned, are also the coolest places aboard ship for lounging, for playing bridge, for playing acey-deucy, for telling dirty stories, for mending clothes, and for discussing that ceaseless subject of what one's going-to-do-after-the-war.

General Quarters is that time of day when nobody likes anybody, and

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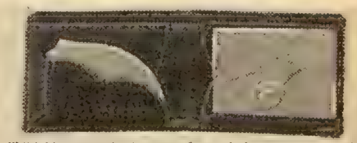

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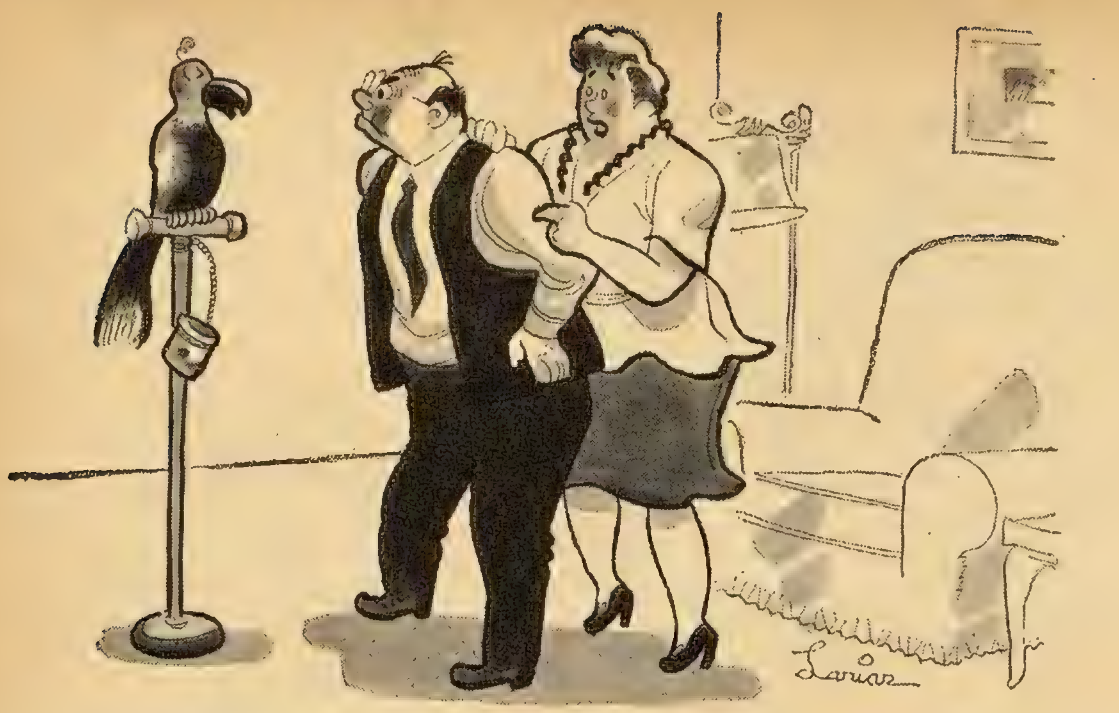
This beautiful creation has bill compartment, coin purse, and space for cards. Several stunning color combinations.



"I wouldn't take her opinions too lightly, dear. She was right about the 1940 elections—remember?"

when the world's funniest joke would flounder stillborn in a cesspool of sourness. This refers to the daily morning G. Q., the one which comes when the time is neither night nor daylight and when the men are awakened throughout the carrier by sounds resembling ashcans being hurled into a flywheel.

All warships, no doubt, have their own predawn G. Q.s the same as ours, especially when in waters reachable by enemy submarines. Yet it is not likely that those aboard a smaller warship have to leap such vast distances and over and through so many decks between bunk and battle station. It would be easier if, in the clammy darkness, we were all going the same direction.

The paraphernalia we drag along with us does not make the passageway ladders any easier to squeeze through. The equipment most likely will consist of a tin helmet which we hope is our own, and a life jacket which, in the rush, we feel fairly confident isn't. But there's neither the light nor the time to look for stamped names now. The watertight hatches in another moment will go down with a chainlike finality.

Watertight compartments will be banged tight too. Indeed, once the minutes are up, time or hatch cover wait for no man.

Of the hundreds of battle stations aboard, the ones hardest to reach but also the most worth while are the ones up in the island. There one can see whatever occurs.

We would still rather be back in our bunks sleeping, but the next best trick is to manage to be on that side of the island where one can watch the planes warming up below in the darkness.

That some of the planes will be taking off for the dawn patrol is not always certain. The dawn patrol for this particular morning may have been assigned to another carrier with the task force. But most of our planes will be warming up.

The blue-reddish flames from the multitude of exhausts give the flight deck its Dante's Inferno complexion during such times. They do not throw out much light, but fiery shadows appear to be leaping and shrieking in a mad effort to get the hell away from there. It is as if the devil's own little henchmen were having a lot to do with the affair, deliberately stirring up a row between flame and flame, the winner being the one which can outroar the other.

So on a carrier it is the flight-deck scene, perhaps, which one remembers most during the grisly hour of a G. Q. The other scene, coming later, is when the other members of the task force gradually begin taking shape through

(*Continued on page 72*)

My barber's not a magician...but

"PREST-O!" My barber says. "We apply a little Kreml to this dry, wild hair of yours..."

"AND CHANGE-O!" he concludes. "Use Kreml every day and your hair will look like this—keen as a whip, well-behaved as a lamb."

RIGHT-O!

Thousands declare Kreml is right for better-groomed hair—*right* because it gives that neat and naturally keen look that men approve and women praise.

O, NO! Kreml is never sticky or greasy, never gives hair that plastered-down look.

O, NO! Kreml is never drying like daily use of too much water as a dressing. [Ladies, smooth a little Kreml lightly on your hair and see the lovely sheen it imparts.]

KREML HAIR TONIC

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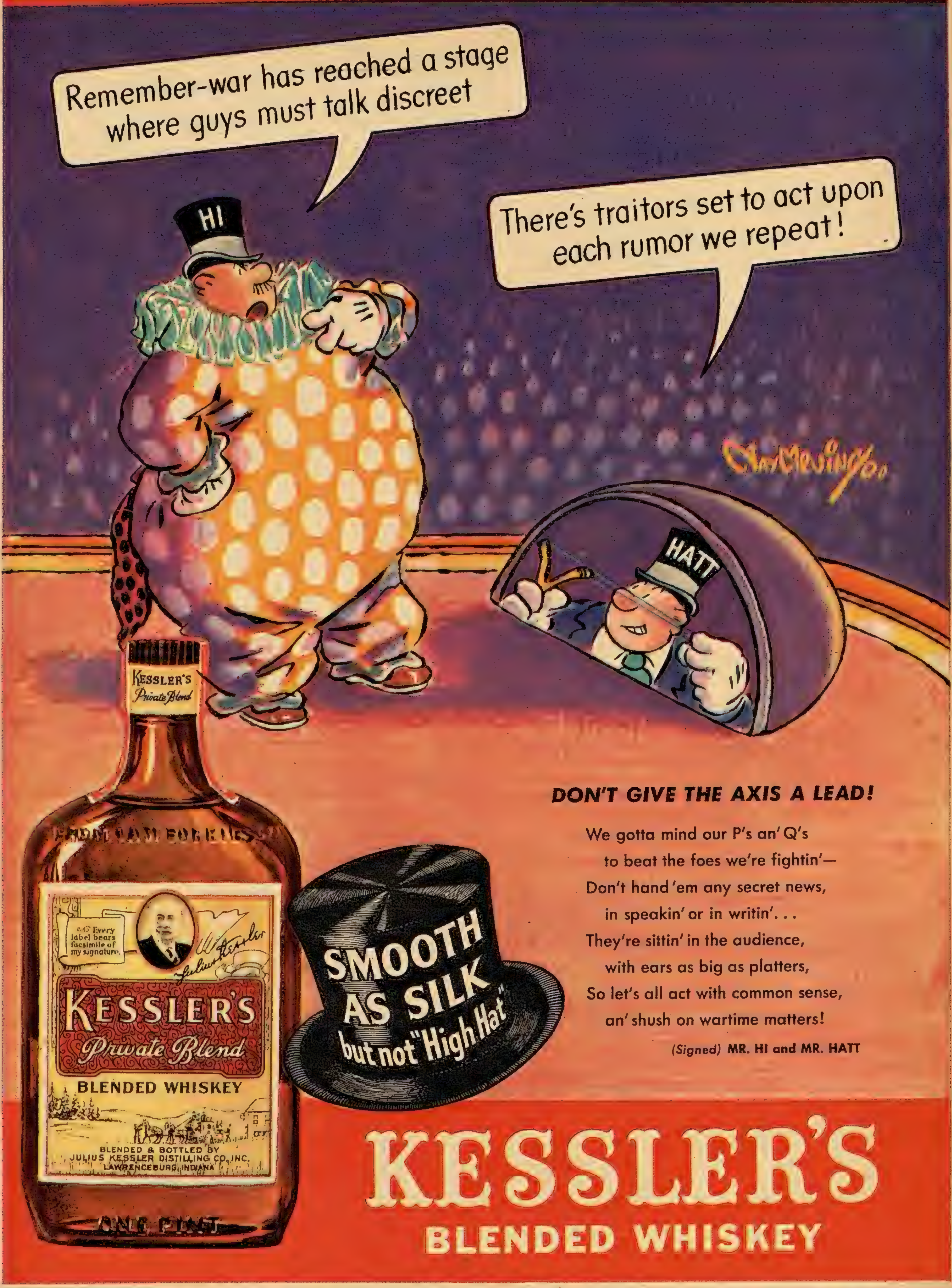
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
if defective or not as advertised therein

IMPORTANT: Kreml brings *all* these benefits—makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive daily use of water as a dressing. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label—begin today!

"Gossip is dangerous at this stage!"–says HI to HATT


Remember-war has reached a stage where guys must talk discreet
There's traitors set to act upon each rumor we repeat!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
Every label bears facsimile of my signature.
Julius Kessler
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO. INC. LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
ONE PINT
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"

DON'T GIVE THE AXIS A LEAD!

We gotta mind our P's an' Q's
to beat the foes we're fightin'—
Don't hand 'em any secret news,
in speakin' or in writin'. . .
They're sittin' in the audience,
with ears as big as platters,
So let's all act with common sense,
an' shush on wartime matters!

(Signed) MR. HI and MR. HATT

KESSLER'S
BLENDED WHISKEY

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

I'LL GO MY WAY

Continued from Page 30

a hotel as my wife. Or do all nicely brought-up young girls do that sort of thing nowadays?" And then he looked suddenly weary of his game. "I need a drink," he said, "and I never like to drink alone. You might as well have one with me."

His hand on her arm was hard and definite. She went along with him like a child ready to take his punishment.

Jerry's room was small and dark and ugly and Elaine hated it. She sat on the edge of the bed, her hands clasped in her lap to keep them from trembling.

"Well," Jerry said, taking off his coat and hanging it neatly and deliberately across the back of a chair, "you needn't look so miserable about it. This is what you came halfway across the country to do, isn't it?"

HIS eyes were hard and cold. This wasn't the Jerry she had known. "No," she told him miserably, and now the tears began to roll down her cheeks. "No, it isn't. I don't know why I came. I wanted excitement. I thought I was in love with you. But I guess I'm not. I guess, she admitted, "that if I love any one, it's Mousie. Jerry," she said, *"what are you going to do?"*

"I'm going to call the colonel and have him send some one out here to get you, of course, you spoiled little brat." He looked as though he might hit her. "The trouble with you is you've got too damn much of everything. All you women with money are alike, whether you've got a lot of it or a little bit. You think you can love anybody you please and then walk out on them when you're bored just because you can support yourself. But you can't do it!" he told her belligerently. "That highhanded stuff is out!" And now she knew that he wasn't talking to her at all. He'd forgotten her. He was staring over her head at the faded wallpaper and addressing the absent Casey.

"Jerry," Elaine said, in a very small voice indeed, "please don't call the colonel. Please call Mousie."

"And then," he said, as though she hadn't spoken, "when they're in trouble, they yell for some man to take care of them."

"Mousie's always at the Stork Club at half past six."

Jerry glowered at her. "This is all working out fine for you, but I happen to have lost a very nice wife over it."

"As soon as I get back to New York," Elaine promised, "I'll go to see her. I'll tell her that—that I was a dope."

He went to call Mousie, who was at the Stork Club and who wasn't at all surprised to hear that Elaine was in Kansas City. He said that of course he'd come and get her and he thought it might be nice if Elaine would marry him out there, as the colonel felt pretty sick about Elaine going off as she had.

"Jerry, I *am* sorry!" Elaine said when he gave her Mousie's message. "I *thought* I loved you, that's all."

"That's all," Jerry said grimly. "My last hope of getting together with Casey! How old are you?" he said.

"Twenty-two."

"Twenty-two. And Casey's twenty-five. She seems ten years older than you. And she'd no more think of pulling a cheap trick like this—"

"You didn't seem to think she was so wonderful when you were living with her."

"I know," he said. "I've had time to make some comparisons since then. I guess I was just jealous of her. She had success and I didn't have it, and I couldn't take it."

"What *are* you going to do?"

"Drift," Jerry said, deciding all at once. "I've been here long enough."

She watched him moving about the room, packing his few things. She thought, I still wish Mousie could be that exciting.

"Please don't hate me, Jerry."

"I don't hate you." And he didn't. He was tired again. The weariness that had been deferred, put off, by the excitement and anger of the past hour, swept over him again. What the hell? he thought. If that's the way Casey wants it, let her have it. Let her go. His leg was aching again. He'd been doing a lot too much walking. He'd had a reporting job that made him walk a lot, and the restlessness that had carried him away from Casey had driven him on to prowl the streets, the water fronts, the bars, talking to people and listening to them and trying to find an answer to his own discontent. There was no answer anywhere.

"JERRY," Elaine said, "thanks for—for understanding."

"That's all right. I always knew you were just a scared kid, whistling in the dark, pretending to be grown up. And besides, I never loved any one but Casey. Be a good girl," he said, "and the next time you go around saying you're somebody's wife, be sure there's a justice of the peace around to make it legal."

And the last thing Elaine said to him, looking at him with genuine liking, as a friend instead of as an emotional experience, was, "Jerry, you don't look at all well. You really ought to go home."

The door closed, and Elaine was on one side of it and he was on the other. She'd wait for Mousie, and when he got there she'd marry him and the colonel would be vastly relieved.

JERRY taxied to the Union Pacific Station and stood in line to buy a ticket. "Comanche, Texas," he said, when it was his turn. The clerk stamped the long row of tickets and pushed it across to him and he paid for it. And the clerk said:

"You've got a three-hour wait for your train, buddy."

He went into the Fred Harvey restaurant and ordered doughnuts and coffee that he didn't want and couldn't eat because the agony of his leg was making him sick. He took out the tickets and stared at them. Comanche. Comanche was his boyhood. Comanche was yesterday. And all at once he thought, I can't go back to that.

He sat very still. I can't go back. The thought repeated itself. The things he had seen and the things he had done these two years were there, were a part of him now. He wouldn't be contented in Comanche. He had come home to get mad—to get fighting mad—about a lot of things. And then, instead of sticking around and fighting, he'd walked out on them. He ought to use the things he knew, the things he'd suffered. He ought to make them pay off. He ought to get in the fight, here at home, so that other men coming back would find a slightly better world to come home to. Hell, he was a lawyer, wasn't he? And lawyers were running the country. They needed some young men. They needed some men who'd seen things, who could straighten out some of their thinking.

And the thing that happened to him happened quite suddenly and he received it with a sense of final peace.

"You can't go back," he told that inner self that had searched the country over for yesterday. "You've got to make the best of what you are, what you have, what you've become. You've got to accept it and work with it and fight with it. The country isn't going back to what it was before the war, and neither are you. You've got to make way for tomorrow."

He stood up. That's what Casey had been waiting for. She'd been wating for him to come home. If he could talk to her—if she'd listen . . .

"Listen," he told the weary clerk behind the grille in the station. "I bought the wrong ticket. I want a one-way ticket to New York."

THE trouble with New York, Mag Landon decided, was that it was too big. It was so big that it provided anonymity for anything you wanted to do in it. In New York you were on your own and you went too far before you realized the only person you really fooled in such an arrangement was yourself. Casey had tried to warn her, but Mag had said, "Maggie's a big girl." Today she felt like a very little girl indeed. Very little and very lonely and very scared. She stood outside of Casey's door, ringing and ringing. She couldn't imagine where Casey was. She was usually home by half past six.

She felt let down all over again. If Casey had been home she'd have helped her out.

Now what? she thought, out on the hot street again. She'd better go home. Carl wouldn't be there for hours yet. Sometimes he came in very late and Mag pretended to be asleep and he moved very quietly so as not to awaken her. Once, in the beginning, he would have come over and kissed her awake.

Carl would marry her if he knew. He'd make that gesture. He'd feel compelled to do it and then he'd hate her forever. Men hated to be trapped.

She had counted on Casey, who was so calm and capable and competent. There wasn't any one else who could help her. A girl who worked with her had written a name on a piece of paper when she'd found Mag being violently ill in the washroom. There were many young women at the plant who didn't want to give up their war jobs, and the name on the paper was familiar to them. Mag had gone there this morning, but she couldn't do it. That dreadful woman. That *murderess,* Mag thought.

"I've changed my mind," Mag had said at the last minute.

The woman had been angry and insolent. She was probably afraid of being turned in by people who got cold feet like that and ran out on her. Mag wasn't going to turn her in. It was every one's life and every one could live it as she pleased. That had always been her code. "It's my life." Only it wasn't. Not any more. She might as well go home, she thought again.

The apartment was very pretty in the lamplight. A girl's apartment with odds and ends of masculine belongings dropped around.

Suddenly the tide of sickness she had been holding back welled up. She fled into the bathroom. Afterward, she opened the medicine cabinet to search for something that would settle her stomach. There were other things there. There were things that she could take that would end this problem forever. But they would burn her throat and blister her mouth and she would look ugly when Carl found her. But there was the bright blade of Carl's razor . . .

And then it was done. She stared in horror at the blood spurting up. And then she heard her own voice exploding in a shriek against her ears as she called the name of Carl and the name of God. And then it was all right. There was no pain and no remembrance of anything, and her small tired body accepted the peace and the warmth and let go of everything.

When Carl came home he saw the stream of water leaking out beneath the bathroom door. He walked toward it with a sudden strange reluctance, and when he opened the door he just stood there for a long time before he closed it again and went quietly to the phone.

CASEY said, shocked and unbelieving, "*No*, Carl! Why, that's horrible! If she was in trouble, she should have come to me. But maybe she did. I've been away." She paused and listened to Carl's voice, shaken and sick. She thought, Why, he loved her!

When she had hung up, Ben said, "What's happened?"

"It's Mag. She—she cut her wrist. She bled to death. Carl just got home." She shuddered. "Why," she blurted out before she realized it, "if she'd told Carl she was going to have a baby, he'd have wanted to marry her!"

Ben stared at her above the rim of his whisky-and-soda. The vague feelings about Casey which had been moving about in the back of his mind for a long time now suddenly took shape. He didn't want to marry Casey. The thought came to him with a distinct sense of shock. He didn't want to marry any one. He didn't want children or a servant problem or the necessity for appearing at dinner sober and tidy at seven o'clock each night. And Casey Corliss was, in the final analysis, a conventional little thing. In addition to all that, there was that middle-aged frump with a good deal of money who wanted to back his next play. He knew perfectly well she wouldn't want to back his play if he were engaged to Casey.

"You know, Casey," he said now, "you're living, emotionally, in the ice age. People don't feel about things as you do. They haven't for some time. People don't grow up, fall in love, and get married any more. If they're smart," Ben said, "they grow up and they don't get married until they're sure they've seen the works."

Casey smiled at him. "You're wonderful, Ben. You're trying to warn me, now, I'll soon be marriageable again, you're not having any. Is that it?"

"Well," Ben said, "look at you and Jerry."

"No," she said, pausing on it, "let's not look at me and Jerry. Let's look at some people who are real for a change. Let's look at my mother and father, for instance, or at Jim and Loretta Macy, or at Stevie Wilson, who's done a pretty swell job of pulling herself together and believing in people again. Why not look at some of them for a change?"

Ben moved about uncomfortably. And watching him, Casey thought, He doesn't really care about me. Jerry was the only one who cared about me, really. The only one who always thought me small and helpless and in need of protection, which I'm not, but it's nice to have some man think so instead of having one sit across from you and wonder how to suggest an *affaire* instead of a marriage! She thought, I wish I'd never gone out there! If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I'd never have believed it. I didn't want to know. *I didn't want to know!*

BEN'S thoughts followed hers. What had happened out there? Had she found Jerry living with the Duryea girl?

All that she had said to Ben was, "Well, you were right. It was a fool's errand. Jerry didn't want to be found, after all. Can you recommend a good medium-priced lawyer?" as though she were shopping for a new hat. Only her eyes, wide and dark and sick, had betrayed her misery.

He got up abruptly. "You look tired. I'd better be going and let you get some sleep. You've been through quite a bit the past few days."

"I suppose I have. But I'm not tired. I never sleep any more. And now this horrible thing that's happened to Mag!"

"Listen," he said. "Don't let yourself in for any more heartache. Climb out of this crazy marriage you got yourself into, concentrate on your work, and get places. Success has its satisfactions and its benefits, Casey, and it never betrays you."

His hand was beneath her chin, tipping back her head. His amused blue eyes were serious, meeting hers. "I'm crazy about you, Casey. You're fun and you're damned good to look at, and maybe, in a year, or more, or less—I'd want to marry you. But can you understand me when I tell you that, right now, I'm afraid of marriage? I hate being committed, tied down. But we could have fun."

"Darling, why don't you go now?

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In addition—you will find Philip Morris finer in taste . . . more enjoyable.

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"You've said all the wrong things all evening. I have no desire to be the fourth—or would it be the fifth?—installment in your love life. I guess I'll just live alone and like it."

He grinned at her. He was gay again. He probably felt he had escaped something, skirted it, and was free once more. "Well," he said, "maybe one of us will change our minds—"

"Maybe one of us will," she said. "Meanwhile, thanks for the ride."

She stood there after he had gone. The apartment was very quiet. If she had wanted to be alone, if she had wanted to be free, she was certainly alone and free now. Even the house where she had grown up and had her roots was gone, the furniture packed and stored, her mother and father on their way to spend their last years together in the peace and warmth of a tiny town in Florida where they could live very cheaply.

RETURNING from that foolish, futile trip, Casey had found that her father had suffered a stroke while she was away, and now he was like a child, helpless and vague, clinging to his wife, frightened when she was out of his sight for even a minute. It had done something to Casey to see that devotion between her mother and father. For as long as she could remember, she had heard them quarrel and bicker over trifles and she hadn't consciously thought of them as being in love. But now, at the end of the road for both of them, they were together. When he called, Mrs. Corliss' voice answered instantly. When he reached out a hand, hers was there to hold it. And that's what marriage is, Casey thought. That's why no other arrangement, no substitute, can work. You can't be independent and you can't be free. It's got to be all or nothing.

"You'll have a home of your own soon," Mrs. Corliss had said to her. "When is Jerry coming back?"

Never! she had thought. Never, never! She had said, "Oh, any day now—" And Mrs. Corliss accepted the blithe reassurance, too immersed in her own tragedy to realize how Casey was suffering.

Casey walked now into her neat, tidy bedroom. It was queer and unsettling, this feeling she had tonight of every one running out on her, leaving her alone. Stevie had left today for Washington to work among blinded veterans who would have to be taught all over again how to live. Casey had been with Stevie when that young chaplain from Fort Dix has asked her to take the job.

"I haven't come out here to ask you to pray or be humble or anything like that," the chaplain had said to Stevie's hostile, bitter eyes. "I've been thinking about you and finding out about you and I came to tell you that I think you're a pretty poor sort." Stevie had gasped, outraged, at that. "Yes, I do. You cried before Bill went away and probably most of your letters were full of your worries for him. He must have felt that he couldn't come back to you blinded, because you wouldn't be able to take it. You'd go to pieces. He must have thought you didn't have the guts and the courage that every girl who marries a soldier has got to have. So he didn't come back."

"That isn't so! I wouldn't have cared how he came back. I'd have worked for him, cared for him, done anything!"

"Then why don't you get up and do something, instead of being a burden to yourself and your mother and your friends? There are thousands of boys coming home as Bill would have come home, and somebody has to make them believe that they're wanted. Why don't you help? Why don't you grow up, Stevie?"

And she had. Not all at once, but it had been done, and if she wept now, she wept alone.

"I'll pretend that every one of those boys is Bill. I'll *make* him want to live, Casey, and be proud of himself." And Casey knew that she would.

Jerry had been wrong to think that no one at home had suffered. As the fighting stiffened, the people at home were stiffening. Loretta Macy wouldn't let any one know that Jim was back in a veterans' hospital in New York for further observation. "He's just tired," she had said to every one. "He went in for a rest." And she sat all day at a receptionist's desk in an advertising agency, smiling and exchanging jokes and answering a switchboard, keeping her desperate anxiety to herself.

President Roosevelt's Public Papers and Addresses appeared in a five-volume edition about six years ago. Valuable as it was historically, the set never reached anything like the best seller class, and was "remaindered" not so long ago. At the Concord Book Shop in New York a set was sold by mail the other day for $4.95. Imagine the astonishment of the bookseller when he found that the check sent in payment was signed "Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Maybe, Casey thought, if Jerry had come back needing me, I'd have done a better job of it. But he looked all right, he seemed all right. And yet he couldn't find his place among us anywhere. I wasn't a wife to him at all. I was a companion, a mistress. I wasn't a wife. And that's what he needed.

Well, she thought, better luck next time, Jerry! The thought didn't bring any comfort with it, though.

"YOU'RE sure you don't want to—ah—involve any other woman?" Mr. Hibbs suggested. "These other charges can—ah—always be contested if the other party—ah—should change his mind and—ah—decide to contest."

Casey said, "There isn't any other woman." Her voice was firm, saying it. She had promised the colonel to do that much for him.

"And would you have any idea where we might find your husband, to serve these papers on him?"

"I'm sorry, I haven't. I can only suggest that you send them to the Presidio Hotel in Kansas City and ask to have them forwarded."

Final, she thought, going downstairs. Everything is final. Mr. Hibbs had said, "Well, that's final, then." Harry Bower had breathed his relief. "Well, this is final. Don't feel too badly. Most of these war marriages are bound to crack up."

She made her way through the crowded lobby toward the street. Ahead of her, just entering the building, she glimpsed a man who looked startlingly familiar. *Jerry!* her heart said. But the man's walk was more uneven than Jerry's had ever been. Almost a limp. And then, as she paused and stared, undecided, the man lurched forward suddenly and almost fell.

It *was* Jerry. In the minute of recovery, she saw his face clearly beneath the hatbrim. She ran, almost knocking people down, not caring. Her hand touched his elbow.

"Jerry," she said.

His face stiffened instantly. It was gray with pain. "Oh, hello there." An instant's awkward silence, and then, "I guess you were seeing Hibbs, too." She saw his jaws clamped on his pain. He talked through his teeth.

"Don't try to fool me or be brave or something. Let me take you somewhere."

"I'm capable of getting myself where I want to go."

"You don't look very capable to me!" she told him angrily. "Oh, for heaven's sake, let's not be independent and stubborn *now!*"

"O. K. I've been going to a hospital uptown for treatments. When I was home, that was. This isn't anything. They told me that leg would give out if I used it too much. You can ride uptown with me and leave me there."

Neither of them spoke going uptown in the cab. Casey thought, It wouldn't be fair. Whatever I say, he'll think it's pity. And when they drew up at the emergency entrance of the huge veterans' hospital, he sat perfectly still. He said, "I guess they'll have to come and get me. I don't seem able to walk."

AT first he thought he was back in the field hospital. He felt himself coming out of anesthesia and he fought against regaining consciousness. He opened his eyes then and the mist cleared slowly. Casey's face hung above him, but then it always had. In all the hospitals he'd been in, he'd wakened to her face hanging there in space, but after a minute it would change and it would only be a dark-haired nurse. He knew the mirage and the illusion well. And then Bob Henderson, who'd served as a doctor in Africa before being shot up himself and sent back home, said:

"O. K., Jerry. You're all right. You've got company." He said, "What the hell were you doing, fella? Walking marathons on that leg? I told you those muscles had to heal a little better before you were going to be able to jitterbug."

His eyes opened all the way then, and Casey's face didn't fade out or change. It was there. Lovely and pale and distressed. There was somebody with her, though, and that spoiled it. Old man Hibbs! What were they going to do? Serve divorce papers on him in the hospital? He glared at them suspiciously.

"Couldn't you wait," he said, "until I got out of here and could talk for myself?"

He knew all about Hibbs and the divorce. The first thing he'd done, getting into New York at seven o'clock one morning, was to go and call on Ben Rider. Looking at him in striped silk pajamas, he'd thought, Boy, oh, boy, if Casey could see him now! "What would you do," he had asked him pleasantly enough, "if I told you to stay the hell away from my wife?"

"I'd tell you that she wasn't going to be your wife much longer because my lawyer is getting her divorce for her."

There'd been a little more talk, none of it important, and then Jerry had done what he'd known he should have done the night he came home. He'd knocked him down several times until he'd decided to stay down. Then he'd gone down to see Hibbs himself to tell him that he'd take a job—any job—at any salary if it could be clearly understood that he thought he was a pretty good lawyer and the goal, eventually, was Washington, where things were happening and people were deciding what they would and wouldn't do for returning soldiers. And then, that morning, that damned leg had to give out and Casey had to find him helpless!

"I don't see any reason for waiting until you get out of here, Jerry," Casey said calmly. "When you have two good legs under you again, you'll walk out on us." He flushed and muttered something and wished Hibbs would go away so that he could talk to his wife the way he wanted to.

Mr. Hibbs said, "I talked to Mr. Rider this morning. You might be interested to know that he had some difficulty with his speech. A bad wisdom tooth, I believe," and the old goat smiled at him.

Bob Henderson said, "I guess you're all right. Don't let your company stay too long. You'll be out of here in a week and they can talk to you then. See you later." He strode off down the ward, his young face grave again. There were too many of them, he thought, and more coming in every day, and people still thought the war was just about over!

Jerry said, "I had reason to walk out, didn't I?"

"That's what we're here to find out," Casey told him. "We thought you could answer all the charges right now and then we wouldn't have to find you again."

Mr. Hibbs read over some papers. "Your wife charges that you threw a glass at her. If you did, that certainly establishes a physical cruelty, cruel and inhuman treatment charge."

"Well, she had it coming to her. Making cracks about supporting me!"

"And you didn't like her friends. Once or twice, in fact, you threatened to throw some of them out."

"They were a lot of phonies. No man wants his wife running around with a lot of people who—who believe in free love and all that stuff. It isn't decent!"

"And then," Mr. Hibbs pointed out, "there's the fact of your desertion."

"Yes," Jerry said, "there's the fact of my desertion. I wasn't up to fighting my wife's success and taking a job and fighting up from the place I'd have been in two years ago if there hadn't been a war. I wanted to get off some place where nobody'd expect much of me. But when I got there, I began to expect things of myself, so I came back. I guess that's about all I have to say."

MR. HIBBS rose and polished his glasses. "Mrs. Hayes, I think you and your husband had better get together on the grounds you plan to use. As it stands now, if Mr. Hayes wants to contest the suit, we haven't a chance. And since your husband is going to be one of my junior lawyers, I'd have to protect him in this. I really think you'd better get another lawyer. I'd be bound to be prejudiced." He dropped his papers into Casey's startled lap, and departed.

"*Now* see what you've done! Lost me my lawyer. Anyway," Casey said, "I didn't really want a lawyer. I don't know what I wanted, Jerry. Maybe a father confessor. Maybe a psychiatrist. What *do* women want, do you suppose, when they find themselves still in love with a man who's committed all the crimes in the book?" And now she wasn't gay any more. She looked down at the white gloves lying so neatly in her lap and he knew that she was crying. "Jerry, how *could* you?" she whispered. "How *could* you?"

"I didn't. She'd gotten there about ten minutes before you did. I didn't know she'd registered that way. I was taking her downstairs to buy her a drink and find out why the devil she'd come. And then we walked into you and the porter called her Mrs. Paine and—well, you were on your way out before I could say a word."

"Every one had told me you didn't want to be found—at least not by me—and the two things seemed to add up."

"I guess part of that was right. I didn't want to be found—by you or by any one. First, I wanted to find myself."

"It seems to me that was part of what was wrong with you, Jerry. Ever since you came back you've been—critical. You wanted to think that the people at home had suffered, and yet you wanted to find us unchanged. You wanted to find me looking and talking just as I looked and talked when you went away. But two years are—two years, Jerry. For both of us. You're different, too, you know. You were just a—a kid when you went away. You came back restless, disillusioned, bitter, daring every one to say they'd made sacrifices to match yours. But we had, in a different way. A less spectacular way."

And she looked around her at the other women—old and young, fashionable and shabby, pretty and plain—who sat at the bedsides of other men. If they looked tired, their voices sounded cheerful. "Get well soon," they said, "and don't worry about the children, everything's fine. . . ."

"It was you," he said. "It was coming back to find you with a full set of plans of your own. Your own neat apartment and your job and your friends. I guess I'd thought of you as just sitting, waiting for me. I wanted you to need me—"

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"But you never let me get close to you, Jerry. Your leg—Dr. Henderson told me you'd been under treatment here, that you had to be. You never let me know."

"I didn't want you feeling sorry for me," he told her.

"Listen," she said to him. "What are those words they make you say when you get married? 'I do promise and covenant, before God and these witnesses, to be thy loving and faithful wife, in plenty and in want, in joy and sorrow—' Oh, Jerry, Jerry, we're *married!* Darling, don't you see? You've never let us be married. Not once since you got back. You've stood off, telling us not to feel sorry for you and not to be kind to you and not to make any concessions to you. You said, 'I can take it'; but I didn't want you to take it. You'd taken enough. I wanted to take it —not *for* you, Jerry—but *with* you. But I couldn't get to know you, so I thought I'd better go along just as I had been going. I'd better not take a chance. I'd better not count on you. And then you walked out."

"I thought you might be better off without me, that's all. If the war had made a bum out of me, if they'd sent me back so sick of everything that I didn't have any more hopes or ambitions, then I'd better get out of your way."

"And now, Jerry?"

"And now *we're* going places, I think —if you want to take a chance on me and start all over again."

Late afternoon sunlight slanted down through the high windows. A nurse came through and told each visitor, separately, that it was time to go. Jerry looked tired. His face was gray. All his young courage and his recklessness and his arrogance were quieted now. The road back, Casey thought, is such a long one! For all these young men who were lying here, recuperating from one battle before going on to another one—the fight to be normal again. To get jobs, to learn to live among people. To live without their arms or their legs or their hopes or their youth, whatever it was that the war had taken from them. The women sitting beside the narrow high beds rose, and Casey rose with them.

"Let's not start all over again," she said. "Let's just go on where we left off. Let's pretend you never went away at all. You just hurt your leg in some silly little fall in the very midst of our honeymoon. As soon as it's well we'll go away somewhere and have the rest of it."

HE took her hands. They felt so cool. So gentle and so cool, lying there against his face like that. He said, "I'm tired. It's been the longest day, Casey."

"Hasn't it?" she said. "But tomorrow will be better."

He looked beyond her, out the window, where the biggest, busiest, toughest city in the world was waiting for him. Waiting for him to come out and fight. Casey was waiting, too. She was waiting for him to say something, and at last he said it.

"I've always loved you, Casey," he said, "but this, today, is more than that. This is being married to you. This is not being ashamed to tell you that for a little while—for a little while, Casey, I'm going to need you. Don't take your hand away from mine, will you? It—it feels pretty good—having it to hang onto."

"You always had it, you always will."

"And tomorrow," he said, "I'll be all right again."

"I know."

She bent down and kissed him and he held her there a minute. "Jerry—!" she protested, when she could speak again. "Your temperature!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hayes," the nurse insisted, "but visiting hours are over."

And when she paused at the door to look back, to wave to him, his eyes were closed. He seemed to be asleep already. How tired, how desperately tired, he must have been, refusing to give in to weariness or pain, afraid it might look like weakness. After what he'd been through! After what he'd proved he could take. *Nut!* she thought, her throat suddenly tight and aching.

She joined the other women flowing down the broad staircase. Some one touched her arm, and she turned. "Why, Loretta Macy! What are you doing here?"

"This is where Jim is. I thought you knew. And oh, Casey, he's *so* much better! This is the first day he's seemed himself again, not afraid of anything, anxious to get out of here and back to work. I'm so *darn* happy, Casey!" she said unsteadily, blinking hard so as not to cry over it. "But what are you—?"

"It's a long story, darling. First, let's find a champagne cocktail some place and celebrate Jim—and Jerry, too. Because he's back, Loretta. He's back, and he's all right. *We're* all right!"

They walked on, two young women alone again for a little while. Two young women with jobs, with chins up, with hopes and faith complete, going their young, independent ways, but secure in the knowledge that they didn't seem to have much farther to go.

THE END

NO. 2 SIZE
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Actual color photo of LEAKPROOF BATTERIES picked at random from 1939 manufacture.

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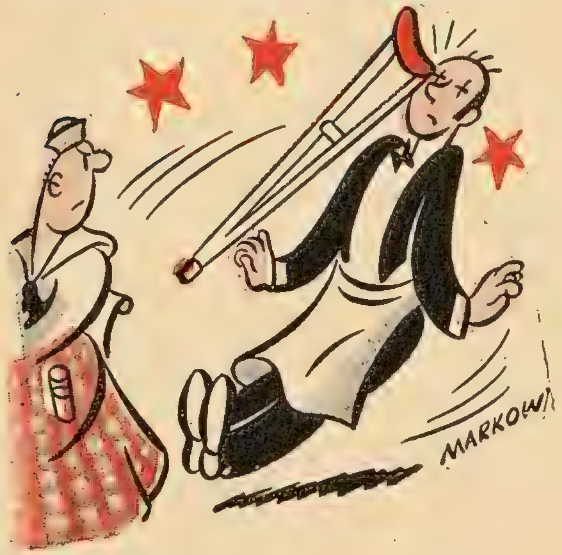
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

LET'S take up a $64 question—the matter of trips home for soldiers who have served long periods overseas. That thought has put more pie in the G. I.'s sky than the most ambitious mess sergeant ever dreamed of dishing up.

Hundreds of letters on the subject have poured in, some from servicemen but most from wives, parents, and sweethearts. I've counseled patience, hard though that may be. I've pointed out the vast difficulties of organizing an unprepared nation for war and have voiced my belief that the War Department, as soon as problems of personnel replacement and shipping permitted, would take whatever steps it could to relieve veterans and to bring them home.

That prediction has been borne out by the WD's Circular No. 58, announcing a policy of troop rotation. It's hedged with many qualifications, but it does establish a framework.



There's a war on

Under the plan, minimum periods of eligibility for relief via rotation are set up. For the North African theater, for instance, it's eighteen months, while in the Middle East, Alaskan, and Caribbean commands at least two years of service is required.

Prescriptions for other theaters were under formulation at the time of this writing.

But don't start planning yet.

"It must be understood," the War Department specified, "that eligibility does not bestow the right to be relieved from an oversea theater, but only establishes a basis for selection, the actual relief being dependent upon the personnel situation, exigencies of the service, and the prosecution of the war. No individual shall be informed that he will be relieved at any definite time until orders are issued."

"Persons rotated," the order stated, "will be those with the longest service in the command or those with the longest service overseas."

Purpose of rotation was defined as (1) to ensure the efficiency of a command by replacing those whose "morale and health has been adversely affected by prolonged periods of duty under severe conditions and whose health cannot be restored by exchange within the theater," (2) to return to this country experienced personnel for use in training or in forming new units, and (3) to send back personnel considered by the theater commander especially deserving of return. For instance, men wounded in action more than once, even though released from the hospital to full duty, will be considered.

Upon return to this country, all rotated personnel are to be granted sufficient leave or furlough to permit them to spend three weeks at their homes. They are not to be sent overseas again, unless military necessity demands it, until they have performed duty in the United States.

Selection of home-bound contingents will be strictly up to the theater commanders. Don't write the War Department.

As I said before, this is a framework and a beginning. How far rotation can be extended will depend, necessarily, on developments of the war. Undoubtedly, many thousands will be returned thus, and maybe *your serviceman* will be among them, if he is eligible and if selection falls upon him under one of the conditions outlined above. But we'll still have millions of men at or just behind the fighting fronts. Only victory can bring the general home-coming we're all longing for.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

What are the qualifications for Air Forces Liaison? How many flying hours must an applicant have to get into the school, if it's still open?

Cpl. G. B., Pratt, Kan.

All pilots for such work are being taken now from graduates of the Army's Aviation Cadet School.

* * *

I read that letter from the master sergeant who was asked by a civilian if he didn't know there was a war going on. Well, this one happened here in Des Moines:

A sailor went into a restaurant, had dinner, and asked for a second cup of coffee. The waiter replied nastily: "Don't you know there's a war on?" The sailor jumped up and started swinging with a crutch. He hopped along on one leg after that waiter—for, you see, he had lost a foot and part of his leg fighting for us. He'd never had a chance to forget there's a war on!

I guess the waiter knows, too, now; for he didn't get back to work for a week.

Mrs. W. J. A., Des Moines, Ia.

This letter is too eloquent to require any comment. Let's take it to heart.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

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. . . created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.

QUEST POWDER

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Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

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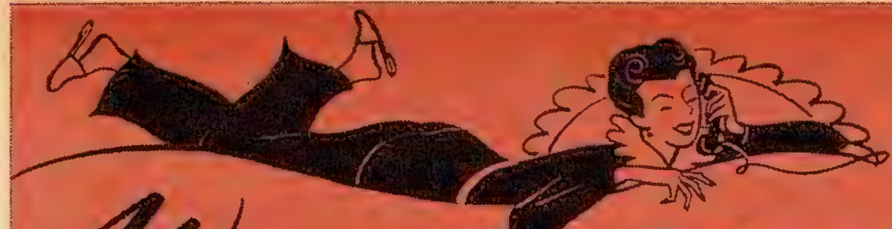
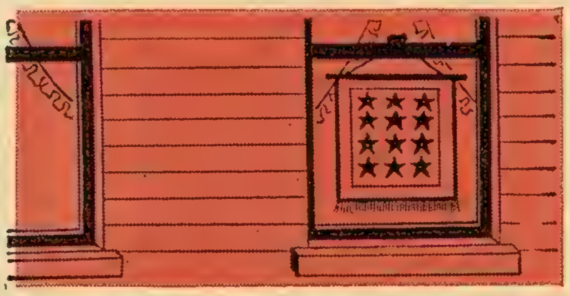


Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

SPECIALISTS: Mrs. Annie Jordan of Jamaica Plain, Boston, Massachusetts, specializes in sons. She has nine in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. A tenth expects to be called for service in September. He is thirty-six. The oldest son is thirty-eight, and Mrs. Jordan says he'll go too if the draft age is raised. Widowed sixteen years ago, she saw hard times in the process of raising her oversize family; but the boys, big and little, helped by earning what money they could at odd jobs. . . . Mrs. Emma Van Coutren of New York has nine sons and three daughters in the services. . . . Miss Kate Chittenden of New York is still teaching music at the age of eighty-seven. She has been at it for seventy years. . . . Lady Bird Cleveland, a seventeen-year-old Negro girl, has won a scholarship for a year's art training at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Her oil painting, A Tired Woman, was selected by judges as one of the two best pictures in the annual Scholastic Magazine high-school art exhibit held in Macy's. Miss Cleveland doubtless knows a lot about tired women from personal experience. The daughter of a cook in a Georgia sanatorium, she came to New York two years ago to help her sister take care of her five children. Besides helping at home she went to school, then on to work, first in a rubber shoe factory, and then in a canning plant, where she printed labels. Although she has been drawing as long as she can remember, she never had any instruction until she attended school in New York. Because of crowded home conditions in her sister's apartment, she does most of her painting at school, under the direction of Miss Olive Riley. Lady Bird is a junior at Wadleigh High School.



GENUINE PATRIOT: Lieutenant John D. Johnson of Portland, Maine, has served three years in the Royal West African Frontier Force *without pay* so that he could retain his American citizenship. Listed as "Honorary; unpaid," he made the arrangement when he joined up. He was told then that he would lose his citizenship if he took the attestation oath in joining the British Empire force. "Leave it out and I'll skip the pay," said Johnson, and authorities agreed. That's what citizenship means to the lieutenant.

ACHING VOID: Joseph Platzker, chairman of Mayor LaGuardia's Committee on Rents, has uncovered an apartment on Park Avenue, New York, which has been vacant for two years. It contains fifty-four rooms. If that's big enough for you, you'll be interested in the price, too. The apartment rents for $30,000 a year.

NEW CAREERS FOR WOMEN: Pat Chase and Molly Pearson, both twenty years old, took a two-year course in tree surgery. One of their recent postgraduate jobs consisted of pruning trees in the New York Botanical Garden. . . . Miss Ann Gavin, twenty-seven years old, of Manhattan, and Mrs. Doris Maybeck, twenty-four, of Richmond Hill, Queens, are train callers at New York's Pennsylvania Station. They talk into a microphone on the main concourse behind the entrance of Track 14. Their voices are carried throughout the station by an amplifying system. Mrs. Maybeck's shift is from 4 P. M. to midnight; Miss Gavin's from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., during which time she gives out with information on some fifty trains a day. The trains that depart between midnight and 8 A. M. are still announced by a *man*, may heaven preserve him.

NATURE TAKES A TRIMMING!

I've pondered, but I do not know
What makes a florist tie a bow
Of ribbon on an Easter lily.
I think such lily gilding's silly.
Nor is there space inside my home
For cactus springing from the dome
Of any helpless china cat
Or dog, you may be sure of that!

KID STUFF: Jackie Macmillan was the commentator for a spring fashion show staged by a famous Fifth Avenue store. Jackie is a young lady of thirteen, and the occasion was the opening of a department known as the Young Circle Shop for girls from ten to sixteen. Among the prettiest and most practical fashions presented were printed cottons for daytime dresses to be worn both in the city and in the country. Attractive, too, were the cardigan suits and matching reefers, short topcoats and gay sweaters, worn neatly instead of sloppily, a fashion which we hope will be adopted by the collegiates who still lean to the aggressively casual down-at-the-heel sock and sweater. The youngsters, according to expert stylists, are also taking to hats for a change. As the sloganeers would put it, "Use your head—wear a hat!"

ARE WAR WORKERS AS BAD AS THAT?

Continued from Page 21

steward would say. He said nothing. Later I joined the union—but of my own free will. Since then I have done help-out jobs in several plants. I have found no cases of coercion to join the union. Most workers join voluntarily. But if they don't join they are not even snubbed by fellow toilers.

Now let's talk about the much-denounced absenteeism. In a war plant, there are two kinds of absenteeism—justified and unjustified, with the justified predominating. Most excusable of all absentees are women.

The women in my company handle heavy steel plates. They run big machines. They go home dog-tired—go home to equally tired war-worker husbands, restless children, piles of laundry, dirty dishes, long hours of marketing. Somewhere along the line, exhaustion catches up with them. They are forced to take time out; and the factory statistics label them as absentees. Who is to blame? Not the women workers, but government officials and community leaders who, although they recognize the problems, have so far only pecked at solutions.

WHAT are the solutions? Child-care centers—and lots of 'em. Space is available; every town has halls and rooms vacant most of the time. Equipment can be borrowed from homes—and funds for what has to be bought can be raised by a local drive. (You could collect enough from the war workers themselves, for that matter.)

How to man these centers? Get women who aren't war workers to devote two or three hours a day to care for the children of women who are. With plenty of centers functioning and with nonworking women cooperating by keeping out of stores during war workers' shopping hours, you'd see absenteeism drop to the minimum.

Men work steadily or not, according to their temperaments. My own department numbers about 150 men with about 50 on each shift. On my shift there are but two men who are habitual absentees in the unjustified class. Their bad habits are vocally censored by coworkers. Men on the other shifts tell me that each has two or three who take off periodically for various reasons. This total of six or eight out of 150 brings unjustified absenteeism down to a percentage that I say is low for any large group of men with varying standards of conduct. The rest of the men take pride in turning up at their jobs every day. And this pride serves to prevent absences among others.

When these men are out, it is because they are too ill to work. Some will work anyhow. Last winter one man had pleurisy. When he was still convalescent he would come in, work two days, knock himself out for two days; then come again. Gradually the knockout days diminished until he was steadily on the job. That's not slacking.

It's not all job-loyalty, of course. Absenteeism costs the worker money. A day off may lose him all his overtime and cut his pay by 25 per cent. That's all our management has done about absenteeism, but it's been effective in keeping our rate low. And to make the rate even lower, the workers in our plant have petitioned the management to increase the pay penalties for unjustified absence. You see, we *do* know there's a war on.

Look at Tack, a little fellow who runs a lathe. Tack's experience on WPA made him passionately fond of real productive work. Last winter he gashed his arm on a tool bit. The medico sewed him up and told him to stay home until the arm healed. Tack's roar of protest shook the hospital. He insisted that his other arm was good enough for lighter work and if he didn't get it he would protest to the plant superintendent. So they shipped Tack off to another plant, where he worked so diligently that the new boss tried to hire him away.

Tack isn't unique. The attitude is typical of the shop.

Our work is precision work. We have to be careful, and we have to be fast. These requirements keep a man taut. See him at eating time, and if his work is running right it is safe to say "hello." If he is having trouble, he will work right through his lunch half hour. If he ends the shift with a full quota—and no scrap—you will find him singing barbershop ballads as we wash up.

The strain affects different men in different ways. Some take their jobs home. An old friend of mine, whose luxury business was closed by the war, works in my department. He is on an automatic machine. Occasionally the tool bit catches, preventing the piece from revolving. But the machine keeps right on turning. This sets up a blood-curdling yowl called a "shrieker," which announces trouble and possibly scrap.

One night my friend's wife woke up to find him racing around the bedroom in his sleep, pushing light buttons, pulling the lever on the fan. He was shouting, "Stop that shrieker! Stop that shrieker!" And he isn't the only man who has war-worker nightmares.

Detroit's riot and Harlem's disturbances caused a lot of "race problem" talk and writing, but *we* haven't had any trouble or any threat of it. Negroes and whites work together smoothly We have Negroes on the lower paid laborers' jobs and in the heavy hot tasks at furnaces and ovens—but we have whites on those jobs, too. And if a Negro wants to enter the company training courses for a more skilled and better paid job, he has the same chance as a white man.

We get along all right. Here's a story that shows it. A night-shifter isn't on night shift long enough to adjust to daytime sleeping, so four or five hours of shut-eye is tops. And then men come to work drowsy, but they can't drowse. Their work quota keeps prodding them.

After one such exhausting night, when the shift had about three quarters of an hour to go, I looked down the line of machines and saw a colored lad working like mad—with no eyes in his face. His eyes were so bloodshot with fatigue that his features were a chocolate blur.

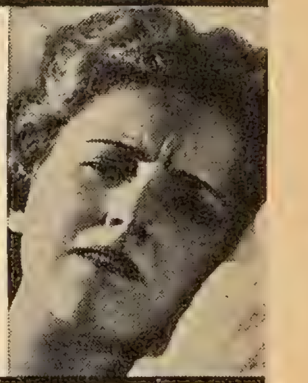
I asked him how he was coming

(*Continued on page 72*)

DON'T FORCE SLEEP!

TRY DR. MILES NERVINE

OFTEN the harder you try to get to sleep, the longer you stay awake. Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are **Nervous, Cranky, Restless?** Get it at your drug store. Liquid, **25c and $1.00;** Effervescent Tablets, **35c and 75c.** Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.



REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!

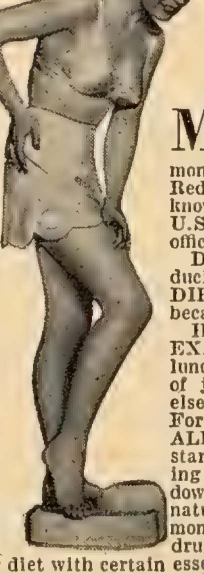
USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days."

Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches, now 43 inches. I feel like a new person, I like the taste also. My doctor says it was O. K."

Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear youthful clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U.S. military hospital and a state public health officer.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

UNCERTAIN GLORY *(Warner Bros.)* *Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas, Jean Sullivan*

ONE hundred innocent hostages to pay with their lives for one patriotic Frenchman's act of sabotage—that is, unless the Nazis could find the saboteur who blew up the Gartempe bridge! Detective Marcel Bonet (Paul Lukas), traveling back to Paris with a recaptured murderer handcuffed to his wrist, felt a true Frenchman's sadness at the news, but he had more pressing things to attend to. This time Jean Picard (Errol Flynn) was not going to escape the guillotine. It was a just penalty for a lifetime of crime, and Bonet would be glad to see the end of this slippery rascal who could sneer at patriotism, spit at honor, and shrug his shoulders at the priest.

But Jean had a wry sense of humor. How about trading *his* worthless skin for the lives of those hundred villagers? After all, he had nothing to lose—the firing squad is better than the knife, and there would be a grim satisfaction in fooling the Nazis. All Detective Bonet had to do was to let him go—and he would give himself up as another man—the unknown saboteur!

But *would* he? Bonet knew him well—too well! How could the detective be sure it wasn't just another trick? The price of a planned escape might be Bonet's career. But then, there were the hundred lives. . . .

This situation starts off Uncertain Glory with a bang. No emotional pull at first—just lively, entertaining mental gymnastics. Nobody cares what happens to the worthless handsome Jean, and Bonet is only a middle-aged official. The story proceeds with one clever twist after another. Bonet wavers, finally accepts Jean's bargain, helps him fabricate a watertight "confession," meanwhile sending word to headquarters that his prisoner has been shot while trying to swim the river. The body has disappeared. Now Jean Picard is officially dead—and suddenly a new future beckons. Marianne (Jean Sullivan) comes into his life, and for the first time, love. But it is Marianne's own people who are to be shot by the Nazis. And how about Bonet? He has gambled his whole career on Jean for a greater cause—but honor and patriotism mean nothing to Jean Picard! Slowly, imperceptibly, you will find yourself sharing Bonet's anxiety as his deep humanity emerges through the conflict between mind and feelings. And Jean's life, too, takes on value through Marianne. Who will hold the winning card—Nazis, Bonet—or Jean?

Fine casting rounds out the excellence of this A-1 picture. Lukas is outstanding, as usual; Flynn deft and restrained. Jean Sullivan (a newcomer, blending qualities of Teresa Wright and Michele Morgan) lends freshness and sincerity. Beauty and real humor garnish a plot which remains finely balanced to the very end.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FOLLOW THE BOYS (Universal). George Raft, Vera Zorina. Drama with music.
LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
LIFEBOAT (20th Cent.-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix. Drama.
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Warners). Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan. Drama.
SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE (M-G-M). Robert Walker, Donna Reed. Comedy.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
THE PURPLE HEART (20th Cent.-Fox). Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Sam Levene. Drama.
THE SULLIVANS (20th Cent.-Fox). Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle. Drama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.

Twentieth Century-Fox
Presents
Four Jills in a Jeep

UNLESS you've never seen Carole Landis' sprightly account of that USO tour she took with Kay Francis, Martha Raye, and Mitzi Mayfair, you know this adventure really happened—but it's a little hard to recognize in Hollywood garb. It's a light, entertaining show, concerned with blithe doings, real and faked, with an added bonus of guest stars. Crooning Dick Haymes makes his screen debut as dancing Mitzi's boy friend. (Looks nice, too.) With Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra (evidently carried as part of their hand luggage), the gals take off on a rollicking junket of song, laughter, and dance along the battle lines of England and North Africa. They emerge from bombs and blackouts miraculously unruffled or nobly a-straggle—scrub hospital floors, hobnob with generals, and end up neatly paired off. Martha Raye's matchless snarl to Phil Silvers ("Aha! A wolf in a foxhole!") clinches a grand job as life of the party. Good new songs, and fun—if you don't feel like being serious.

THE MEMPHIS BELLE
A STORY OF A FLYING FORTRESS
Virginia
CHARLIE STEWART NC
WEYER
Sgt A B Gibson LA
PFC
ROBE

TAKE the air—slip on an oxygen mask—*you're going on a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven!* In the Flying Fortress Memphis Belle you leave England, climb higher and higher, watch the white gas veils streaking a weirdly colored sky like something out of the Arabian Nights. It's death-cold now—forty below! You cross the enemy radar line, see the thick black puffs of flak bursting into monstrous bloom all around, hanging in the sky like funeral flags. Far below lies a crazy quilt—Germany! Bombs drift strangely down—or is it up? Enemy planes close in, a sister Fortress is badly hurt. Your heartbeat is tuned to the roar of motors, the skull-shattering vibration of guns. Home at last, you watch the broken bombers come limping in, heavy with wounded men. There's nothing faked about this superb Technicolor document; its making took thirteen combat flights and a man's life. If you don't come away dizzy from the indescribable impact of air war—we're sorry for you! (U. S. Eighth Air Force.)

Romantic
as Texas moonlight!

Thrilling
as a stampede!

Big
as the
mighty state it honors!

Here's America's favorite entertainer in a musical adventure you won't want to miss!

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King of the Cowboys
and
TRIGGER **Smartest Horse in the Movies**
in

Yellow Rose of Texas

DALE EVANS
George Cleveland
Harry Shannon
Grant Withers
BOB NOLAN
and the
SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Songs
"Take It Easy"
"Lucky Me, Unlucky You"
"Song of the Rover"
"Down In The Old Town Hall"
"Western Wonderland"

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Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

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DR. MILES

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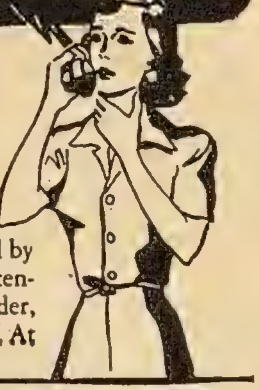
can relieve these common pains quickly. Read directions and use only as directed. Regular package 25c, Economy package $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

USE ASTHMADOR



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You Can Buy

THE THINGS YOU WANT WHEN THE WAR IS WON....

IF YOU SAVE NOW IN

WAR BONDS

(*Continued from page 69*)

along. He said he was so hopelessly behind that he couldn't make his quota before the whistle.

There were several other men who had finished, and who, like me, were dead tired. I passed the word along that the Negro was down and almost out. They turned around, kicked on their motors, and several of us "made him up." No race hate there!

And now I hear some big voice in the back of the hall demand, "Tired or not, what were you men doing standing around when your shift had more time to go?" That question typifies the accusation that war workers practice "wind-cutting"—which means running machines but producing no work after a certain amount. Well, in my shop the "wind-cutting," what little there is of it, is traceable to the rate-plus-bonus system which prevails in most war plants.

Movement study shows how many pieces a man should be able to do in a shift. That's his "rate" and he must make it. But management tells him that if he makes more, he'll get a bonus. So he speeds up. But if he speeds too much his rate will be increased. So he finishes his quota and a little bonus work, and "cuts wind."

There isn't as much of that as you've been led to believe, but what there is can easily be cured. The answer is "incentive pay." A simple answer, too. All "incentive pay" means is that once a base rate of production for the workers has been established, it won't be changed. And if they produce 10 per cent more than the base rate, they'll get 10 per cent more pay—in other words, pay in proportion to their efforts as a group.

WILL it work? It will. It has. Says Ed Gallagher, former president of Local 280 of the United Automobile Workers: "Every man in the group keeps an eye on every other man in the group. A worker who slows down is hurting his fellow workers. His fellow workers don't stand for it."

I can support Mr. Gallagher with testimony straight from the floor of my shop. Recently, temporary conditions made it possible for more men than usual to complete quotas ahead of time. They began to "cut wind," but they were restless because they prefer work to idleness. One man said:

"Look at me standing around. I finished up a long time ago. What's wrong around here? If they want production, why don't they freeze the rates as they stand right now, then pay us something like a few cents apiece on all stuff we turn out over the rates? If they took the lid off this quota business, we could all go to town."

The others agreed. Incentive pay would be welcome in my shop any time, and if it comes in, a "fault" will most certainly go out.

So there you have the war worker I see every day. He is not a super-patriot. He has his faults. But, by and large, he is willing, hard-working, honest, and serious. Work with him, get to know him, and he will give you a new faith in democracy. You cannot help but have a sense of pride and of security in a country where former salesmen, shopkeepers, professional men, and white-collar workers can pass from pressed pants to dirty work clothes, and become good, amazingly good, at the sweaty, grinding job of turning out the tools of war.

THE END

(*Continued from page 60*)

the growing grayness. But even this latter episode does not compare to what comes next. It will be the bos'n's whistle announcing: "All hands. Secure from General Quarters."

After that will come the best poesy of all: "Smoking lamp is lit."

AFTER the body of a plane passes in review along the flight deck, then comes the little rear gunner. He is hardly seen. He sits there all curled up in the rear turret. In torpedo bombers he appears smaller still, riding under a dome-shaped blister like a little museum figure under glass. His back will be to the pilot two compartments ahead. In between is what is called the "greenhouse." It contains a lot of the radio equipment and stuff.

Whenever the pilot takes off the carrier, the rear gunner takes off too. He goes bouncing along on the flight deck as if he really liked the work. Some like it, some don't. But they go through with it anyway.

They fly the same number of hours as the pilot, and they make the same carrier landings and take-offs. Should ever the plane go ploo-oomp into the sea, with no chance to bail out, the rear gunner goes right with it. The rear gunners, enlisted men, rate their own ode in this carrier war, and would to God they could get it.

The little rear gunner, when in a torpedo bomber, is fairly well concealed until the plane already has whirled along the deck for the final spring. Then we can see him curled up and facing us within the tiny dome.

During take-offs, or even during landings, the rear gunners of the dive bombers have a little the better of it. They can face the pilot if they like. And also, until they pull the hoods over themselves, they are free to the air, and also freer to demonstrate what they are thinking.

One such rear gunner, for example, used to be recognized by what he always did just when his plane started down the stretch for the leap. Invariably he would spit on his right hand, then pat the hand ceremoniously three times against the plane's side. This would be his final gesture, and away the plane would go.

Most of the rear gunners have little good-luck omens of some sort. They admit being frightened, as indeed they have cause to be. Their carrier planes are not very big. If anything should go wrong with such a single-motored job, nobody can get up, move around, and start repairing it.

One rear gunner, after one of our raids when his plane got shot up some, told us how all the way back to the carrier there was only one thing he could do while sitting there hoping.

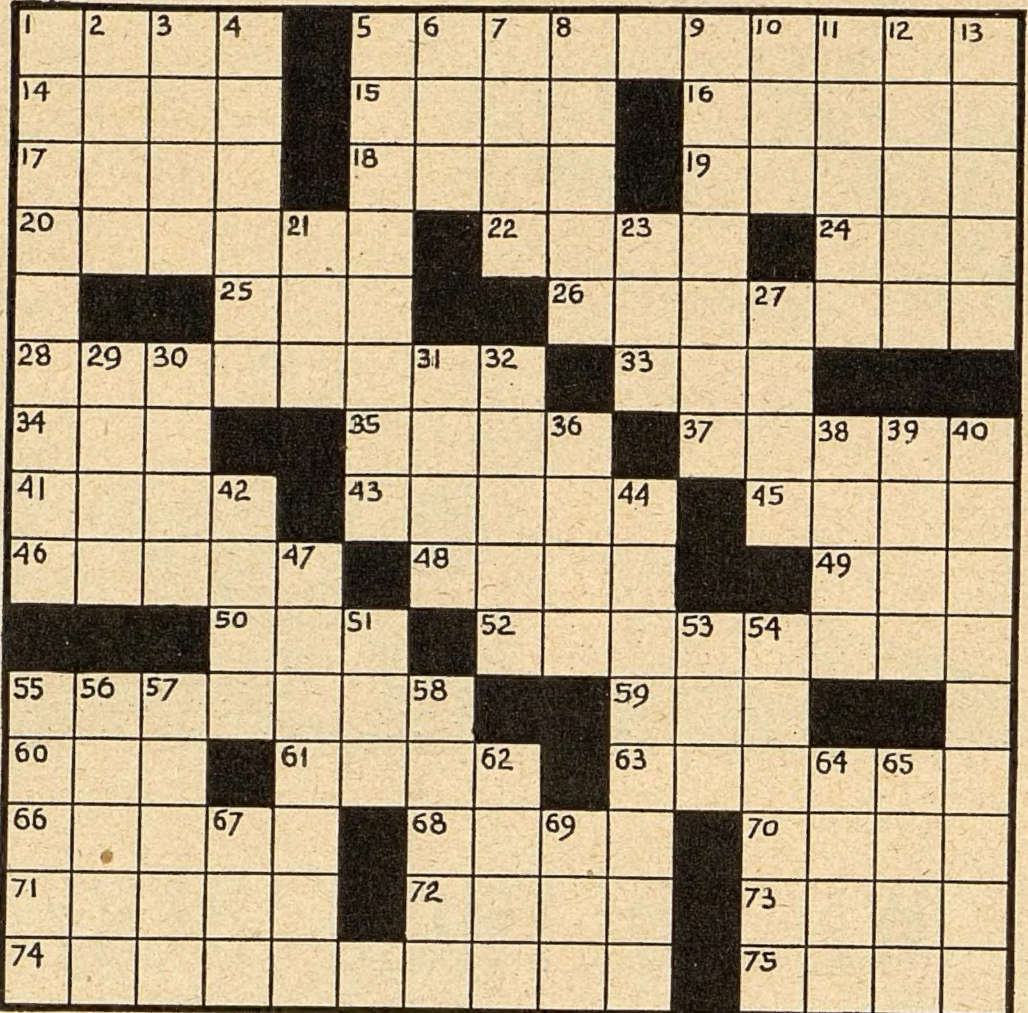
He had the picture of his girl with him and he had put it in the turret where he could keep his eyes on it.

"No, I don't like her especially well," he said. "In fact, she's pulled some tricks on me that I don't like at all. So I just put her there and thought about those tricks, and it kept me from thinking of other things too hard."

Another excerpt from Daybreak for Our Carrier, soon to be published in book form by Whittlesey House, will appear in Liberty next week. The Navy Office of Public Relations, through the Council on Books in Wartime, has made this material available. All royalties resulting from its sales are directed to Navy welfare agencies.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 If they put them on their heads, fellows, they're these
5 Time when men with horns go mad and blow their brains out (2 wds.)
14 Where the Jap Navy is rarely found these days
15 Japan soon lose all this too, prease
16 It goes down the old hatch, shipmates
17 Biggest moneymaker in the world
18 Make with the tongue on iron
19 They hand out the old line to a lot of suckers
20 Fruit, extinct in N. A. (careful, don't slip up on it!)
22 War bonds made of it, are worthless, if red
24 Dame, when this, was missed
25 Woman in black
26 Little V's for little V-males
28 They strut around with a lot of old clucks and crow about country places
33 Oversized broiler
34 Kind of hoose
35 What the tycoon made a big cleanup with last week
37 Aerial baby buggy
41 Big time pieces
43 This is brilliant
45 Human carbon copy
46 Lovely stinkers in the Garden of Love
48 Condition of the liquor closet today
49 Lunkheads Slopchests Odor (abbr.)
50 X
52 This has a face only a monkey could love
55 Nero had a Hay card for his
59 Mr. Ott to his fans
60 What with the shortage of booze, this sound is low in the land

G	A	L	■	■	■	G	I	R	D	L	E	S
I	R	O	N	■	M	A	T	E	■	A	C	T
N	E	G	A	T	E	S	■	V	I	C	H	Y
R	■	I	V	A	N	■	G	E	C	K	O	■
U	L	C	E	R	■	D	A	N	E	S	■	■
M	E	A	L	■	W	I	N	G	S	■	H	S
M	A	L	■	S	I	N	G	E	■	B	O	A
Y	R	■	M	I	N	E	S	■	P	A	W	N
■	■	D	U	N	E	S	■	B	I	T	E	S
■	K	I	N	G	S	■	B	U	N	T	■	C
A	N	V	I	L	■	J	U	G	U	L	A	R
S	E	A	■	E	D	A	M	■	P	E	R	I
K	E	N	E	S	A	W	■	■	■	S	A	T

Last week's answer

61 Chop from the old girded
63 Cab Calloway's favorite mood
66 Gal with the high octane rating
68 Caress with shillelagh
70 Walk on which you usually pall
71 All that a summer of baseball adds up to
72 Language usually put before the cart
73 If you've got this, shake, brother!
74 They're usually responsible for flaws on diamonds
75 Ones (anagram)

VERTICAL

1 The Butcher Shop Mystery (Get the point?)
2 Oldest minor in the world
3 Where Mr. Hull spent the hull of his youth (abbr.)
4 Lowdown guys with permanent hotfoots
5 They are suffering from fallen archipelagoes
6 That voib again
7 The reds have a point for it!
8 What the gardener tried to get in with his lady employer
9 The reviewer gave the horror picture four whats?
10 This is so-so in Scotland
11 Goddess of Peace
12 Eye spy
13 To keep fish from smelling, cut these off
21 Jerk in armor
23 A hunk of slush with a cement overcoat
27 Roll to dunk in the cup
29 Four goose eggs
30 Possesses
31 First sailors' aerial transports
32 This place just burned up the women
36 Kind of guay
38 Highbrow sparrows
39 Git-up
40 Best places for boys to see the ballgames
42 Guy who may know when the war is going to end (but not where his rent is coming from)
44 They attacked gramper's wooden leg and caused his downfall
47 It causes old stews to go to pot and get fried
51 That saulty canal
53 Women don't fall for them; they tackle them these days
54 Mark Twain was one at 66 (2 wds.)
55 Kings and queens sure get a pushing around on this board
56 Wot the cockney scratched hunder 'is 'at
57 Gesundheit!
58 Desert, first name Lawrence
62 Would Stalin have recognized him too (like Victor Emmanuel)?
64 Gent Shakespeare created for Paul Robeson
65 Use this for a stickup
67 Stutterers go wrong when they do
69 What Cleo took instead of an aspirin

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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MAY 6, 1944

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Publisher
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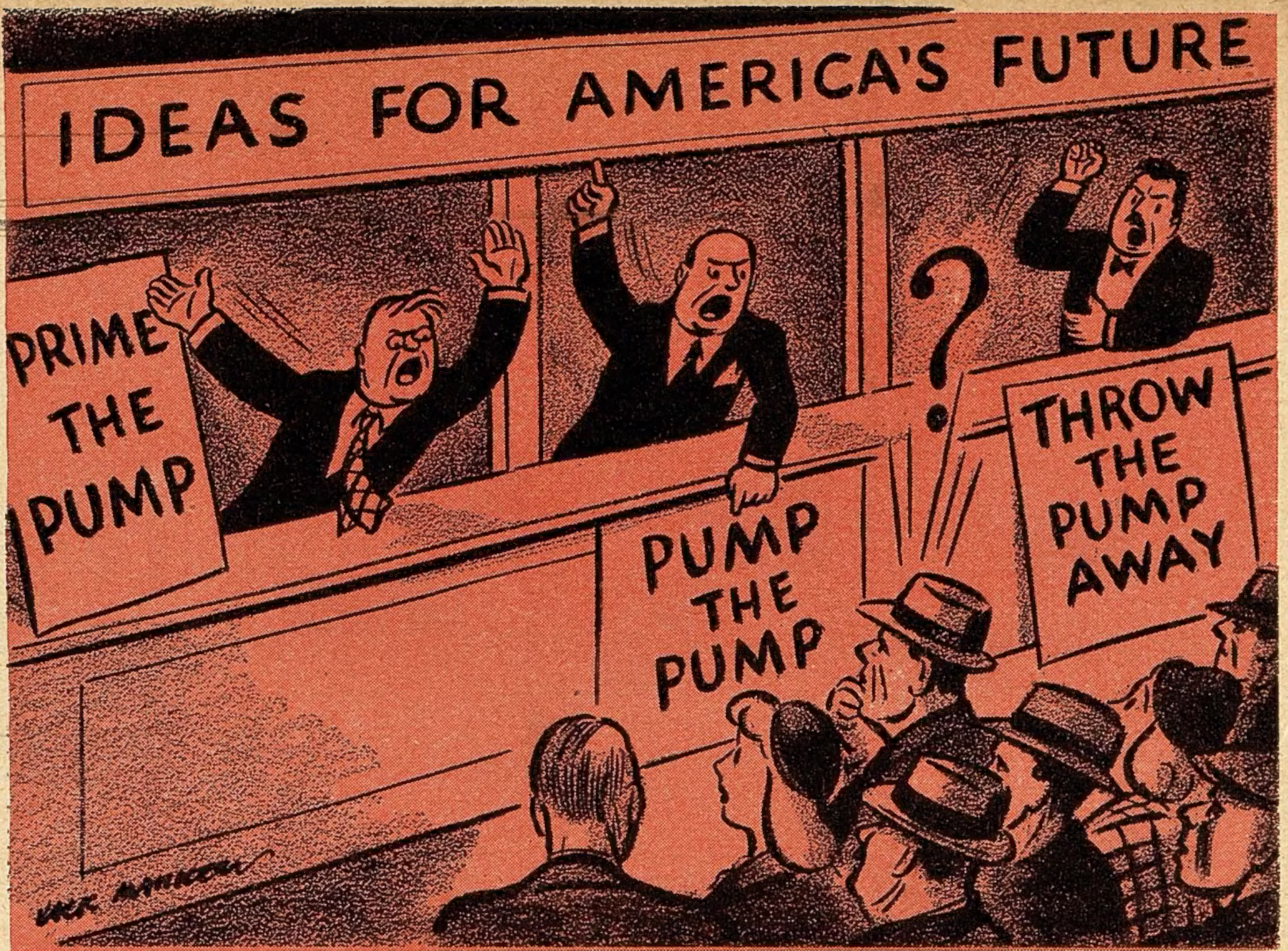


WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

ONE of the curious ideas fostered by New Deal supporters is that criticism of the present administration implies opposition to the best interests of the American workingman. Many people are beginning to question this implication, including lots of these "workingmen" themselves. The theory that New Dealers have a monopoly on social progress, reform, or a desire to promote the welfare of the poor and downtrodden is certainly open to question. In fact, it is open to question whether or not the current administration is doing as well for these people as it is possible to do.

For the past ten years or so there has not been a single new idea launched by the present administration which resulted in the creation of more economic activity, more goods to whack up, or more jobs on private payrolls for people to work at. The whole New Deal bag of tricks was shown in its first few years. Since then we've had only more of the same.

The New Deal theory of government seems to rest entirely on one central idea—spend government dough. This might have been all right for a while, and most of us were willing to give the boys credit for good intentions, hoping for the day when the pump would be primed and we could begin paying back some of the borrowed money.

But the New Deal seems devoid of ideas to get our economy functioning under its own steam. Whenever any one else proposes any such ideas, he is looked at askance and suspected of ulterior motives. Apparently, if maintained in office, the New Deal expects to continue spending us into a false prosperity which some day, not too far in the future, is going to drop us on our face with a dull thud.

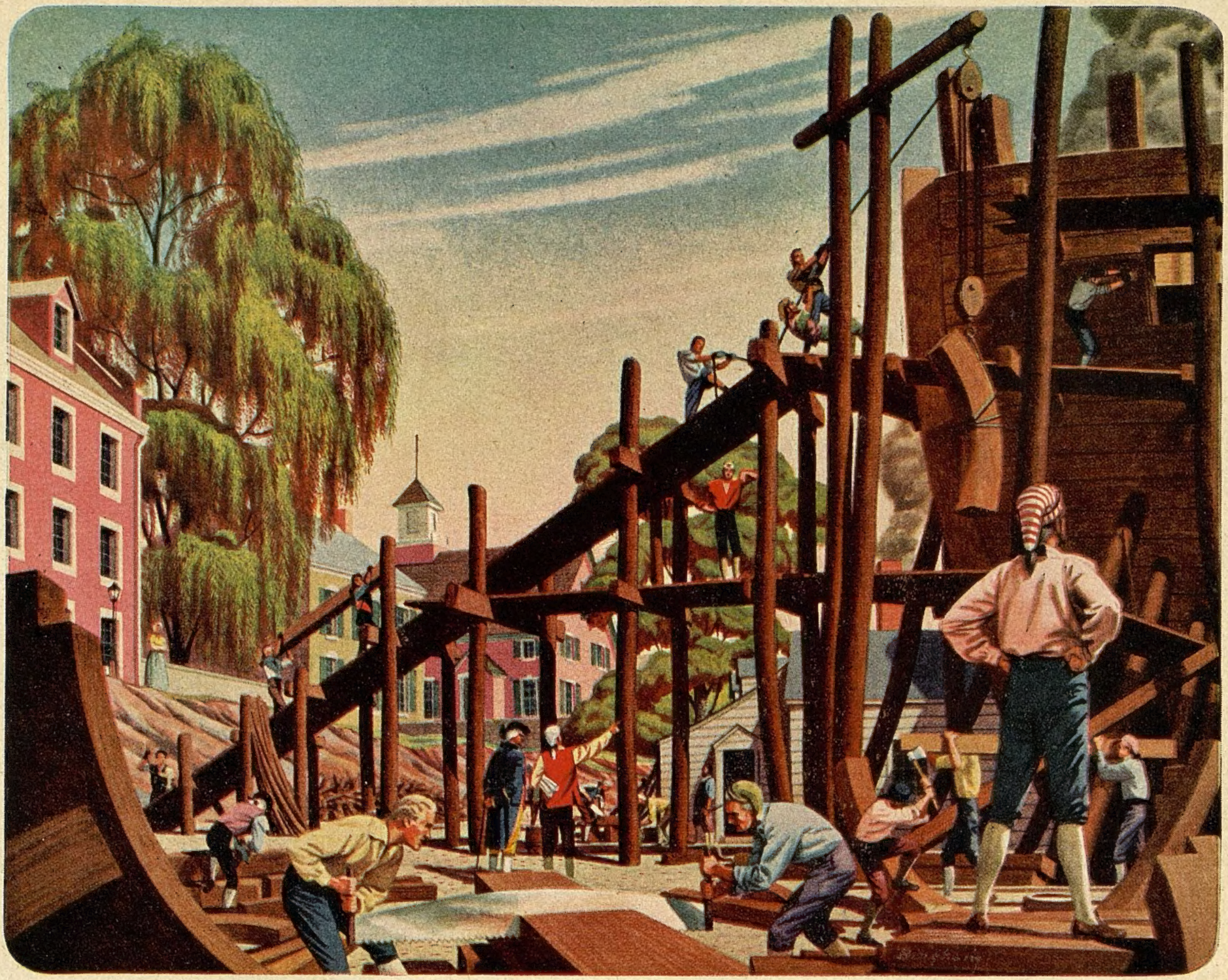
It is becoming obvious to nearly every one, including the poor and downtrodden, that we've just about reached the end of our spending rope. In the postwar years we've got to start paying back. We certainly can't continue to borrow and spend.

Among the various candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination, at least those who are saying anything, various ideas are beginning to be voiced. There is apparently a realization that policies which promote economic activity are good for all of us, including the poor and downtrodden; policies that retard economic activity harm all of us, the poor and downtrodden most, in the long run.

The campaign has not started yet, and of course we do not yet know who the candidates will be or what bright ideas will be proposed to carry us forward into the next great stage of American development. We do know we need some new ideas and we are sure the people will insist on some which promise a happier outcome than continued federal spending of borrowed money.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL



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Philadelphia
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